THE AENEID OF VIRGIL

WITH A TRANSLATION BY

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TO MY DAUGHTER

CAMILLA

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ERRATA

VOL. I.

Page 23,	line 343,	*for*	"Sichaeus"	*read* "Sychaeus."
" 23,	" 351,	"	"Sichaeus"	" "Sychaeus."
" 47,	" 721,	"	"Sichaeus"	" "Sychaeus."
" 71,	" 312,	"	"Sigaean"	" "Sigean."
" 133,	" 429,	"	"Pachynum's"	" "Pachynus'."
" 149,	" 694,	"	"Alphaeus"	" "Alpheus."
" 153,	" 27,	"	"they"	" "thy."

" 157, lines 70, 71, *read*

"A heedless doe some swain in Cretan glens
Hath pierced from far, and left the flying steel."

" 171,	line 301,	*for*	"Thyad"	*read* "Thyiad."
" 217,	" 298,	"	"Acharnanian"	" "Acarnanian.
" 247,	" 826,	"	"Thetys"	" "Thetis."
" 267,	" 219,	"	"annoint"	" "anoint."
" 303,	" 805,	"	"Nyrsa's"	" "Nysa's."

BOOK I

ARMA virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto
Vi superum, saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram,
Multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem
Inferretque deos Latio, genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres atque altae moenia Romae.

Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso,
Quidve dolens, regina deum tot volvere casus
Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores
Inpulerit. Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?

Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere coloni,
Karthago, Italiam contra Tiberinaque longe
Ostia, dives opum studiisque asperrima belli;
Quam Iuno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
Posthabita coluisse Samo; hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit; hoc regnum dea gentibus esse,
Si qua fata sinant, iam tum tenditque fovetque.
Progeniem sed enim Troiano a sanguine duci
Audierat, Tyrias olim quae verteret arces;
Hinc populum late regem belloque superbum
Venturum excidio Libyae: sic volvere Parcas.
Id metuens veterisque memor Saturnia belli,
Prima quod ad Troiam pro caris gesserat Argis—
Necdum etiam causae irarum saevique dolores
Exciderant animo: manet alta mente repostum
Iudicium Paridis spretaeque iniuria formae,
Et genus invisum, et rapti Ganymedis honores:
His accensa super iactatos aequore toto
Troas, reliquias Danaum atque inmitis Achilli,
Arcebat longe Latio, multosque per annos
Errabant, acti fatis, maria omnia circum.
Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.

I

ARMS and the MAN I sing, who first from Troy,
A Doom-led exile, on Lavinian shores
Reached Italy ; long tossed on sea and land
By Heaven's rude arm, through Juno's brooding ire,
And war-worn long ere building for his Gods
A Home in Latium : whence the Latin race,
The Lords of Alba, and high-towering Rome.

Tell, Muse, the cause ; how pained, how foiled in Will,
The Queen of Gods drove one whom Virtue crowned
Such toils to approach, and compass all that woe.
Can Heavenly hearts so unrelenting prove ?

An ancient town, by Tyrian settlers held,
Far off faced Italy and Tiber mouth,
Carthage, well-dowered, and schooled in roughest war.
Before all lands, men say, 'twas Juno's haunt,
Before e'en Samos. There her chariot stood ;
There hung her arms ; there, if no Fates forbade,
She planned e'en then and nursed a world-wide Throne.
But fame had reached her that a race was sprung
From Trojan blood, her Tyrian towers to strew ;
From whom a sovran People, proud in arms,
Should come to Libya's bane ; so rolled the Doom.
Fraught with such fear, and that remembered feud
Once for dear Argos she had waged at Troy ;—
Though still the smart remained, still deep at heart
Saturnia nursed the Judgment Paris gave,
Her beauty's cruel slight, the race abhorred,
The honours paid to Heaven-rapt Ganymede ;—
Thus more inflamed, from Latium far she kept,
Tossed o'er all waves, the Trojans left by Greeks,
Achilles' leavings, and for many a year
From sea to sea they wandered, pushed by Fate :
Such work was wrought to build the Roman Race !

Vix e conspectu Siculae telluris in altum
Vela dabant laeti, et spumas salis aere ruebant,
Cum Iuno, aeternum servans sub pectore volnus,
Haec secum : Mene incepto desistere victam,
Nec posse Italia Teucrorum avertere regem ?
Quippe vetor fatis. Pallasne exurere classem
Argivom atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto,
Unius ob noxam, et furias Aiacis Oilei ?
Ipsa, Iovis rapidum iaculata e nubibus ignem,
Disiecitque rates evertitque aequora ventis,
Illum exspirantem transfixo pectore flammas
Turbine corripuit scopuloque infixit acuto ;
Ast ego, quae divom incedo regina, Iovisque
Et soror et coniunx, una cum gente tot annos
Bella gero. Et quisquam numen Iunonis adorat
Praeterea, aut supplex aris imponit honorem ?

Talia flammato secum dea corde volutans
Nimborum in patriam, loca feta furentibus austris,
Aeoliam venit. Hic vasto rex Aeolus antro
Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit ac vinclis et carcere frenat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis
Circum claustra fremunt ; celsa sedet Aeolus arce
Sceptra tenens, mollitque animos et temperat iras ;
Ni faciat, maria ac terras caelumque profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi secum verrantque per auras.
Sed pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris,
Hoc metuens, molemque et montes insuper altos
Imposuit, regemque dedit, qui foedere certo
Et premere et laxas sciret dare iussus habenas.
Ad quem tum Iuno supplex his vocibus usa est :

Aeole, namque tibi divom Pater atque hominum rex
Et mulcere dedit fluctus et tollere vento,

Scarce beyond sight of Sicily, they spread
All sail, and merry cut the salt sea foam,
When Juno, nursing deep the undying wound,
Thus to herself: "Am I to own defeat?
Not turn from Italy this Prince of Troy?
The Fates forbid me! Could not Pallas burn
The Argives' fleet, and drown them in the deep,
For one man's guilt, the madness Ajax wrought?
She, from the clouds down-flinging Jove's own fire,
Shattered their ships, and blew the waters high,
Him caught in whirlwind, and his cloven breast
Fixed on the pointed rock, outbreathing flames.
Yet I, Jove's Wife and Sister, I who move
The Queen of Gods, so many years make war
On one poor race! Henceforth shall any bow
To Juno, or lay tribute on her shrines?"

So mused her burning spirit, while she sought
The Storm Land, where the raging South is born,
Aeolia. Here King Aeolus commands
In cavern vast the loud unruly gales,
Bridled with chains and bondage, and they roar
Indignant round their bars, till all the mount
Howls discord. Throned on high, with sceptered hand,
He soothes their spirit, and controls their rage,—
Else would those raiding coursers sweep away
Seas, earth, and heaven's profound; but, fearing this,
The Almighty Father hid them in dark caves,
And piled above them high the mountains' mass,
And gave a King, whose chartered rule might know
To draw the reins, or loose them, at His word;
Whom Juno then, imploring, thus addressed:

"Aeolus, to thee Heaven's Sire and all men's King,
To smooth the waves gave charge, the storm to raise.

Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat aequor,
Ilium in Italiam portans victosque Penates :
Incute vim ventis submersasque obrue puppes,
Aut age diversos et disiice corpora ponto.
Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore Nymphae,
Quarum quae forma pulcherrima Deiopea,
Conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo,
Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.

Aeolus haec contra : Tuus, o regina, quid optes
Explorare labor ; mihi iussa capessere fas est.
Tu mihi, quodcumque hoc regni, tu sceptra Iovemque
Concilias, tu das epulis accumbere divom,
Nimborumque facis tempestatumque potentem.

Haec ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem
Inpulit in latus : ac venti, velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta, ruunt et terras turbine perflant.
Incubuere mari, totumque a sedibus imis
Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis
Africus, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.
Insequitur clamorque virum stridorque rudentum.
Eripiunt subito nubes caelumque diemque
Teucrorum ex oculis ; ponto nox incubat atra.
Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus aether,
Praesentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.
Extemplo Aeneae solvuntur frigore membra ;
Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas
Talia voce refert : O terque quaterque beati,
Quis ante ora patrum Troiae sub moenibus altis
Contigit oppetere ! o Danaum fortissime gentis
Tydide ! mene Iliacis occumbere campis
Non potuisse tuaque animam hanc effundere dextra,
Saevus ubi Aeacidae telo iacet Hector, ubi ingens

A race I love not sail the Tyrrhene Sea,
Bearing to Italy Troy's vanquished Gods.
Wing all thy Winds with rage! Submerge their ships!
Or widely scattering strew with dead the main!
Twice seven young Nymphs are mine, of faultless form,
Whose fairest, Deiopea, I will join
In wedding bands, and make her all thine own,
To live thy life with thee, and make thee sire
Of beauteous offspring, for such service done."

Then Aeolus: "Thine is the task, O Queen,
To choose thy wish, my duty to obey!
My realm thou gain'st me, and the grace of Jove;
Thou grantest me with the high Gods to feast,
To bear dominion over cloud and storm."

This said, he smote the hollow mountain's side
With spear reverse, and where a door is given
The embattled winds rush out, and scour the land.
Down-swooping on the sea, East Wind and South,
With Afric's squally blast, the deep abyss
Together rend, and roll vast waves to shore.
The seamen shout; the cordage screams aloft.
A sudden cloud has snatched from Trojan eyes
Daylight and sky. Black Night invests the sea.
The thunder rolls; the incessant lightnings flash;
And Death stares instant from all sides on all.
Aeneas' limbs relax with sudden chill.
Lifting his palms to Heaven and moaning sore,
Aloud he cries: "Thrice, four times happy, they
Whom under Troy's high wall their fathers saw
Die happy deaths! O bravest of the Greeks,
Tydides! might I but have fallen, my life
Yielding to thy right hand, on Ilium's plain,
Where Hector by Achilles' spear, where tall

Sarpedon, ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis
Scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volvit ?

Talia iactanti stridens Aquilone procella
Velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit.
Franguntur remi ; tum prora avertit, et undis
Dat latus ; insequitur cumulo praeruptus aquae mons.
Hi summo in fluctu pendent ; his unda dehiscens
Terram inter fluctus aperit ; furit aestus harenis.
Tres Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet—
Saxa vocant Itali mediis quae in fluctibus Aras—
Dorsum inmane mari summo ; tres Eurus ab alto
In brevia et Syrtes urguet, miserabile visu,
Inliditque vadis atque aggere cingit harenae.
Unam, quae Lycios fidumque vehebat Oronten,
Ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus
In puppim ferit : excutitur pronusque magister
Volvitur in caput ; ast illam ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat aequore vertex.
Adparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per undas.
Iam validam Ilionei navem, iam fortis Achatae,
Et qua vectus Abas, et qua grandaevus Aletes,
Vicit hiemps ; laxis laterum conpagibus omnes
Accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimisque fatiscunt.

Interea magno misceri murmure pontum,
Emissamque hiemem sensit Neptunus et imis
Stagna refusa vadis, graviter commotus : et alto
Prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda.
Disiectam Aeneae toto videt aequore classem,
Fluctibus oppressos Troas caelique ruina,
Nec latuere doli fratrem Iunonis et irae.
Eurum ad se Zephyrumque vocat, dehinc talia fatur :

Sarpedon fell, where Simois rolls deep
Such shields and helms and bodies of the brave ! "

While yet he cries, the shrieking Northern storm
Strikes back the sail, and heavenward lifts the surge.
Oars snap : the prow swings off, and gives the sea
The ship's broad side ; down breaks a mount of brine.
Some hang on the wave's crest ; some see the floor
'Twixt gaping seas ; the surges seethe with sand.
Three ships the South Wind hurls on ambushed rocks,
Rocks named by Latins " Altars," in mid main
Bristling immense ; three more on shoals and banks
The East drives landward, piteous to be seen !
And strikes ashore, and heaps them round with sand.
One, leal Orontes' and the Lycians' bark,
Before Aeneas' eyes, a huge sea smites
Down on her stern. The helmsman, wrenched away
Rolls headlong : but the eddy round and round
Thrice spins the ship, and gulfs her in the flood.
Rare show some swimming in the vasty race.
Arms, planks, and Trojan treasures strew the waves.
Ilioneus' and bold Achates' ships,
Those which bore Abas and Aletes old,
Yield to the storm ; their loosened joints admit
The ruinous deluge through each gaping chink.

Meanwhile the discord of the boiling sea,
The Storm let loose, the watery deeps up-cast,
Neptune perceived, and, gravely moved, looked forth,
Lifting above the wave his tranquil brow.
Strewn o'er the sea he saw Aeneas' fleet,
He saw the Trojans spent with wind and wave,
Nor did he not perceive his sister's guile.
East Wind and West he summons and bespeaks :

Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri?
Iam caelum terramque meo sine numine, Venti,
Miscere, et tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego —! Sed motos praestat conponere fluctus.
Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique haec dicite vestro:
Non illi imperium pelagi saevumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum. Tenet ille inmania saxa,
Vestras, Eure, domos; illa se iactet in aula
Aeolus, et clauso ventorum carcere regnet.

Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida aequora placat,
Collectasque fugat nubes solemque reducit.
Cymothoe simul et Triton adnixus acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo; levat ipse tridenti;
Et vastas aperit Syrtes, et temperat aequor,
Atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas.
Ac veluti magno in populo cum saepe coorta est
Seditio, saevitque animis ignobile volgus,
Iamque faces et saxa volant (furor arma ministrat);
Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant;
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet;
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, aequora postquam
Prospiciens genitor caeloque invectus aperto
Flectit equos curruque volans dat lora secundo.

Defessi Aeneadae, quae proxuma litora, cursu
Contendunt petere, et Libyae vertuntur ad oras.
Est in secessu longo locus: insula portum
Efficit obiectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos;
Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes geminique minantur
In caelum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late
Aequora tuta silent; tum silvis scaena coruscis

"What pride of ancestry hath swoll'n you thus,
That heaven and earth you now confound, and raise
Turmoil so wild, ye Winds, without my will?
Whom I—but first to smooth the troubled waves.
Not thus again shall you atone your deeds!
Speed instant back! and tell your King, not his
The Sea's dominion and the Trident stern,
But mine by lot. The craggy halls are his,
Eurus, where ye are lodged: there let him vaunt,
There let him reign, with all his Winds immured!"

More swift than speech, he calms the swollen flood,
Chases the gathered clouds, brings back the sun.
Cymothoe and Triton, from the rock
Thrust off the ships, by his own trident raised;
He channels the great Sands, the water smoothes,
And skims with printless wheels the level sea.
As when in some great concourse often springs
A tumult, and the rabble herd grow fierce,
Till stones and torches fly, the arms of rage,—
If then a man revered for worth and work
Face them, they listen, hush'd, with straining ears;
He governs them with words, and cools their heat.
So fell all Ocean's uproar, since the Sire
Looked o'er his waves, and gave his team the rein,
Speeding in cloudless blue his easy car.

The o'erlaboured Trojans, straining now to gain
What coast lies nearest, turn to Libya's shore.
There lies a haven in a creek retired,
Made by an island's arms, on which the sea
Breaks, and deep inlets hold the parted wave.
On either hand two peaks of towering rock
Menace the sky, and underneath wide-spread
Sleeps the safe pool, o'er which a scene impends

Desuper horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra;
Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum,
Intus aquae dulces vivoque sedilia saxo,
Nympharum domus: hic fessas non vincula naves
Ulla tenent, unco non alligat ancora morsu.
Huc septem Aeneas collectis navibus omni
Ex numero subit; ac magno telluris amore
Egressi optata potiuntur Troes harena
Et sale tabentes artus in litore ponunt.
Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates
Succepitque ignem foliis atque arida circum
Nutrimenta dedit rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cererem corruptam undis Cerealiaque arma
Expediunt fessi rerum, frugesque receptas
Et torrere parant flammis et frangere saxo.

Aeneas scopulum interea conscendit et omnem
Prospectum late pelago petit, Anthea si quem
Iactatum vento videat Phrygiasque biremes,
Aut Capyn, aut celsis in puppibus arma Caici.
Navem in conspectu nullam, tres litore cervos
Prospicit errantes; hos tota armenta sequuntur
A tergo, et longum per valles pascitur agmen.
Constitit hic, arcumque manu celeresque sagittas
Corripuit, fidus quae tela gerebat Achates,
Ductoresque ipsos primum, capita alta ferentes
Cornibus arboreis, sternit, tum volgus, et omnem
Miscet agens telis nemora inter frondea turbam;
Nec prius absistit, quam septem ingentia victor
Corpora fundat humi et numerum cum navibus aequet.
Hinc portum petit, et socios partitur in omnes.
Vina bonus quae deinde cadis onerarat Acestes
Litore Trinacrio dederatque abeuntibus heros,
Dividit, et dictis maerentia pectora mulcet:

Of shimmering woodland, crowned by forest gloom.
Under the fronting bluff, a rock-hung cave,
With seats of living stone, and waters sweet,
A Sea-Nymphs' home ; where the wave-weary bark
Needs not the cable, nor the anchor's tooth.
Here, with seven ships, the relics of his fleet,
Aeneas steers, and Trojans, sick for land,
Leap out at last, and gain the dreamed-of shore,
And on the sand their briny limbs repose.
And first from flint Achates struck a spark,
And caught in leaves, and with dry timber nursed
The flame, and fanned the fuel to a blaze.
Then Ceres' sea-sad grain, and Ceres' arms
They bring, world-wearied, and bestir themselves
To bake and bray with stones their rescued meal.

Meanwhile Aeneas climbs a rock, and scans
All the wide sea, to spy, if spy he may,
Antheus storm-toss'd, or Capys, or the arms
High on Caicus' stern, or Phrygian sloops.
No ships in sight, but roaming on the land
Three stags he saw ; behind them all the deer,
In one long file, go browsing down the dales.
He paused ; he seized the bow and flying shafts
Which leal Achates bore, and first laid low
The leaders of the herd, who proud bore up
Their branching heads, then aimed the crowd entire,
And drove into the glens their broken ranks ;
Nor stayed, till seven huge bodies on the ground,—
To match his tale of ships,—the Victor stretched.
Who sought the haven, and divided all,
And shared the wine, which on Trinacria's beach
Acestes gave, a hero's parting boon,
Then thus with words their languish'd hearts consoled :

O socii,—neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum—
O passi graviora, dabit deus his quoque finem.
Vos et Scyllaeam rabiem penitusque sonantes
Accestis scopulos, vos et Cyclopia saxa
Experti: revocate animos, maestumque timorem
Mittite: forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas
Ostendunt; illic fas regna resurgere Troiae.
Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus aeger
Spem voltu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.
Illi se praedae accingunt dapibusque futuris:
Tergora deripiunt costis et viscera nudant;
Pars in frusta secant veribusque trementia figunt;
Litore aena locant alii, flammasque ministrant.
Tum victu revocant vires, fusique per herbam
Inplentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinae.
Postquam exempta fames epulis mensaeque remotae,
Amissos longo socios sermone requirunt,
Spemque metumque inter dubii, seu vivere credant,
Sive extrema pati nec iam exaudire vocatos.
Praecipue pius Aeneas nunc acris Oronti,
Nunc Amyci casum gemit et crudelia secum
Fata Lyci, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

Et iam finis erat, cum Iuppiter aethere summo
Despiciens mare velivolum terrasque iacentes
Litoraque et latos populos, sic vertice caeli
Constitit et Libyae defixit lumina regnis.
Atque illum tales iactantem pectore curas
Tristior et lacrimis oculos suffusa nitentes
Adloquitur Venus: O qui res hominumque deumque
Aeternis regis imperiis, et fulmine terres,

"Co-mates,—for troubles we have known before,—
O worse beset! these too some God will end!
Ye braved wild Scylla, and the rocks that roar
Through all their fissures, and the Cyclops' den
Ye entered. Cheer your hearts! Abandon fear!
To recollect even this may yet be sweet.
Through many a danger, many a chance and change,
We tend to Latium, where the Gods assure
Peace, and the realm of Troy again shall rise.
Endure! and keep yourselves for happy days!"

Such words he spake; and, pained with anxious thought
Masked under hopeful looks his heart-felt care.
They, hungry for the feast, prepare their prey,
Strip hide from ribs, and bare the inward meat.
Part carve and broach with spits the quivering flesh;
Part fix the brazen pans, and ply the flame.
Then, stretched on grass, recalling strength with food,
Of venison and of wine they take their fill;
Till, hunger stayed, they move the boards, and long
In anxious converse mourn their comrades lost,
'Twixt hope and fear surmising if they live,
Or lie at rest, and hear no voice that calls.
But good Aeneas mourns at heart the most
For Amycus, Orontes, and sad-starred
Lycus, brave Gyas and Cloanthus brave.

Now came the close, when Jupiter looked down
Over the sail-flecked sea, the lands outspread,
The shores, the peoples wide, and on Heaven's crest
Paused, and his downward gaze on Libya fixed.
Him then, thus pondering many an anxious thought,
Sadly, with tear-drops in her shining eyes,
Venus bespake: "Dread King of Gods and men,
Regent of rule eterne, the Thunder's Lord!

Quid meus Aeneas in te committere tantum,
Quid Troes potuere, quibus, tot funera passis,
Cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur orbis?
Certe hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis,
Hinc fore ductores, revocato a sanguine Teucri,
Qui mare, qui terras omni dicione tenerent,
Pollicitus. Quae te, genitor, sententia vertit?
Hoc equidem occasum Troiae tristesque ruinas
Solabar, fatis contraria fata rependens;
Nunc eadem fortuna viros tot casibus actos
Insequitur. Quem das finem, rex magne, laborum?
Antenor potuit, mediis elapsus Achivis,
Illyricos penetrare sinus atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timavi,
Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis
It mare proruptum et pelago premit arva sonanti.
Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi sedesque locavit
Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit armaque fixit
Troia, nunc placida conpostus pace quiescit:
Nos, tua progenies, caeli quibus adnuis arcem,
Navibus, infandum! amissis, unius ob iram
Prodimur atque Italis longe disiungimur oris.
Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptra reponis?

Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum
Voltu, quo caelum tempestatesque serenat,
Oscula libavit natae, dehinc talia fatur:
Parce metu, Cytherea: manent inmota tuorum
Fata tibi: cernes urbem et promissa Lavini
Moenia, sublimemque feres ad sidera caeli
Magnanimum Aenean; neque me sententia vertit.
Hic tibi—fabor enim, quando haec te cura remordet,
Longius et volvens fatorum arcana movebo—
Bellum ingens geret Italia populosque feroces
Contundet, moresque viris et moenia ponet,

What wrong can my Aeneas or Troy's sons
Have done thee, that to them, so scourged by Death,
For Italy's sole sake, all lands are barred?
Firm was thy promise, Sire, that circling years
From Troy's replenished blood at last should raise
Romans, commanders, ruling sea and land
With sway imperial. What hath changed thy plan?
That pledge consoled me, weighing Doom with Doom,
For Troy's sad ruin; yet a woe not less
Still dogs the suffering heroes: O Supreme!
Where wilt thou place the limit of their pain?
Antenor, scaping through the Achaean hosts,
Might thread Illyrian bays, and make unharmed
Remote Liburnia and Timavus' fount,
Where through nine mouths, out of the roaring rock,
Spouts the loud sea, and drowns the furrowed field.
Yet there he built Patavium, gave a home,
A name to Trojans, hung up arms of Troy,
And now in happy quiet slumbers well.
But we, thy seed, to whom high Heaven thou giv'st,
Our ships all lost, for one heart's spite betrayed,
Far from Italian shores are sundered still.
Is this faith's meed? Is this our crown restored?"

On her the Sire of Men and Gods looked down,
Smiling as when he calms the fretful sky;
He gently kissed his daughter's lips, and said:
"Fear not, sweet Venus! Know, thy people's doom
Stands changeless: thou shalt see thy promised town,
Lavinium's walls, and bear to Heaven sublime
Great-souled Aeneas. Nought hath changed my plan.
Know,—since this trouble gnaws thee, I will speak
More fully, and unroll the leaves of Fate,—
Long shall he fight in Italy, subdue
Fierce tribes, and in wall'd cities school his men,

Tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit aestas,
Ternaque transierint Rutulis hiberna subactis.
At puer Ascanius, cui nunc cognomen Iulo
Additur,—Ilus erat, dum res stetit Ilia regno—
Triginta magnos volvendis mensibus orbes
Imperio explebit, regnumque ab sede Lavini
Transferet, et Longam multa vi muniet Albam.
Hic iam ter centum totos regnabitur annos
Gente sub Hectorea, donec regina sacerdos
Marte gravis geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem.
Inde lupae fulvo nutricis tegmine laetus
Romulus excipiet gentem, et Mavortia condet
Moenia Romanosque suo de nomine dicet.
His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono;
Imperium sine fine dedi. Quin aspera Iuno,
Quae mare nunc terrasque metu caelumque fatigat,
Consilia in melius referet, mecumque fovebit
Romanos, rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.
Sic placitum. Veniet lustris labentibus aetas,
Cum domus Assaraci Phthiam clarasque Mycenas
Servitio premet ac victis dominabitur Argis.
Nascetur pulchra Troianus origine Caesar,
Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet astris,
Iulius, a magno demissum nomen Iulo.
Hunc tu olim caelo, spoliis Orientis onustum,
Accipies secura; vocabitur hic quoque votis.
Aspera tum positis mitescent saecula bellis;
Cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus
Iura dabunt; dirae ferro et conpagibus artis
Claudentur Belli portae; Furor impius intus
Saeva sedens super arma et centum vinctus aenis
Post tergum nodis fremet horridus ore cruento.

Haec ait, et Maia genitum demittit ab alto,
Ut terrae, utque novae pateant Karthaginis arces

Till summers three have seen him Latium's King,
And three long winters crushed the Rutuli.
—Ascanius then, Iulus now sur-named,—
Ilus he was, while Ilium's Kingdom stood,—
With thirty rolling years shall bound his reign,
Then from Lavinium move the royal seat,
And strongly fortify Long Alba's walls.
There thrice an hundred years the crown shall stay
In Hector's race, until a Vestal Queen,
Ilia, shall bear twin babes, the seed of Mars.
Then Romulus, proud in the tawny skin
Of his wolf-nurse, shall follow. He shall build
The Martial City, and stamp his name on Rome.
To her no bounds I give of Space or Time,
But Empire without end. Juno herself,
Who now with fear wears earth and sea and sky,
Will better her designs, and love with me
Romans, the Lords of Earth, the toga'd race.
So is my Will. A day shall come at last,
When Troy's great House beneath their yoke shall bring
Argos, and Phthia, and Mycenae's pride.
A Caesar from their glorious loins shall spring,—
Ocean his realm will bound, his fame the stars,—
Julius, a name from great Iulus drawn.
Him, rich with Orient spoils, shalt thou unvexed
Admit to Heaven, and vows he too shall hear.
Then wars shall cease, and the rude age grow mild.
Quirinus and his Brother, white-stoled Faith,
And Vesta shall give laws, War's iron Gates
Stand closed. Within, upon her savage arms,
Inhuman Rage will sit, by thousand links
Of brass chained back, and snarl with bloody fangs."

He spake; and Maia's Son from Heaven down sent,
That Carthage and her rising towers might give

Hospitio Teucris, ne fati nescia Dido
Finibus arceret. Volat ille per aera magnum
Remigio alarum, ac Libyae citus adstitit oris.
Et iam iussa facit, ponuntque ferocia Poeni
Corda volente deo ; in primis regina quietum
Accipit in Teucros animum mentemque benignam.

At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens,
Ut primum lux alma data est, exire locosque
Explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras,
Qui teneant, nam inculta videt, hominesne feraene,
Quaerere constituit, sociisque exacta referre.
Classem in convexo nemorum sub rupe cavata
Arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris
Occulit ; ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate,
Bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro.
Cui mater media sese tulit obvia silva,
Virginis os habitumque gerens et virginis arma,
Spartanae, vel qualis equos Threissa fatigat
Harpalyce volucremque fuga praevertitur Hebrum.
Namque umeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum
Venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis,
Nuda genu, nodoque sinus collecta fluentes.

Ac prior, Heus, inquit, iuvenes, monstrate, mearum
Vidistis si quam hic errantem forte sororum,
Succinctam pharetra et maculosae tegmine lyncis,
Aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem.

Sic Venus ; et Veneris contra sic filius orsus :
Nulla tuarum audita mihi neque visa sororum,
O—quam te memorem, virgo ? namque haud tibi voltus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat : o dea certe ;
An Phoebi soror ? an Nympharum sanguinis una ?

Harbour to Trojans, lest, unware of Fate,
Dido should spurn them. Through the air he oars
His rapid vans, and lights on Libyan soil.
His task is done: the savage hearts are lulled
By God's own Will: but most o'er Dido's soul
Steal gentle thoughts, and ruth for Teucer's sons.

Now good Aeneas, tossed all night with care,
When the boon light was given, resolved to try
Those unknown shores, to what strange coast the blasts
Had blown them, and who held it, man or beast,—
Desert it seemed,—and bear true tidings back.
Beneath an arching rock, o'er-hung with trees,
He hid his vessels, wrapt in woodland shade,
And with Achates started, in his hand
Shaking two steel-bound spears.
Him in mid-wood
His Mother came to meet, a maid in looks,
Bearing the arms and habit of a maid,
Spartan, or like Harpalyce, whose feet
Outstrip the horse, outrun the Hebrus stream.
For huntress-wise o'er shoulders she had slung
The bow to hand, and given the winds her hair,
Bare-kneed, her folds up-gathered in a knot.

She first began: "Sirs, have you haply seen
One of my sisters wandering this wood,
With quiver girt, and spotted lynx's skin,
Or pressing clamorous on the foaming boar?"

Thus Venus, and thus answered Venus' son:
"None of thy sisters have I heard or seen,
O—how to call thee, Maid? No mortal face,
No human voice is thine,—O Goddess, sure!
Art thou Apollo's sister, or some Nymph?

Sis felix, nostrumque leves, quaecumque, laborem,
Et, quo sub caelo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
Iactemur, doceas : ignari hominumque locorumque
Erramus, vento huc et vastis fluctibus acti :
Multa tibi ante aras nostra cadet hostia dextra.

Tum Venus : Haud equidem tali me dignor honore,
Virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram,
Purpureoque alte suras vincire cothurno.
Punica regna vides, Tyrios et Agenoris urbem ;
Sed fines Libyci, genus intractabile bello.
Imperium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta,
Germanum fugiens. Longa est iniuria, longae
Ambages ; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.

Huic coniunx Sychaeus erat, ditissimus agri
Phoenicum, et magno miserae dilectus amore,
Cui pater intactam dederat, primisque iugarat
Ominibus. Sed regna Tyri germanus habebat
Pygmalion, scelere ante alios inmanior omnes.
Quos inter medius venit furor. Ille Sychaeum
Impius ante aras atque auri caecus amore
Clam ferro incautum superat, securus amorum
Germanae ; factumque diu celavit, et aegram,
Multa malus simulans, vana spe lusit amantem.
Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago
Coniugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris ;
Crudeles aras traiectaque pectora ferro
Nudavit, caecumque domus scelus omne retexit.
Tum celerare fugam patriaque excedere suadet,
Auxiliumque viae veteres tellure recludit
Thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus et auri.
His commota fugam Dido sociosque parabat.
Conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni
Aut metus acer erat ; naves, quae forte paratae,

Whoe'er thou art, be gracious, ease our pain ;
And teach us on what shores, beneath what sky,
Outcast we wander, ignorant of place
And people, hither driven by storm and sea.
Oft at thine altars shall our victims fall."

Then Venus : " Nay, such rites are not for me.
To bear the quiver Tyrian maidens use,
And the red buskin on the leg bind high.
Carthage this realm, Agenor's Tyrian town,
But Libyans bound it, tribes intractable.
Here reigns, from Tyre and from her brother fled,
Queen Dido. Long her sorrows, long and dark ;
But I will tread the surface of the tale.

" Sichaeus was her spouse, of Tyrian lords
The richest, and loved dearly to her woe.
To him her father yoked her still intact,
With virgin rites ; but on Tyre's throne her brother,
Pygmalion, sat, in guilt out-shaming all.
Wrath came between those twain. He, blind with greed
And careless of his sister's love, struck down
Impious before the shrine with furtive steel
Unwarned Sichaeus, and long hid the deed,
Cheating with empty tales sick Dido's heart.
But in her dreams her lord's unburied shade
Came with a strange wan face, revealing all,
The guilty shrine, the dagger's bosom-thrust,
And all the sightless horror of the House.
He bad her haste to leave her native shores,
Disclosing ancient treasures underground,
Silver and gold unsummed, her journey's aid.
She, thus distract, sought friends to share her flight,
And all who loathed the tyrant King, or feared,
Muster, and seize what galleys lie to hand,

Corripiunt, onerantque auro ; portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelago ; dux ſemina facti.
Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernis
Moenia surgentemque novae Karthaginis arcem,
Mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam,
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.
Sed vos qui tandem, quibus aut venistis ab oris,
Quove tenetis iter ? Quaerenti talibus ille
Suspirans imoque trahens a pectore vocem :

O dea, si prima repetens ab origine pergam,
Et vacet annales nostrorum audire laborum,
Ante diem clauso conponat Vesper Olympo.
Nos Troia antiqua, si vestras forte per aures
Troiae nomen iit, diversa per aequora vectos
Forte sua Libycis tempestas adpulit oris.
Sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoste Penates
Classe veho mecum, fama super aethera notus.
Italiam quaero patriam et genus ab Iove summo.
Bis denis Phrygium conscendi navibus aequor,
Matre dea monstrante viam, data fata secutus ;
Vix septem convolsae undis Euroque supersunt.
Ipse ignotus, egens, Libyae deserta peragro,
Europa atque Asia pulsus. Nec plura querentem
Passa Venus medio sic interfata dolore est :

Quisquis es, haud, credo, invisus caelestibus auras
Vitales carpis, Tyriam qui adveneris urbem.
Perge modo, atque hinc te reginae ad limina perfer.
Namque tibi reduces socios classemque relatam
Nuntio et in tutum versis aquilonibus actam,
Ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.
Aspice bis senos laetantes agmine cycnos,
Aetheria quos lapsa plaga Iovis ales aperto

And load with gold. Pygmalion's hoarded wealth
Flies overseas : a woman rules the hour.
Where now thou see'st New Carthage lifting high
Yon towers they landed, and there bought them ground,
So much,—and thence the name of Byrsa sprang,—
As they could compass with one ox's hide.—
But who are ye, sirs ? From what country come ?
Or whither go ye ?"
To her, asking thus,
With sighs he answered, drawing deep his breath :

"O Goddess ! Ere from their prime source I traced
The annals of our woe, an thou could'st list,
Vesper would close heaven-gate, and lull the day.
From ancient Troy,—if haply to thine ears
Troy's name hath come,—we sailed contrary seas,
Till cast on Libya by the wayward storm.
I, good Aeneas, famed above the stars,
Bear in my ships our House-Gods saved from Greeks.
Jove's kin I seek, and Italy, my Home.
With twenty Phrygian barks I climbed the sea,
Led by my Goddess-mother, following Doom ;
Scarce seven survive the ruining wave and wind.
I, poor, unfriended, roam these Libyan wastes,
From Europe thrust and Asia—" But no more
Brooking his moan, she interrupts his grief—

"Whoe'er thou art, not unbeloved of Heaven
Thou drawest breath, methinks, who hast arrived
This Tyrian city ! Hence ! On to the Queen's Court !
For news I bear, thy comrades are restored,
And altered winds have blown thy ships to port,—
Unless my parents taught me omens ill.
See yon twelve swans, in gallant trim array,
Whom dropping from the sky the Bird of Jove

Turbabat caelo ; nunc terras ordine longo
Aut capere aut captas iam despectare videntur :
Ut reduces illi ludunt stridentibus alis,
Et coetu cinxere polum, cantusque dedere,
Haud aliter puppesque tuae pubesque tuorum
Aut portum tenet, aut pleno subit ostia velo.
Perge modo, et, qua te ducit via, dirige gressum.

Dixit, et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,
Ambrosiaeque comae divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere, pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit dea. Ille ubi matrem
Adgnovit, tali fugientem est voce secutus :
Quid natum totiens, crudelis tu quoque, falsis
Ludis imaginibus ? cur dextrae iungere dextram
Non datur ac veras audire et reddere voces ?
Talibus incusat, gressumque ad moenia tendit.
At Venus obscuro gradientes aere saepsit,
Et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset,
Molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere causas.
Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit
Laeta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo
Ture calent arae sertisque recentibus halant.

Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat.
Iamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet adversasque adspectat desuper arces.

Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam,
Miratur portas strepitumque et strata viarum.
Instant ardentes Tyrii pars ducere muros
Molirique arcem et manibus subvolvere saxa,
Pars optare locum tecto et concludere sulco.
Iura magistratusque legunt sanctumque senatum.

Chased far and wide : they now, in column long,
Alight, or soaring scorn the earth they trod.
As they restored with clanging wings the sky
Circle in sport, and utter songs of joy,
Not otherwise thy ships and crews now hold
Gladly the port, or cross the bar full-sail.
Go, and step onward where thy path shall lead."

She said, and turned ; all rosy flashed her neck ;
The ambrosial locks a heavenly fragrance breathed,
Her vesture flowed to earth, and by her gait
The Goddess stood confest.
He, when he knew
His mother, thus pursued her as she fled :
"Thou too unkind ! Why dost thou with false shapes
Mock me so oft ? Why may we not clasp hands
Together, and with unfeigned lips converse ?"
Thus he upbraiding paces to the town.
But round them, as they walked, the Goddess shed
A screen of mist and cloudy veil obscure,
That none might see or touch them, or delay,
Inquiring why they came. To Paphos she
Flies soaring, and delightedly regains
Her home, her fane, her hundred shrines that glow
With Orient gums and with fresh garlands breathe.

Meanwhile they hasten where the pathway points ;
And climb at last the hill which hangs far-stretched
Above the city and on her towers looks down.

At that great town, once hovels, the thronged gates,
The clattering streets, Aeneas much admires.
Hotly the Tyrians work : some trace the walls,
The castle build, and roll up stones by hand.
Some trench a site for building. They ordain
Laws, magistrates, and senators august.

Hic portus alii effodiunt: hic alta theatri
Fundamenta locant alii, inmanesque columnas
Rupibus excidunt, scaenis decora alta futuris.
Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura
Exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos
Educunt fetus, aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant et dulci distendunt nectare cellas,
Aut onera accipiunt venientum aut agmine facto
Ignavum fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent:
Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.

O fortunati, quorum iam moenia surgunt!
Aeneas ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis.
Infert se saeptus nebula—mirabile dictu—
Per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli.

Lucus in urbe fuit media, laetissimus umbrae,
Quo primum iactati undis et turbine Poeni
Effodere loco signum, quod regia Iuno
Monstrarat, caput acris equi; sic nam fore bello
Egregiam et facilem victu per saecula gentem.
Hic templum Iunoni ingens Sidonia Dido
Condebat, donis opulentum et numine divae,
Aerea cui gradibus surgebant limina nexaeque
Aere trabes, foribus cardo stridebat aenis.
Hoc primum in luco nova res oblata timorem
Leniit, hic primum Aeneas sperare salutem
Ausus et adflictis melius confidere rebus.
Namque sub ingenti lustrat dum singula templo,
Reginam opperiens, dum, quae Fortuna sit urbi,
Artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem
Miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas
Bellaque iam fama totum volgata per orbem,
Atridas, Priamumque, et saevum ambobus Achillen.
Constitit, et lacrimans, Quis iam locus, inquit, Achate,

Here they are digging harbours; laying here
The Theatre's deep base, and hew from rocks
Tall columns, to adorn the future stage.
As bees in Springtime, through the flowering fields,
Work 'neath the sun; and train the nation's youth,
Or press the flowing honey and distend
Their cells with fragrant nectar, or their loads
From the new-comers take, or, ranged in line,
Drive from their fold the drones, a sluggard flock:
Work glows, and sweet with thyme the honey smells.

"O happy men, whose Home is rising now!"
Aeneas cries, and scans the towers above:
Then enters, screened in mist, most strange to tell!
And mingles with the crowd, himself unseen.

Amidst the town a grove spread lavish shade;
Where first the Poeni, tossed by sea and storm,
Dug up the Sign Queen Juno had foreshown,
A Horse's Head,—so should they be renowned
In war, and through the ages live in ease.
Sidonian Dido here to Juno a fane
Designed, magnific and divinely blest.
Steps rose to a bronze threshold, and bronze-bound
The lintels, and the grating doors were bronze.
A wondrous sight first lightened in this grove
Aeneas' fear: here first he dared to hope,
And in his fretted fortunes more confide.
For while he looks o'er all the mighty fane,
Waiting the Queen; while at the prospering town
And jealous labours of the craftsmen's hands
He marvels, lo! he sees the Trojan Wars,
Now blown about the world, sees Atreus' sons,
And Priam, and Achilles, foe to both.
He paused, and "O! What place," he sobbed, "what land,

Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?
En Priamus. Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi ;
Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.
Solve metus ; feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem.

Sic ait, atque animum pictura pascit inani,
Multa gemens, largoque umectat flumine voltum.
Namque videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum
Hac fugerent Graii, premeret Troiana iuventus,
Hac Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles.
Nec procul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis
Adgnoscit lacrimans, primo quae prodita somno
Tydides multa vastabat caede cruentus,
Ardentesque avertit equos in castra, prius quam
Pabula gustassent Troiae Xanthumque bibissent.
Parte alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis,
Infelix puer atque inpar congressus Achilli,
Fertur equis, curruque haeret resupinus inani,
Lora tenens tamen ; huic cervixque comaeque trahuntur
Per terram, et versa pulvis inscribitur hasta.
Interea ad templum non aequae Palladis ibant
Crinibus Iliades passis peplumque ferebant,
Suppliciter, tristes et tunsae pectora palmis ;
Diva solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat.
Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,
Exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.
Tum vero ingentem gemitum dat pectore ab imo,
Ut spolia, ut currus, utque ipsum corpus amici,
Tendentemque manus Priamum conspexit inermes.
Se quoque principibus permixtum adgnovit Achivis,
Eoasque acies et nigri Memnonis arma.
Ducit Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis
Penthesilea furens, mediisque in milibus ardet,
Aurea subnectens exsertae cingula mammae,
Bellatrix, audetque viris concurrere virgo.

Achates, is not filled with our distress?
See Priam! Even here Worth finds its meed;
Tears fall, and hearts are touched by mortal things!
Fear not; this fame will surely bear thee safe."

Thus on the pictured show he feeds his heart,
Sighing, and streaming tears bedew his cheek.
For there he saw how, fighting round the walls,
Pressed by Troy's chivalry, the Greeks took flight,
Or Phrygians, where Achilles urged his car.
Nor distant Rhesus' snowy tents he knew,
Which, in first sleep betrayed, Tydides heaped
With bloody slaughter, and his burning steeds
Turned back to camp, or ever they should taste
Fodder of Troy, or drink of Xanthus' stream.
Elsewhere flies Troilus, his weapons lost,—
Ill-doomed, ill-matched to meet Achilles' spear!—
Dragged by his steeds, fallen from the empty car,
But grasping still the reins; his neck, his locks
Are drawn in dust, where scrawls the inverted spear.
And Ilian wives were wending, supplicant,
To cruel Pallas' fane, with streaming hair,
And bare the Peplus, sad, and beat the breast:
Fixed on the ground the Goddess kept her eyes.
Thrice had Achilles round the walls of Troy
Dragged Hector, and would sell his corse for gold.
Ah! deeply then Aeneas sighed to view
His comrade's spoils, his car, his very corse,
And Priam stretching out his helpless hands.
Himself too, charging through Achaean chiefs,
The Eastern troops he knew, and Memnon's arms.
And, burning mid the fray, her Amazons
With moony shields Penthesilea led,
Who, girt with gold beneath her naked breast,
Dared clash with men, a warrior and a maid.

Haec dum Dardanio Aeneae miranda videntur,
Dum stupet, obtutuque haeret defixus in uno,
Regina ad templum, forma pulcherrima Dido,
Incessit, magna iuvenum stipante caterva.
Qualis in Eurotae ripis aut per iuga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutae
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; illa pharetram
Fert umero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnes:
Latonae tacitum pertemptant gaudia pectus:
Talis erat Dido, talem se laeta ferebat
Per medios, instans operi regnisque futuris.
Tum foribus divae, media testudine templi,
Saepta armis, solioque alte subnixa resedit.
Iura dabat legesque viris, operumque laborem
Partibus aequabat iustis, aut sorte trahebat:
Cum subito Aeneas concursu accedere magno
Anthea Sergestumque videt fortemque Cloanthum,
Teucrorumque alios, ater quos aequore turbo
Dispulerat penitusque alias avexerat oras.

Obstipuit simul ipse simul perculsus Achates
Laetitiaque metuque; avidi coniungere dextras
Ardebant; sed res animos incognita turbat.
Dissimulant, et nube cava speculantur amicti,
Quae fortuna viris, classem quo litore linquant,
Quid veniant; cunctis nam lecti navibus ibant,
Orantes veniam, et templum clamore petebant.

Postquam introgressi et coram data copia fandi,
Maxumus Ilioneus placido sic pectore coepit:
O Regina, novam cui condere Iuppiter urbem
Iustitiaque dedit gentes frenare superbas,
Troes te miseri, ventis maria omnia vecti,
Oramus, prohibe infandos a navibus ignes,
Parce pio generi, et propius res aspice nostras:

While all these wonders met the Dardan's eyes,
While lost he stood, in one long gaze entranced,
Queen Dido to the temple paced, a train
Of courtiers pressing round, supremely fair.
As on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' hill,
Diana leads the dance ; behind her throng
A thousand Oreads : she the quiver bears,
And treads the earth, divine above them all.
Latona's heart with silent pleasure thrills.
Even such was Dido : so she passed in joy
Amidst them, busied in her city's growth ;
Then in the sacred doors, beneath the dome,
High on a throne she sat, with weapons fenced,
Gave law and judgment, and the appointed task
Justly to each assigned, or fixed by lot :
When lo ! Aeneas in the crowd discerns
Antheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus brave,
With many a Trojan, whom the blinding gale
Had swept apart, and borne to distant shores.

Struck dumb together, both by fear and joy,
He and Achates fain would grasp their hands,
Yearning, but ignorance disturbs their minds,
And, veiled in hollow mist, they wait to see
What fate was theirs, and where they left the ships,
And why they came ; for, chosen from all the fleet,
Clamorous they near the temple, praying grace.

When they had entered, and due audience gained,
Ilioneus, their eldest, with calm front
Began :
"O Queen ! by Heaven ordained to found
This city, and curb the unruly tribes with law !
Thee we poor Trojans, blown o'er every sea,
Implore. O save our ships from shameless fire !
Spare honest men ; more nearly look on us !

Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penates
Venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere praedas;
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis.
Est locus, Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt,
Terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glaebae;
Oenotri coluere viri; nunc fama, minores
Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem.
Hic cursus fuit:
Cum subito adsurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion
In vada caeca tulit, penitusque procacibus austris
Perque undas, superante salo, perque invia saxa
Dispulit; huc pauci vestris adnavimus oris.
Quod genus hoc hominum? quaeve hunc tam barbara morem
Permittit patria? hospitio prohibemur harenae;
Bella cient, primaque vetant consistere terra.
Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma,
At sperate deos, memores fandi atque nefandi.
Rex erat Aeneas nobis, quo iustior alter,
Nec pietate fuit nec bello maior et armis.
Quem si fata virum servant, si vescitur aura
Aetheria, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris,
Non metus; officio nec te certasse priorem
Paeniteat. Sunt et Siculis regionibus urbes
Armaque, Troianoque a sanguine clarus Acestes.
Quassatam ventis liceat subducere classem,
Et silvis aptare trabes et stringere remos,
Si datur Italiam, sociis et rege recepto,
Tendere, ut Italiam laeti Latiumque petamus,
Sin absumpta salus, et te, pater optume Teucrum,
Pontus habet Libyae, nec spes iam restat Iuli,
At freta Sicaniae saltem sedesque paratas,
Unde huc advecti, regemque petamus Acesten.

Talibus Ilioneus; cuncti simul ore fremebant
Dardanidae.

We are not come with steel to overthrow
The Libyan's home, or harry prey to shore,—
Not ours, not conquered men's, such insolence !
A Land there is, by Greeks Hesperia named,
An old land, strong in arms and the glebe's fruit,
Where dwelt Oenotrians ; now the younger men,
After their Chief have called it Italy.
Thither we took our course,
When stormy Orion rose with sudden swell,
And dashed us on blind shoals, and with bluff winds
O'er desperate seas and rocks unvoyageable
Dispersed us wide, and few have reached your shores.
What race of men is here ? What land so rude
Permits this use ? The welcome of the sand
Refused, they force us from their country's edge.
If men and mortal weapons ye despise,
Look yet for Gods remembering right and wrong !
Aeneas was our King, and none more just
Or righteous, or in battle more renowned.
Whom if Fate still preserves, if still he drinks
The air of heaven, nor lies in bitter gloom,
We fear not ; nor shalt thou, if first to help,
Repent. Sicilian arms and towns remain,
Acestes too boasts the pure blood of Troy.
Grant us to beach our tempest-shaken ships,
To shape in woods new beams, and trim new oars,
And, if we may, with King and fellows found,
Joyous to Italy our course pursue.
If all is lost, if thou, great Prince, the seas
Hold, and Iulus' promise is no more,
Then seek we straits Sicilian, whence we came,
A Home now ready, Acestes for our King."

So spake Ilioneus ; the Dardans all
Acclaiming roared.

Tum breviter Dido, voltum demissa, profatur:

Solvite corde metum, Teucri, secludite curas.
Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri, et late fines custode tueri.
Quis genus Aeneadum, quis Troiae nesciat urbem,
Virtutesque virosque, aut tanti incendia belli?
Non obtunsa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol iungit ab urbe.
Seu vos Hesperiam magnam Saturniaque arva,
Sive Erycis fines regemque optatis Acesten,
Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque iuvabo.
Voltis et his mecum pariter considere regnis?
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est; subducite naves;
Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.
Atque utinam rex ipse Noto conpulsus eodem
Adforet Aeneas! Equidem per litora certos
Dimittam et Libyae lustrare extrema iubebo,
Si quibus eiectus silvis aut urbibus errat.

His animum arrecti dictis et fortis Achates
Et pater Aeneas iamdudum erumpere nubem
Ardebant. Prior Aenean compellat Achates:
Nate dea, quae nunc animo sententia surgit?
Omnia tuta vides, classem sociosque receptos.
Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi
Submersum; dictis respondent cetera matris.
Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente
Scindit se nubes et in aethera purgat apertum.
Restitit Aeneas claraque in luce refulsit,
Os umerosque deo similis; namque ipsa decoram
Caesariem nato genetrix lumenque iuventae
Purpureum et laetos oculis adflarat honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

Then, casting down her looks, Dido in brief:

“ Put off your anxious fears. To use these means,
And guard my frontiers well, my hard estate
Compels me, and the newness of my realm.
Who knows not Troy, and good Aeneas’ race ?
Their feats, their men, and that great flame of War ?
Our hearts are not so dull ; from Tyrian town
The Sun his horses yokes not so remote.
Whether Hesperia, Saturn’s land, ye choose,
Or Eryx’ country and Acestes King,
Safe I will send you, and with stores assist.
Or will you stay, this realm with me to share ?
’Tis yours, this city I build. Here beach your ships.
Trojans and Tyrians,—I shall deem them one.
Ah ! that your King were here himself, compell’d
By that same gale, Aeneas ! Up the coast
Sure spies will I dispatch to Libya’s ends,
Lest outcast he in town or forest stray.”

Roused by these words, long since Achates bold,
And Prince Aeneas were on fire to break
The shrouding mist. And first Achates urged :
“ O Goddess-born ! What purpose stirs thee now ?
Thou see’st all safe, our ships, our friends restored,
Save one, whom in mid sea ourselves beheld
Drowned, to thy mother’s words all else responds.”
He scarce had spoken, when the veiling cloud
Parts suddenly, and melts into the air.
Aeneas stood revealed in radiant day ;
In face and shoulders God-like, for on him
His mother shed the rosy light of Youth,
Fair tresses, and the charm of happy eyes,
As when man’s hand adds grace to ivory,
Or Parian marbles are encinct with gold.

Tum sic reginam adloquitur, cunctisque repente
Inprovisus ait: Coram, quem quaeritis, adsum,
Troius Aeneas, Libycis ereptus ab undis.
O sola infandos Troiae miserata labores,
Quae nos, reliquias Danaum, terraeque marisque
Omnibus exhaustos iam casibus, omnium egenos,
Urbe, domo, socias, grates persolvere dignas
Non opis est nostrae, Dido, nec quidquid ubique est
Gentis Dardaniae, magnum quae sparsa per orbem.
Di tibi, si qua pios respectant numina, si quid
Usquam iustitia est et mens sibi conscia recti,
Praemia digna ferant. Quae te tam laeta tulerunt
Saecula? qui tanti talem genuere parentes?
In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt,
Quae me cumque vocant terrae. Sic fatus, amicum
Ilionea petit dextra, laevaque Serestum,
Post alios, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

Obstipuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,
Casu deinde viri tanto, et sic ore locuta est:

Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus
Insequitur? quae vis inmanibus adplicat oris?
Tune ille Aeneas, quem Dardanio Anchisae
Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam?
Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire
Finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem
Auxilio Beli; genitor tum Belus opimam
Vastabat Cyprum et victor dicione tenebat.
Tempore iam ex illo casus mihi cognitus urbis
Troianae nomenque tuum regesque Pelasgi.

Then he, thus sudden, unforeseen of all,
Addressed the Queen :
"I whom ye seek am here,
Trojan Aeneas, saved from Libyan seas.
O thou sole pitier of Troy's untold woe !
Thou who with us, the leavings of the Greek,
By land and sea outworn, in want of all,
Would'st share thy city and home ! To render thanks
Fitly, I cannot, Dido, nor could aught
Of Dardan blood o'er the wide world dispersed.
May Heaven, if any Spirits guard the Good,
If Justice aught avail, or conscious Worth,
Reward thee fitly ! O what glad ages bore,
What mighty parents got thee so benign !
While brooks run seaward, while the shadows move
Round mountain vales, and star-flocks graze in heaven,
Thy fame, thy name, thy praise shall still endure,
Whatever shores call me."
And both his hands
Sought dear Serestus and Ilioneus ;
Then all, brave Gyas and Cloanthus brave.

Astonished by his looks, then by his plight
And sore distress, Sidonian Dido spake :

"What Doom pursues thee, Goddess-born ? what spite
Casts thee so peril-tost on barbarous strands ?
Art that Aeneas whom sweet Venus bore
Dardan Anchises by the Simois stream ?
I mind how Teucer, from his land expelled,
To Sidon came, and sought to win new realms
By Belus' aid. My father Belus then
Laid Cyprus waste, and swayed the captive isle.
And from that day I knew the fall of Troy,
I knew thy name, and the Pelasgian Kings.

Ipse hostis Teucros insigni laude ferebat,
Seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum ab stirpe volebat.
Quare agite, o tectis, iuvenes, succedite nostris.
Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores
Iactatam hac demum voluit consistere terra.
Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

Sic memorat; simul Aenean in regia ducit
Tecta, simul divom templis indicit honorem.
Nec minus interea sociis ad litora mittit
Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
Terga suum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos,
Munera laetitiamque dei.

At domus interior regali splendida luxu
Instruitur, mediisque parant convivia tectis:
Arte laboratae vestes ostroque superbo,
Ingens argentum mensis, caelataque in auro
Fortia facta patrum, series longissima rerum
Per tot ducta viros antiqua ab origine gentis.

Aeneas, neque enim patrius consistere mentem
Passus amor, rapidum ad naves praemittit Achaten,
Ascanio ferat haec, ipsumque ad moenia ducat;
Omnis in Ascanio cari stat cura parentis.
Munera praeterea, Iliacis erepta ruinis,
Ferre iubet, pallam signis auroque rigentem,
Et circumtextum croceo velamen acantho,
Ornatus Argivae Helenae, quos illa Mycenis,
Pergama cum peteret inconcessosque Hymenaeos,
Extulerat, matris Ledae mirabile donum:
Praeterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim,
Maxuma natarum Priami, colloque monile
Bacatum, et duplicem gemmis auroque coronam.
Haec celerans iter ad naves tendebat Achates.

Thy very foe would give the Trojans praise,
And boast himself of Teucer's ancient stock.
O come, then, Sirs, pass underneath our roof.
Me too like fortune through a world of woe
Hath tossed, and in this land late rest hath given.
To grief not strange, I learn to aid distress."

She ended, and Aeneas led within
The regal halls, ordaining sacrifice.
And to his comrades on the beach meantime
Sends twenty bulls, an hundred bristled swine,
An hundred fatling lambs, their dams beside,
And joy the Wine God brings.

But in the centre of the Palace hall
A princely feast was set, where broidered cloths
Of royal purple on the boards were spread,
And massive silver; and brave deeds of yore
Shone, graved in gold, the legendary tale
Of all its heroes since the race began.

Aeneas, since a father's love admits
No respite, to the ships Achates sends,
Ascanius to inform and thither guide,
Ascanius, the centre of all his care.
Gifts too he bids him bring, from Ilium's sack
Rescued, a mantle stiff with gold inwrought,
A veil with crocus-hued acanthus flowers
Bordered, which Argive Helen erst had brought
Out from Mycenae, when she came to Troy
And unpermitted love, her mother's gift;
The sceptre also which Ilione,
Eldest of Priam's daughters, bore of old,
Necklet of pearl, and jewell'd golden tiar.
Hasting for these Achates seeks the ships.

At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat
Consilia, ut faciem mutatus et ora Cupido
Pro dulci Ascanio veniat, donisque furentem
Incendat reginam, atque ossibus inplicet ignem;
Quippe domum timet ambiguam Tyriosque bilingues;
Urit atrox Iuno, et sub noctem cura recursat.
Ergo his aligerum dictis adfatur Amorem:

Nate, meae vires, mea magna potentia solus,
Nate, Patris summi qui tela Typhoia temnis,
Ad te confugio et supplex tua numina posco.
Frater ut Aeneas pelago tuus omnia circum
Litora iactetur odiis Iunonis acerbae,
Nota tibi, et nostro doluisti saepe dolore.
Nunc Phoenissa tenet Dido blandisque moratur
Vocibus; et vereor, quo se Iunonia vertant
Hospitia; haud tanto cessabit cardine rerum.
Quocirca capere ante dolis et cingere flamma
Reginam meditor, ne quo se numine mutet,
Sed magno Aeneae mecum teneatur amore.
Qua facere id possis, nostram nunc accipe mentem:
Regius accitu cari genitoris ad urbem
Sidoniam puer ire parat, mea maxuma cura,
Dona ferens, pelago et flammis restantia Troiae;
Hunc ego sopitum somno super alta Cythera
Aut super Idalium sacrata sede recondam,
Ne qua scire dolos mediusve occurrere possit.
Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam
Falle dolo, et notos pueri puer indue voltus,
Ut, cum te gremio accipiet laetissima Dido
Regales inter mensas laticemque Lyaeum,
Cum dabit amplexus atque oscula dulcia figet,
Occultum inspires ignem fallasque veneno.

But Venus in her heart new purposes,
New schemes designs, that Love shall be transformed
To sweet Ascanius' shape, and by his gifts
Stir into flame the Queen's impassioned heart.
The doubtful House she fears, the twi-tongued race ;
Fierce Juno galls, and care with Night returns :
So in these words she speaks to winged Love :

" Dear Son, my strength, my sole effectual might,
Son, who dost scorn the Father's thunder-stones
Which slew Typhoeus, to thy knees I fly,
And pray thy godhead. How through Juno's spite
Aeneas, thine own brother, roves the world,
Thou knowest, often hast thou shared my pain.
Him now Phoenician Dido with soft words
Keeps, and I fear how Juno's guest may fare.
On such a hinge of fate she will not sleep.
I plan to circumvent her, and the Queen
Invest with flame no deity may quench.
Love for Aeneas then shall bind her mine.
How thou canst compass this, our purpose hear.
E'en now the princely Boy, my chiefest care,
By his dear Sire's command, the city seeks,
With gifts that sea and Trojan flames have spared.
Him, sunk in sleep, I on my holy seat,
Cythera, or the Idalian hills, will hide,
Lest he should know the plot, and come between.
Thou, for one night alone shalt personate
His shape, thy boyish looks transform to his ;
So, when the feast runs high, and wine-cups flow,
And radiant Dido takes thee in her lap,
And fondles thee, and gives thee kisses sweet,
A poisonous secret fire thou may'st instill."

Paret Amor dictis carae genetricis, et alas
Exuit, et gressu gaudens incedit Iuli.
At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Inrigat, et fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliae lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci adspirans conplectitur umbra.

Iamque ibat dicto parens et dona Cupido
Regia portabat Tyriis, duce laetus Achate.
Cum venit, aulaeis iam se regina superbis
Aurea conposuit sponda mediamque locavit.
Iam pater Aeneas et iam Troiana iuventus
Conveniunt, stratoque super discumbitur ostro.
Dant manibus famuli lymphas, Cereremque canistris
Expediunt, tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis.
Quinquaginta intus famulae, quibus ordine longam
Cura penum struere, et flammis adolere Penates ;
Centum aliae totidemque pares aetate ministri,
Qui dapibus mensas onerent et pocula ponant.
Nec non et Tyrii per limina laeta frequentes
Convenere, toris iussi discumbere pictis.
Mirantur dona Aeneae, mirantur Iulum
Flagrantesque dei voltus simulataque verba,
Pallamque et pictum croceo velamen acantho.

Praecipue infelix, pesti devota futurae,
Expleri mentem nequit ardescitque tuendo
Phoenissa, et pariter puero donisque movetur.
Ille ubi conplexu Aeneae colloque pependit
Et magnum falsi inplevit genitoris amorem,
Reginam petit. Haec oculis, haec pectore toto
Haeret et interdum gremio fovet, inscia Dido,
Insidat quantus miserae deus. At memor ille
Matris Acidaliae paulatim abolere Sychaeum

Love, at his mother's word, puts off his wings,
And walks rejoicing with Iulus' gait.
But o'er Ascanius' limbs the Goddess sheds
Sweet rest, and bears him to Idalian glens,
Lull'd in her lap ; there soft amaracus
Folds him in flowers and fragrance-breathing shade.

Now Love, obedient, by Achates led,
To Carthage gaily brought the regal gifts ;
And coming found the Queen on golden seat
Throned in mid place, and proudly canopied.
There Prince Aeneas and the Lords of Troy
Reclined on purple strewings, and the slaves
Poured water on their hands, and served the bread,
And brought the fine-spun napkins ; while within
Were fifty maids, whose care it was to keep
The feast replenished, and the fire aflame :
Another hundred, and as many boys,
All of one age, the tables spread with food
And wine-cups.
Surging through the festal doors,
The Tyrians bidden to the couches throng,
Admire the presents, and admire the Boy,
His face divinely flushed, his borrowed speech,
The mantle and veil with gay acanthus wrought.

But most the hapless Queen, to ruin doomed,
Her soul can never fill, and gazing burns.
The Boy, the gifts, both take her heart alike.
He, having hung upon Aeneas' neck,
And satisfied his feigned father's love,
Goes then to Dido. She with eyes and heart
Hugs him and fondles in her lap, nor knows
How great a God there lies. But, minding well
His Acidalian Mother, he prepares

Incipit, et vivo temptat praevertere amore
Iam pridem resides animos desuetaque corda.

Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaeque remotae,
Crateras magnos statuunt et vina coronant.
Fit strepitus tectis, vocemque per ampla volutant
Atria ; dependent lychni laquearibus aureis
Incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.
Hic regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit
Inplevitque mero pateram, quam Belus et omnes
A Belo soliti ; tum facta silentia tectis ;

Iuppiter, hospitibus nam te dare iura loquuntur,
Hunc laetum Tyriisque diem Troiaque profectis
Esse velis, nostrosque huius meminisse minores.
Adsit laetitiae Bacchus dator, et bona Iuno ;
Et vos, o, coetum, Tyrii, celebrate faventes.

Dixit, et in mensam laticum libavit honorem,
Primaque, libato, summo tenus attigit ore ;
Tum Bitiae dedit increpitans ; ille inpiger hausit
Spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit auro ;
Post alii proceres.
Cithara crinitus Iopas
Personat aurata, docuit quem maxumus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem lunam solisque labores ;
Unde hominum genus et pecudes ; unde imber et ignes ;
Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones ;
Quid tantum Oceano properent se tinguere soles
Hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.
Ingeminant plausu Tyrii, Troesque sequuntur.

Nec non et vario noctem sermone trahebat
Infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem,
Multa super Priamo rogitans, super Hectore multa ;

To dim Sichaeus' image, and forestall
That heart long idle with a living love.

Soon as the feast is lull'd, they move the boards,
And place great bowls, and wreathe the wine with flowers.
Din fills the house, and through the spacious halls
Roll voices. Burning lamps from the gilt roof
Depend, and torches overcome the night.
Then, calling for a jewell'd golden cup,
Pure wine the Queen pours in, after the use
Of Belus and his House, and silence falls.

"Jove, since to thee the guest-rites are assigned,
For Tyrians and for Trojans make this day
Glorious, a day our children shall recall !
Come, Bacchus, Joy-giver, and Juno kind,
And ye, O Tyrians, give this gathering grace !"

Ending, wine-tribute on the board she shed ;
And first the cup touched lightly with her lips,
Then passed to Bitias, clinking it. Full slow
He quaffed the bowl, deep diving in the gold :
Then drank the other Chiefs.
Iopas too
Made sound his golden harp, whom Atlas taught.
He sang the wandering Moon, and the Sun's toils,
The source of Man and Beast, Lightning and Storm,
Arcturus and the rainy Hyades,
And the two Bears; why winter Suns so soon
Dip in the sea, what stays the laggard nights.
The Tyrians, then the Trojans, shower applause.

Nor less with divers talk the hapless Queen
Protracts the night, drinking long draughts of love;
Of Priam and of Hector asking much,

Nunc, quibus Aurorae venisset filius armis,
Nunc, quales Diomedis equi, nunc quantus Achilles.

Immo age, et a prima dic, hospes, origine nobis
Insidias, inquit, Danaum, casusque tuorum,
Erroresque tuos ; nam te iam septuma portat
Omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus aestas.

Then of the armour of Aurora's son,
The steeds of Diomede, Achilles' might.

"Nay, tell us all, O Guest! from first to last,
The Danaans' craft," quoth she, "the Trojans' fall,
Thy travels; for the seventh summer this
That bears thee wandering over lands and seas."

BOOK II

BOOK II

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant.
Inde toro pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto :

Infandum, Regina, iubes renovare dolorem,
Troianas ut opes et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danai ; quaeque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui. Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulixi
Temperet a lacrimis ? et iam nox umida caelo
Praecipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.
Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros
Et breviter Troiae supremum audire laborem,
Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit,
Incipiam.

Fracti bello fatisque repulsi
Ductores Danaum, tot iam labentibus annis,
Instar montis equum divina Palladis arte
Aedificant, sectaque intexunt abiete costas ;
Votum pro reditu simulant ; ea fama vagatur.
Huc delecta virum sortiti corpora furtim
Includunt caeco lateri, penitusque cavernas
Ingentes uterumque armato milite conplent.

Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant,
Nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis ;
Huc se provecti deserto in litore condunt.
Nos abiisse rati et vento petiisse Mycenas.
Ergo omnis longo solvit se Teucria luctu.
Panduntur portae ; iuvat ire et Dorica castra
Desertosque videre locos litusque relictum.
Hic Dolopum manus, hic saevus tendebat Achilles ;
Classibus hic locus ; hic acie certare solebant.

HUSH'D was each voice, and every face intent,
When from his lofty couch the Prince began:

"Unutterable, O Queen, the pain thy words
Bid me revive; how Troy's unhappy realm
Fell to the Greek; what piteous scenes I saw
And was great part of. Who, in such a tale,
From hard Ulysses' ranks, what Myrmidon
Would keep from tears? And dewy Night e'en now
Is riding down the sky, the sinking stars
Persuade to sleep. Yet, if so strong thy wish
To learn in brief our woes and Troy's last hour,
Although my memory shudders and recoils,
I will assay.

"War-shattered, foiled by Fate,
As the long years roll on, the Danaan chiefs,
By Pallas' sacred art, build mountain-high,
Ribbed with sawn fir, a Horse; a votive gift
For safe return, they feign; so rumour spreads.
Men chosen by lot in its blind flanks are hid
In secret, and with armed soldiery
The monstrous cavern of its belly filled.

"In sight lies Tenedos, an isle renowned
Widely, and rich while Priam's kingdom stood,
Now but a bay and faithless anchorage.
They, sailing thither, on the desert coast
Lie hid; but we suppose them on the wind
For Argos bound. All Troy shakes off her grief;
The Gates are open thrown, the Doric Camp,
The shores forsaken, gaily visited.
Here the Dolopians pitched, Achilles here;
Here lay the ships, here was the battle-field.

Pars stupet innuptae donum exitiale Minervae
Et molem mirantur equi ; primusque Thymoetes
Duci intra muros hortatur et arce locari,
Sive dolo, seu iam Troiae sic fata ferebant.
At Capys, et quorum melior sententia menti,
Aut pelago Danaum insidias suspectaque dona
Praecipitare iubent, subiectisque urere flammis,
Aut terebrare cavas uteri et temptare latebras.
Scinditur incertum studia in contraria volgus.

Primus ibi ante omnes, magna comitante caterva,
Laocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce,
Et procul : O miseri, quae tanta insania, cives ?
Creditis avectos hostes ? aut ulla putatis
Dona carere dolis Danaum ? sic notus Ulixes ?
Aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi,
Aut haec in nostros fabricata est machina muros
Inspectura domos venturaque desuper urbi,
Aut aliquis latet error ; equo ne credite, Teucri.
Quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

Sic fatus validis ingentem viribus hastam
In latus inque feri curvam conpagibus alvum
Contorsit. Stetit illa tremens, uteroque recusso
Insonuere cavae gemitumque dedere cavernae.
Et, si fata deum, si mens non laeva fuisset,
Impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras,
Troiaque nunc staret, Priamique arx alta, maneres.

Ecce, manus iuvenem interea post terga revinctum
Pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant
Dardanidae, qui se ignotum venientibus ultro,
Hoc ipsum ut strueret Troiamque aperiret Achivis,
Obtulerat, fidens animi, atque in utrumque paratus,
Seu versare dolos, seu certae occumbere morti.

Some at that fatal gift to Pallas gape,
Amazed at the vast Horse. And loudest cried
Thymoetes, 'Draw it inward, to the Keep!'
Traitorous, or so Troy's Doom already swayed:
But Capys, and the men of wiser wit,
Charged them to fling in sea that Danaan snare,
Suspicious gift, and burn it over flames,
Or bore and probe the hollow haunts within:
Contrary wishes rend the uncertain crowd.

"But foremost there, with a large concourse round,
Down from the Keep Laocoon runs hot,
Calling, 'O Burghers! What sad frenzy is this?
Think ye our foes are fled, or that one gift
Of Greeks is guileless? Is it thus ye know
Ulysses? In this frame lie Argives hid,
Or else this engine for our walls is built,
To spy our homes, and storm us from above.
Some fraud is there! O never trust the Horse!
Though Greeks bear offerings, I fear them still!'

"So saying, with great force his mighty spear
Against the flanks and belly of the beast
He hurled: it stood and quivered: at the impact
The cavern groaned; and had not Heaven's decree,
Had not our hearts been froward, on his charge
We had wrecked that Argive den, and thou, O Troy!
O Towers of Priam! ye were standing now!

"But lo! the while with uproar to their King
Some Dardan hinds were dragging one fast bound
With hands behind him, who, unknown to them,
Himself had given to work this very deed,
And open Troy to Greeks, one stout of heart,
Doubly prepared, to trick us or to die.

Undique visendi studio Troiana iuventus
Circumfusa ruit, certantque inludere capto.
Accipe nunc Danaum insidias, et crimine ab uno
Disce omnes.

Namque ut conspectu in medio turbatus, inermis,
Constitit atque oculis Phrygia agmina circumspexit:

Heu, quae nunc tellus, inquit, quae me aequora possunt
Accipere? aut quid iam misero mihi denique restat,
Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi
Dardanidae infensi poenas cum sanguine poscunt?

Quo gemitu conversi animi, compressus et omnis
Impetus. Hortamur fari; quo sanguine cretus,
Quidve ferat, memoret, quae sit fiducia capto.
Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur:

Cuncta equidem tibi, Rex, fuerit quodcumque, fatebor
Vera, inquit; neque me Argolica de gente negabo;
Hoc primum; nec, si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.
Fando aliquod si forte tuas pervenit ad aures
Belidae nomen Palamedis et incluta fama
Gloria, quem falsa sub proditione Pelasgi
Insontem infando indicio, quia bella vetabat,
Demisere neci, nunc cassum lumine lugent:
Illi me comitem et consanguinitate propinquum
Pauper in arma pater primis huc misit ab annis.
Dum stabat regno incolumis regumque vigebat
Consiliis, et nos aliquod nomenque decusque
Gessimus. Invidia postquam pellacis Ulixi—
Haud ignota loquor—superis concessit ab oris
Adflictus vitam in tenebris luctuque trahebam,
Et casum insontis mecum indignabar amici.

The Trojan crowd flow round from every side.
Eager to see, and vie in mocking him.
Hear now the Danaans' craft, and from one crime
Learn all the breed.

"For, standing in our midst, confused, unarmed,
And looking round the Phrygian ranks, he spoke:

"'Alas! What land, what sea can now receive
Me miserable? What last resort is left?
No place for me with Greeks, and Dardans too
To satisfy their hate demand my blood!'

"His anguish turned our hearts, and all assault
Fell checked. We bid him tell us of his birth,
His news, the hope on which a prisoner leant.
He, when his fear is banished, thus returns:

"'All I will tell thee true, O King! whate'er
Befall me, nor mine Argive birth deny.
That first: if Fortune moulded Sinon's life
Joyless, the jade shall never shape him false!
If haply to thine ears hath come the name
Of Palamedes and his high renown;
Whom, since he blamed the war, Greeks falsely charged,
On witness base doomed innocent to die,
And life-lorn now lament,—his friend was I,
A kinsman of his House, when at my prime
My needy father sent me to the wars.
While he stood firm in place, and wielded power
In the Kings' councils, we bore something too
Of name and fame; but when Ulysses' grudge,—
No news I tell,—had thrust him from the light,
In grief obscure I languished, sore at heart
Resenting my friend's fall; nor held my peace,

Nec tacui demens, et me, fors si qua tulisset,
Si patrios umquam remeassem victor ad Argos,
Promisi ultorem, et verbis odia aspera movi.
Hinc mihi prima mali labes, hinc semper Ulixes
Criminibus terrere novis, hinc spargere voces
In volgum ambiguas, et quaerere conscius arma.
Nec requievit enim, donec Calchante ministro—
Sed quid ego haec autem nequiquam ingrata revolvo?
Quidve moror, si omnes uno ordine habetis Achivos,
Idque audire sat est? Iamdudum sumite poenas;
Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridae.

Tum vero ardemus scitari et quaerere causas,
Ignari scelerum tantorum artisque Pelasgae.
Prosequitur pavitans, et ficto pectore fatur:

Saepe fugam Danai Troia cupiere relicta
Moliri et longo fessi discedere bello;
Fecissentque utinam! saepe illos aspera ponti
Interclusit hiemps, et terruit Auster euntes.
Praecipue, cum iam hic trabibus contextus acernis
Staret equus, toto sonuerunt aethere nimbi.
Suspensi Eurypylum scitantem oracula Phoebi
Mittimus, isque adytis haec tristia dicta reportat:
“Sanguine placastis ventos et virgine caesa,
Cum primum Iliacas, Danai, venistis ad oras;
Sanguine quaerendi reditus, animaque litandum
Argolica.” Volgi quae vox ut venit ad aures,
Obstipuere animi, gelidusque per ima cucurrit
Ossa tremor, cui fata parent, quem poscat Apollo.
Hic Ithacus vatem magno Calchanta tumultu
Protrahit in medios; quae sint ea numina divom,
Flagitat. Et mihi iam multi crudele canebant
Artificis scelus, et taciti ventura videbant.

Infatuate! but I vowed, if Fate were kind,
If I regained my Greece a conqueror,
To avenge him. Thus I stirred relentless hate.
Hence first my ruin sprang. Ulysses hence
Kept threatening slanders, and among the mean
Sowed rumours dark, and sought conspiring arms:
Nor rested, till by Calchas' aid— But why
Recount the graceless tale? Why hold you back,
If Greeks rank all as one, and 'tis enough
That name to hear? Take vengeance now, and sate
Ulysses' hope, the Atridae's dearest wish!'

"At that we, strangers to Pelasgian guile
And guilt so heinous, burn to ask his tale,
And trembling he proceeds with treacherous soul:

"'Fain were the Danaans oft to make retreat
From Ilium, wearied of the endless war,
O would they had gone! As oft the storm-lashed sea
Bound them on shore, and the rude South deterred.
And loudest when this Horse stood ready framed
With maple beams, all heaven with tempest roared.
And when in doubt to Phoebus' shrine we sent
Eurypylus, this sad response he brought:
"With blood of maiden slain you calmed the gale,
When first, O Greeks, you came to Ilium's shore.
Seek now return with blood, and sacrifice
An Argive life!"
The message went abroad,
And dazed our wits, and through our marrow shot
Cold shudders, who should be the victim doomed.
Ulysses then with clamour to our midst
Calchas, the Seer, drew, and charged to unfold
God's Will.—And many of that bad plot before
Warned me, and silently foresaw the end.—

Bis quinos silet ille dies, tectusque recusat
Prodere voce sua quemquam aut opponere morti.
Vix tandem, magnis Ithaci clamoribus actus,
Conposito rumpit vocem, et me destinat arae.
Adsensere omnes, et, quae sibi quisque timebat,
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

Iamque dies infanda aderat; mihi sacra parari,
Et salsae fruges, et circum tempora vittae;
Eripui, fateor, leto me, et vincula rupi,
Limosoque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulva
Delitui, dum vela darent, si forte dedissent.
Nec mihi iam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi,
Nec dulces natos exoptatumque parentem;
Quos illi fors et poenas ob nostra reposcent
Effugia, et culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt.
Quod te per superos et conscia numina veri,
Per, si qua est, quae restat adhuc mortalibus usquam
Intemerata fides, oro, miserere laborum
Tantorum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.

His lacrimis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultro.
Ipse viro primus manicas atque arta levari
Vincla iubet Priamus, dictisque ita fatur amicis:
Quisquis es, amissos hinc iam obliviscere Graios;
Noster eris, mihique haec edissere vera roganti:
Quo molem hanc inmanis equi statuere? quis auctor?
Quidve petunt? quae religio? aut quae machina belli?
Dixerat. Ille, dolis instructus et arte Pelasga,
Sustulit exutas vinclis ad sidera palmas:

Vos, aeterni ignes, et non violabile vestrum
Testor numen, ait, vos arae ensesque nefandi,
Quos fugi, vittaeque deum, quas hostia gessi:

Ten days within his tent Calchas is dumb,
Denouncing none, condemning none to death;
At last to loud Ulysses by concert
Scarce breaks a word, and me to the altar dooms.
All gave assent, and on one victim's head
Let fall the ruin each had feared his own.

"'The dreadful day had come; my rites were set;
The salted meal, the bands about my brow:
I broke away from death, I burst my bonds,
I do confess it! and all night lay deep
In darkling sedge, till haply they might sail.
And now no hope is mine to see my land,
Mine own sweet boys, my father dear-desired,
Who even for my escape may pay the cost,
And with their piteous blood my guilt atone!
But O! by Heaven I pray thee! by the Powers
That reverence Truth! by Faith, if any Faith
Stays in the world unspotted, to such woe
Give pity, and to sufferings undeserved!'

"Life to his tears we grant, and pity too.
And Priam first his manacles and bonds
Himself bids loose, and thus benignly speaks:
'Whoso thou art, henceforth forget the Greeks!
Ours thou shalt be! Now make me answer true.
This monster Horse, why built they? Who conceived?
For what? what holy vow? what craft of war?'
He said; the other, in Pelasgian guile
Well-versed, to Heaven uplifts his unbound hands.

"'Ye everlasting fires inviolable,
Be witness!' he exclaimed, 'O Shrines, O Knives
From which I fled! O victim bands I wore!

Fas mihi Graiorum sacrata resolvere iura,
Fas odisse viros, atque omnia ferre sub auras,
Si qua tegunt: teneor patriae nec legibus ullis.
Tu modo promissis maneas, servataque serves
Troia fidem, si vera feram, si magna rependam.

Omnis spes Danaum et coepti fiducia belli
Palladis auxiliis semper stetit. Impius ex quo
Tydides sed enim scelerumque inventor Ulixes,
Fatale adgressi sacrato avellere templo
Palladium, caesis summae custodibus arcis,
Corripuere sacram effigiem, manibusque cruentis
Virgineas ausi divae contingere vittas,
Ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri
Spes Danaum, fractae vires, aversa deae mens.
Nec dubiis ea signa dedit Tritonia monstris.
Vix positum castris simulacrum: arsere coruscae
Luminibus flammae arrectis, salsusque per artus
Sudor iit, terque ipsa solo—mirabile dictu—
Emicuit, parmamque ferens hastamque trementem.
Extemplo temptanda fuga canit aequora Calchas,
Nec posse Argolicis exscindi Pergama telis,
Omina ni repetant Argis, numenque reducant,
Quod pelago et curvis secum avexere carinis.
Et nunc, quod patrias vento petiere Mycenas,
Arma deosque parant comites, pelagoque remenso
Improvisi aderunt. Ita digerit omina Calchas.
Hanc pro Palladio moniti, pro numine laeso
Effigiem statuere, nefas quae triste piaret.
Hanc tamen inmensam Calchas attollere molem
Roboribus textis caeloque educere iussit,
Ne recipi portis, aut duci in moenia posset,
Neu populum antiqua sub religione tueri.
Nam si vestra manus violasset dona Minervae,
Tum magnum exitium—quod di prius omen in ipsum

'Tis right to break the oaths I sware to Greeks,
Right to abhor those men, and spread abroad
Whate'er they hide: nor do my country's laws
Bind me. But thou, keep faith, thy saviour save,
If speaking truth, O Troy! I well repay.

"'All hope, all heart the Greeks had in their war
Stood still on Pallas' aid; but since unjust
Tydides and Ulysses, rich in crimes,
From Pallas' holy fane her fateful Sign
Adventuring to tear, the sentries slew,
Seized the pure image, and with bloody palms
Dared touch her maiden chaplets,—since that day
The hopes of Greece ebbed refluent, her strength
Broke, and the Goddess turned her heart away.
No doubtful portents showed Tritonia wroth.
The Statue scarce in camp, a blaze of fire
Flashed from her lifted eyes, and o'er her limbs
Ran a salt sweat, and thrice, O wondrous tale!
With shield and shivering spear from earth she leapt!
"Fly!" Calchas cried, "Fly back across the main!
Troy cannot fall, unless again you seek
In Greece new omens, and bring back the grace
Which once was seated on your seaward keels!"
So now they run toward Argos on the wind
For arms and Gods; and soon remeasuring sea,
Will front you unawares. So taught the Seer:
And on his charge this image they have built
For outraged Pallas, to atone their sin.
This mass immeasurable he bade them rear
With oaken beams, and build it up to heaven,
So that it might not pass within your gates,
And under old religion succour Troy.
For if your hand profaned the Goddess' gift,
Ruin and death, he said,—God sooner turn

Convertant !—Priami imperio Phrygibusque futurum ;
Sin manibus vestris vestram ascendisset in urbem,
Ultro Asiam magno Pelopea ad moenia bello
Venturam, et nostros ea fata manere nepotes.

Talibus insidiis periurique arte Sinonis
Credita res, captique dolis lacrimisque coactis,
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissaeus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae.

Hic aliud maius miseris multoque tremendum
Obiicitur magis, atque inprovida pectora turbat.
Laocoon, ductus Neptuno sorte sacerdos,
Sollemnes taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras.
Ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta—
Horresco referens—inmensis orbibus angues anguis — serpent
Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad litora tendunt ;
Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta iubaeque
Sanguineae superant undas ; pars cetera pontum
Pone legit sinuatque inmensa volumine terga ;
Fit sonitus spumante salo. Iamque arva tenebant,
Ardentesque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni,
Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.
Diffugimus visu exsangues. Illi agmine certo
Laocoonta petunt ; et primum parva duorum
Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque
Implicat et miseros morsu depascitur artus ;
Post ipsum, auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem,
Corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus ; et iam
Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.
Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos,
Perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno,
Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit :
Qualis mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram

The curse on him !—would fall on Priam's realm ;
But if your hands should draw it up to Troy,
Asia herself should bring a world of war
On Pelops' town, and Doom await our sons.'

" Such lying tales, by Sinon's glozing art,
Gained credence, and a traitor's tears entrapped
Whom not Tydides, not Achilles' self,
Not ten years mastered, nor a thousand ships.

" Now fell on us accurst a greater woe,
More dreadful far, confusing our blind wit.
Laocoon, Neptune's allotted Priest,
Stood by his shrine, to sacrifice a bull :
When lo ! from Tenedos, o'er tranquil sea,—
I shudder to recall !—with endless coils
Two Serpents pressed together toward the shore.
Their bosoms rose above the wave, their crests
Blood-red o'er-topped the surge ; their hinder parts
Trailed on the flood in mighty sinuous folds,
And lashed the roaring brine. They reach our fields,
Their blazing eyes suffused with blood and fire,
And with lithe tongues beslaver mouths that hiss.
Pale at the sight we flee. Unswerving still,
They near Laocoon ; and first enfold,
In snaky coiled embrace, the tiny limbs
Of his two sons, and gnaw their piteous flesh.
Him then with weapons running to their aid
They seize, and swathe him in hugh spires, and twice
Fold in their scales his waist, and twice his throat,
And lift above him head and towering necks.
He strains his hands the while to burst those knots,
His chaplets sprent with gore and venom black,
And with such roars of anguish fills the sky
As when a wounded bull shakes from his neck

Taurus et incertam excussit cervice securim.
At gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones
Effugiunt saevaeque petunt Tritonidis arcem,
Sub pedibusque deae clipeique sub orbe teguntur.

Tum vero tremefacta novus per pectora cunctis
Insinuat pavor, et scelus expendisse merentem
Laocoonta ferunt, sacrum qui cuspide robur
Laeserit et tergo sceleratam intorserit hastam.

Ducendum ad sedes simulacrum orandaque divae
Numina conclamant.
Dividimus muros et moenia pandimus urbis.
Accingunt omnes operi, pedibusque rotarum
Subiiciunt lapsus, et stuppea vincula collo
Intendunt. Scandit fatalis machina muros,
Feta armis. Pueri circum innuptaeque puellae
Sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent.
Illa subit, mediaeque minans inlabitur urbi.
O patria, o divom domus Ilium, et incluta bello
Moenia Dardanidum ! quater ipso in limine portae
Substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere ;
Instamus tamen inmemores caecique furore,
Et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce.
Tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris
Ora, dei iussu non umquam credita Teucris.
Nos delubra deum miseri, quibus ultimus esset
Ille dies, festa velamus fronde per urbem.

Vertitur interea caelum et ruit oceano Nox,
Involvens umbra magna terramque polumque
Myrmidonumque dolos ; fusi per moenia Teucri
Conticuere ; sopor fessos conplectitur artus.
Et iam Argiva phalanx instructis navibus ibat
A Tenedo, tacitae per amica silentia lunae

The uncertain axe, and from the altar flees.
But those twain snakes to the high fanes glide off
On stern Tritonia's mount, and shelter there
Beneath the Goddess' feet and orbed shield.

"Fresh terror then through every shuddering heart
Creeps, and men say Laocoon hath paid
Due forfeit for his crime, who impious hurled
Against that sacred oak his guilty spear.

"'Draw the dread Image home!' so all out-cry,
'Sue we the Goddess' grace!'
We cleave the walls, we lay the fortress bare.
All speed the work; and lay the rolling wheels
Beneath its feet, and ropes around its neck
Draw tight. The doomful engine, big with arms,
Surmounts our wall. Boys and unwedded girls
Chant hymns around, and touch the rope with glee.
It comes; it glides into the city's heart!
O Fatherland! O Ilium, home of Gods!
O war-famed walls of Troy! Four times it stopped
Even at the gate, four times the arms within
Clashed, yet we urge it, blind, ill-memoried men!
And store the monster in our hallowed Keep.
Cassandra e'en then her boding lips unclosed,—
Those lips which Heaven forbade us to believe.
We miserable men on our last day
Went wreathing all our fanes with festal green.

"The sky wheels round, and from the sea springs Night,
In her great umbrage wrapping earth and sky
And Argive fraud. We through the town lay stretched
Silent, while slumber folded the worn flesh.
And now from Tenedos the Greek array
Came sailing through the moonlight's friendly hush,

Litora nota petens, flammas cum regia puppis
Extulerat, fatisque deum defensus iniquis
Inclusos utero Danaos et pinea furtim
Laxat claustra Sinon. Illos patefactus ad auras
Reddit equus, laetique cavo se robore promunt
Thessandrus Sthenelusque duces et dirus Ulixes,
Demissum lapsi per funem, Acamasque, Thoasque,
Pelidesque Neoptolemus, primusque Machaon,
Et Menelaus, et ipse doli fabricator Epeus.
Invadunt urbem somno vinoque sepultam ;
Caeduntur vigiles, portisque patentibus omnes
Accipiunt socios atque agmina conscia iungunt.

Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus aegris
Incipit et dono divom gratissima serpit :
In somnis, ecce, ante oculos maestissimus Hector
Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus,
Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento
Pulvere, perque pedes traiectus lora tumentes.
Hei mihi, qualis erat ! quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achilli,
Vel Danaum Phrygios iaculatus puppibus ignes !
Squalentem barbam et concretos sanguine crines
Volneraque illa gerens, quae circum plurima muros
Accepit patrios. Ultro flens ipse videbar
Compellare virum et maestas expromere voces :

O lux Dardaniae, spes o fidissima Teucrum,
Quae tantae tenuere morae ? quibus Hector ab oris
Exspectate venis ? ut te post multa tuorum
Funera, post varios hominumque urbisque labores
Defessi aspicimus ! quae causa indigna serenos
Foedavit voltus ? aut cur haec volnera cerno ?

Ille nihil, nec me quaerentem vana moratur,

And neared the well-known strand, when the King's ship
Uplifted flames. Then, by Fate's malice saved,
Sinon by stealth undoes the wooden door,
And frees the captive Greeks. Them the opened Horse
Restores. Thessander first and Sthenelus,
With dire Ulysses, from the hollow oak
Slide down a rope: then Thoas, Acamas,
Machaon, Menelaus, Peleus' seed,
And he who forged the snare, Epeus' self.
They seize the city, plunged in sleep and wine,
And slay the watch; through open gates admit
All their allies, and join colleaguing bands.

"It was the hour when first o'er suffering men
Slumber, the boon of Heaven, most sweetly steals;
When lo! in dreams before mine eyes appeared
Hector in anguish, shedding floods of tears;
Torn by the car, as once, with dust and blood
Blackened, his swollen feet pierced through by thongs.
O in what guise he was! O how unlike
Hector returning in Achilles' spoils,
Or on Greek ships from launching Phrygian fire!
A squalid beard he wore, blood-boltered hair,
And all the wounds which round his native walls
So thickly scarred him. Weeping too methought
I first addressed him, drawing thus my moan:

"'O Light of Dardans! Surest Hope of Troy!
What kept thee hence so long? Whence art thou come,
Dear-hoped-for Hector? O for us outworn
After thy people's deaths and all our pain,
To see thee now! What shamelessness hath marred
Thy happy visage? O what scars are these?'

He nought replies, nor heeds my idle speech,

Sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens,
Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis.
Hostis habet muros; ruit alto a culmine Troia.
Sat patriae Priamoque datum: si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent:
Sacra suosque tibi commendat Troia Penates:
Hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quaere
Magna, pererrato statues quae denique ponto.
Sic ait, et manibus vittas Vestamque potentem
Aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.

Diverso interea miscentur moenia luctu,
Et magis atque magis, quamquam secreta parentis
Anchisae domus arboribusque obtecta recessit,
Clarescunt sonitus, armorumque ingruit horror.
Excutior somno, et summi fastigia tecti
Ascensu supero, atque arrectis auribus adsto:
In segetem veluti cum flamma furentibus austris
Incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens
Sternit agros, sternit sata laeta boumque labores,
Praecipitesque trahit silvas, stupet inscius alto
Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.
Tum vero manifesta fides, Danaumque patescunt
Insidiae. Iam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam
Volcano superante domus, iam proxumus ardet
Ucalegon: Sigea igni freta lata relucent.
Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.
Arma amens capio; nec sat rationis in armis;
Sed glomerare manum bello et concurrere in arcem
Cum sociis ardent animi; furor iraque mentem
Praecipitant, pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.

Ecce autem telis Panthus elapsus Achivom,
Panthus Othryades, arcis Phoebique sacerdos,

But, sighing deeply from the inmost heart,
'Fly, Goddess-born!' he says, 'Escape these flames!
Foes hold the wall. Down falls the pride of Troy!
Enough for King and Country! If man's arm
Had power to save, they had been saved by mine!
Troy gives to thee in charge her sacred Gods;
These take to share thy doom; for these at last
Build great thy walls across the o'erwandered main!'
He ceased, and from the holy place brought out
Vesta, her chaplets and undying fire.

"Meanwhile confusion through the city spreads:
Loud and more loud, though far-withdrawn the house
My sire Anchises owned and deep in trees,
The clamour rose, and shuddering strife drew near.
I start from sleep; I climb the topmost roof,
And stand with straining ears. As when a fire
Falls on a cornfield from the raging South;
Or when a mountain torrent drowns the land,
Drowns happy crops, and all the oxen's toïl,
And headlong sweeps the trees; amazed and dumb,
From some tall rock, a shepherd hears the roar.
Then truth shone clear; bare lay the guile of Greeks!
O'ertopped by flames, Deiphobus' great house
Falls, and beside it burns Ucalegon.
The broad Sigaean frith reflects the blaze.
Up rise the shouts of men, the trumpets' blare.
Madly I seize my arms, in arms not less
Unpurposed, hot at heart to muster friends,
And seize the Keep. Wild anger thrusts me on,
And bright before me gleams a soldier's death.

"But Panthus lo! escaped from Argive spears,
Priest of the Keep and Phoebus, Othrys' son,

Sacra manu victosque deos parvumque nepotem
Ipse trahit, cursuque amens ad limina tendit.

Quo res summa loco, Panthu ? quam prendimus arcem ?
Vix ea fatus eram, gemitu cum talia reddit :

Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus
Dardaniae. Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum ; ferus omnia Iuppiter Argos
Transtulit : incensa Danai dominantur in urbe.
Arduus armatos mediis in moenibus adstans
Fundit equus, victorque Sinon incendia miscet
Insultans. Portis alii bipatentibus adsunt,
Milia quot magnis umquam venere Mycenis ;
Obsedere alii telis angusta viarum
Oppositi ; stat ferri acies mucrone corusco
Stricta, parata neci ; vix primi proelia temptant
Portarum vigiles, et caeco Marte resistunt.

Talibus Othryadae dictis et numine divom
In flammas et in arma feror, quo tristis Erinys,
Quo fremitus vocat et sublatus ad aethera clamor.
Addunt se socios Rhipeus et maxumus armis
Epytus, oblati per lunam, Hypanisque Dymasque,
Et lateri adglomerant nostro, iuvenisque Coroebus,
Mygdonides. Illis ad Troiam forte diebus
Venerat, insano Cassandrae incensus amore,
Et gener auxilium Priamo Phrygibusque ferebat,
Infelix, qui non sponsae praecepta furentis
Audierit.

Quos ubi confertos audere in proelia vidi,
Incipio super his : Iuvenes, fortissima frustra
Pectora, si vobis audentem extrema cupido

Clasping his little grandson and his dear
Defeated Gods, flew to my door distraught.

"'Panthus, how goes the day? What fort is held?'
Scarce had I asked when groaning he replied:

"''Tis the last day, the inevitable hour!
Trojans we are not, Troy is past, and all
That glory gone. To Argos cruel Jove
Takes all. O'er the fired city Danaans rule;
High in our midst the Horse stands pouring out
Armed men; victorious Sinon, hurling fire,
Insults us. Some are at the wide-flung Gates,
As many thousands as from Greece e'er came,—
Some stand to arms across the narrow ways
To bar them: edge and glittering point of steel
Stand drawn, for slaughter ripe: scarce at the Gates
Our Guards give battle, and in blind strife resist!'

"Such words of Panthus, and the Will of Heaven
Mid flames and weapons drive me, where the roar
The rising shouts and the grim Fury call.
Then through the moonlight, prowest Epytus,
Rhipeus and Hypanis with Dymas came,
Who rallied to our side,—with Mygdon's son,
Coroebus, who at such a time to Troy
Coming, with wild love for Cassandra fired,
Brought a son's aid to Priam and his town,—
Unhappy that the bodings of his bride
He would not hear!

"Them when I saw for battle ranked and bold,
Thus I began: 'O Sirs! O hearts in vain
Most valiant! If your will be strong to join

Certa sequi, quae sit rebus fortuna videtis:
Excessere omnes, adytis arisque relictis,
Di, quibus imperium hoc steterat; succurritis urbi
Incensae; moriamur, et in media arma ruamus.
Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem.

Sic animis iuvenum furor additus. Inde, lupi ceu
Raptores atra in nebula, quos inproba ventris
Exegit caecos rabies, catulique relicti
Faucibus exspectant siccis, per tela, per hostes
Vadimus haud dubiam in mortem, mediaeque tenemus
Urbis iter; nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.

Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
Explicet, aut possit lacrimis aequare labores?
Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos;
Plurima perque vias sternuntur inertia passim
Corpora perque domos et religiosa deorum
Limina. Nec soli poenas dant sanguine Teucri;
Quondam etiam victis redit in praecordia virtus
Victoresque cadunt Danai. Crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.

Primus se, Danaum magna comitante caterva,
Androgeos offert nobis, socia agmina credens
Inscius, atque ultro verbis compellat amicis:
Festinate, viri. Nam quae tam sera moratur
Segnities? alii rapiunt incensa feruntque
Pergama; vos celsis nunc primum a navibus itis.

Dixit, et extemplo, neque enim responsa dabantur
Fida satis, sensit medios delapsus in hostes.
Obstipuit, retroque pedem cum voce repressit.
Improvisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem

A desperate venture, how things are ye see;
The Gods, through whom we stood, from fane and shrine
Departed all; a burning town to save;
To death! and charge with me on serried arms!
One chance the conquered have, to hope for none!'

"Thereat their rage waxed fiercer, and like wolves,
Raiding in darkness, whom the belly's lust
Drives blindly forwards, and their whelps at home
Wait with dry jaws; so we through foes, through steel,
Make for sure death, and to the city's midst
Press on. Around us hover night and gloom.

"Of that night's work who could the tale unfold,
Or weep a tear for every murder done?
An ancient city falls, that long held sway.
In streets, in houses, at the Gods' own doors,
Lie unresisting bodies everywhere
Thick-strewn. Not Trojans only pay their blood;
Oft to the conquered too manhood returns,
And the Greek conquerors fall. On every side
Panic and woe, and Death's wide-looming shade.

"There first of Greeks, among a goodly troop,
Androgeus met us, and our ranks unknown
Misdeeming friendly, thus bespoke us fair:
'Haste, men: what sloth hath kept you back so long?
The rest have fired and pillage Troy, but you
From the tall ships come hither only now!'

"He spoke, and instant,—for our answer won
No credence,—knew him fallen amidst his foes.
Amazed he started, checking voice and foot.
As when one toiling through a copse of briers,

Pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repente refugit
Attollentem iras et caerula colla tumentem ;
Haud secus Androgeos visu tremefactus abibat.
Inruimus, densis et circumfundimur armis,
Ignarosque loci passim et formidine captos
Sternimus. Adspirat primo fortuna labori.
Atque hic successu exsultans animisque Coroebus,
O socii, qua prima, inquit, fortuna salutis
Monstrat iter, quaque ostendit se dextra, sequamur :
Mutemus clipeos, Danaumque insignia nobis
Aptemus. Dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat ?
Arma dabunt ipsi. Sic fatus, deinde comantem
Androgei galeam clipeique insigne decorum
Induitur, laterique Argivum adcommodat ensem.
Hoc Rhipeus, hoc ipse Dymas omnisque iuventus
Laeta facit ; spoliis se quisque recentibus armat.

Vadimus inmixti Danais haud numine nostro,
Multaque per caecam congressi proelia noctem
Conserimus, multos Danaum demittimus Orco.
Diffugiunt alii ad naves, et litora cursu
Fida petunt : pars ingentem formidine turpi
Scandunt rursus equum et nota conduntur in alvo.

Heu nihil invitis fas quemquam fidere divis !
Ecce trahebatur passis Priameia virgo
Crinibus a templo Cassandra adytisque Minervae,
Ad caelum tendens ardentia lumina frustra,
Lumina, nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.
Non tulit hanc speciem furiata mente Coroebus,
Et sese medium iniecit periturus in agmen.
Consequimur cuncti et densis incurrimus armis.
Hic primum ex alto delubri culmine telis
Nostrorum obruimur, oriturque miserrima caedes

Treads on a snake unseen, and shuddering shrinks
From the blue neck puffed out, and rising hate;
So, scared at us, Androgeus turned to flee.
We charge; we gird them with a hedge of steel,
And strew them broadcast, strangers to the ground,
And panic-struck. Fate speeds our first assay.
Then, flushed by victory, bold Coroebus cries:
'Come, follow, friends, where Fortune early points
The way to safety, where she shows us grace!
Shields let us change, and gird Greek harness on.
Courage or craft, who ask which foemen use?
They, they shall arm us!'
                                        Saying thus, he dons
Androgeus' plumy helm, and blazoned targe,
And fastens to his side an Argive brand.
Rhipeus and Dymas, all the troop, with glee
Do likewise, arming from our spoils new-won.

"Mingling with Greeks, by favour not our own,
Through the blind night we press, in many a fray
Closing, and many a Greek to Orcus send.
Some to the ships escape, and running seek
The trusty shore: some in base panic climb
The Horse, and hide in that familiar vault.

"Against God's Will, alas! all faith is vain!
Lo! Priam's daughter with dishevelled hair,
Cassandra, dragged from Pallas' sacred shrines,
Vainly to heaven uplifts her burning eyes,—
Her eyes, for bonds her tender hands restrain.
That sight Coroebus bore not, mad with rage,
But flung himself amid the deep array,
Death-doomed. We follow, close our ranks, and charge.
But Trojan missiles from the temple's roof
O'erwhelm us now: a wretched carnage springs

Armorum facie et Graiarum errore iubarum.
Tum Danai gemitu atque ereptae virginis ira
Undique collecti invadunt, acerrimus Aiax,
Et gemini Atridae, Dolopumque exercitus omnis ;
Adversi rupto ceu quondam turbine venti
Confligunt, Zephyrusque Notusque et laetus Eois
Eurus equis ; stridunt silvae, saevitque tridenti
Spumeus atque imo Nereus ciet aequora fundo.
Illi etiam, si quos obscura nocte per umbram
Fudimus insidiis totaque agitavimus urbe,
Adparent ; primi clipeos mentitaque tela
Adgnoscunt, atque ora sono discordia signant.
Ilicet obruimur numero ; primusque Coroebus
Penelei dextra divae armipotentis ad aram
Procumbit ; cadit et Rhipeus, iustissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus aequi ;
Dis aliter visum ; pereunt Hypanisque Dymasque
Confixi a sociis ; nec te tua plurima, Panthu,
Labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula texit.

Iliaci cineres et flamma extrema meorum,
Testor, in occasu vestro nec tela nec ullas
Vitavisse vices Danaum, et, si fata fuissent,
Ut caderem, meruisse manu. Divellimur inde,
Iphitus et Pelias mecum, quorum Iphitus aevo
Iam gravior, Pelias et volnere tardus Ulixi ;
Protinus ad sedes Priami clamore vocati.

Hic vero ingentem pugnam, ceu cetera nusquam
Bella forent, nulli tota morerentur in urbe,
Sic Martem indomitum, Danaosque ad tecta ruentes
Cernimus obsessumque acta testudine limen.
Haerent parietibus scalae, postesque sub ipsos
Nituntur gradibus, clipeosque ad tela sinistris
Protecti obiiciunt, prensant fastigia dextris.

From our arms' fashion, our mistaken plumes.
With yells and anger for the rescued maid,
Greeks from all sides attack us, Ajax keen,
Atreus' two sons, all the Dolopian host.
As, when a whirlwind breaks, South Wind and West,
And Eurus, with his orient coursers proud,
Conflicting shock: the forest roars; the sea
Neptune with savage trident stirs to foam.
They too, if any in the dark of night
Our craft surprised, and routed through the town,
Show themselves now; our shields and cozening arms
At once they know, and mark our uncouth tongue.
Numbers o'erwhelm us, and Coroebus first
Before the War-Maid's altar, by the hand
Of Peneleus falls dead; and Rhipeus falls,
Our purest, and of honour most compact,—
The Gods gainsaid!—Dymas and Hypanis
Die, pierced by friends, nor all thy piety
Could save thee, Panthus, nor Apollo's crown!

"O Ilian ashes! Death-flames of my kin!
Be witness, that I shunned not at your fall
Greek spear or perilous warfare; that my hand
Earned death, had death been doomed! But sundered thence
With Pelias and with Iphitus I pass,—
One Age retards, and one Ulysses' wound,—
Where calls the clamour, straight to Priam's house.

"Here found we battle fierce, as though no fray
Elsewhere, no other carnage filled the town;
War to the death, our very roofs assailed,
And to beleaguered doors the Tortoise driven.
Their ladders hug the walls; they storm the Gate;
And with their left hand to our shafts oppose
Shields, while they grasp the coping with their right.

Dardanidae contra turres ac tecta domorum
Culmina convellunt ; his se, quando ultima cernunt,
Extrema iam in morte parant defendere telis ;
Auratasque trabes, veterum decora alta parentum,
Devolvunt ; alii strictis mucronibus imas
Obsedere fores ; has servant agmine denso.
Instaurati animi, regis succurrere tectis,
Auxilioque levare viros, vimque addere victis.

Limen erat caecaeque fores et pervius usus
Tectorum inter se Priami, postesque relicti
A tergo, infelix qua se, dum regna manebant,
Saepius Andromache ferre incomitata solebat
Ad soceros, et avo puerum Astyanacta trahebat.
Evado ad summi fastigia culminis, unde
Tela manu miseri iactabant inrita Teucri.

Turrim in praecipiti stantem summisque sub astra
Eductam tectis, unde omnis Troia videri
Et Danaum solitae naves et Achaica castra,
Adgressi ferro circum, qua summa labantes
Iuncturas tabulata dabant, convellimus altis
Sedibus, inpulimusque ; ea lapsa repente ruinam
Cum sonitu trahit et Danaum super agmina late
Incidit. Ast alii subeunt, nec saxa, nec ullum
Telorum interea cessat genus.

Vestibulum ante ipsum primoque in limine Pyrrhus
Exsultat, telis et luce coruscus aena ;
Qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus,
Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat,
Nunc, positis novus exuviis nitidusque iuventa,
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis.
Una ingens Periphas et equorum agitator Achillis,

From tower and roof the Dardans pluck defence;
And, since Death meets their gaze, prepare to wield
In that last hour such missiles; gilded beams,
The stately splendours of their ancient sires,
Roll downward. Some behind the doors below
Stand with drawn blades, and guard them, closely ranked.
Our spirit rose to save this House of Kings,
To help such men oppressed, and swell their force!

"A door there was, a way through Priam's house
To every room, a blind deserted gate
Rearward, whereby, while Ilium's kingdom stood,
Oft unattended to her husband's kin
Came sad Andromache, and brought his boy.
Hence to the roof I pass, from whose high top
Despairing Trojans cast their bootless spears.

"High toward the stars up-built on the sheer brink
A turret stood, from whence they used to scan
Troy, and the Achaean camp, and Danaan ships.
This we assailed with iron, where loose it joined
The roof's high floor, and wrenched it from the base,
And forced it forth. With sudden fall it bore
A crushing ruin down, which smote the Greeks
Wide-spread: yet more come up, nor stones the while,
Nor any missiles cease.

"Lo! Pyrrhus at the Gate, who proudly flashed
Before the porch in arms of brazen sheen;
Most like an adder, crammed with evil herbs,
In wintry earth long hidden, puff'd and cold,
Who throws his weeds, and, sleek with youth, involves
His slippery length to day, and rears his breast
Tall to the sun, and darts his triple tongue.
With him huge Periphas, Automedon,

Armiger Automedon, una omnis Scyria pubes
Succedunt tecto, et flammas ad culmina iactant.

Ipse inter primos correpta dura bipenni
Limina perrumpit, postesque a cardine vellit
Aeratos ; iamque excisa trabe firma cavavit
Robora, et ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram.
Adparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt ;
Adparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum,
Armatosque vident stantes in limine primo.

At domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu
Miscetur, penitusque cavae plangoribus aedes
Femineis ululant ; ferit aurea sidera clamor.
Tum pavidae tectis matres ingentibus errant,
Amplexaeque tenent postes atque oscula figunt.
Instat vi patria Pyrrhus ; nec claustra, neque ipsi
Custodes sufferre valent ; labat ariete crebro
Ianua, et emoti procumbunt cardine postes.
Fit via vi ; rumpunt aditus, primosque trucidant
Inmissi Danai, et late loca milite conplent.
Non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
Exiit oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta trahit. Vidi ipse furentem
Caede Neoptolemum geminosque in limine Atridas ;
Vidi Hecubam centumque nurus, Priamumque per aras
Sanguine foedantem, quos ipse sacraverat, ignes.
Quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum,
Barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi,
Procubuere ; tenent Danai, qua deficit ignis.

Forsitan et, Priami fuerint quae fata, requiras.
Urbis uti captae casum convolsaque vidit
Limina tectorum et medium in penetralibus hostem,

Who drove Achilles' steeds, and Scyrian hosts
All made the roof at once, up-hurling fire.

"But Pyrrhus 'mongst the first with two-edged axe
The portals rent, and from their hinges tore
The brass-bound doors, hewed out a plank, and made,
Breaching the solid oak, a yawning gap.
The house lies open, the long halls revealed,
Priam's own chambers, chambers of dead Kings
Revealed, and warriors in the doorway massed.

"But in the house lament and woeful din
Confusedly rise: the vaulted mansions wail
With women's sobs, and clamour mounts the sky.
Through the vast house mothers run to and fro,
And hug the doors, and kiss them, wild with fear.
Fierce as his father, Pyrrhus presses on;
Nor bolts nor men may hold him. Doors give way
Beneath his frequent ram, and fall unhinged.
Force finds a road. The Danaans swarming in,
Slay those in front, and fill the house with troops.
Not so enraged a river bursts in foam
O'er dyke and dam, and plunges on the fields,
And sweeps o'er champaign wide both flocks and folds.
I saw the ravening Pyrrhus there; I saw
The Atridae in the Gate, and Hecuba
Beside her hundred daughters, and the King,
Staining with blood the flames himself had blest.
The fifty bowers that promised fruit so fair,
Doors proud with plunder and barbaric gold,
In ruin fell. Greeks take what fire hath left.

"Thou askest me perchance of Priam's fate.
He, when he saw the captured city's fall,
His doors wrenched off, the foe within his home,

Arma diu senior desueta trementibus aevo
Circumdat nequiquam umeris, et inutile ferrum
Cingitur, ac densos fertur moriturus in hostes.

Aedibus in mediis nudoque sub aetheris axe
Ingens ara fuit iuxtaque veterrima laurus,
Incumbens arae atque umbra conplexa Penates.
Hic Hecuba et natae nequiquam altaria circum,
Praecipites atra ceu tempestate columbae,
Condensae et divom amplexae simulacra sedebant.
Ipsum autem sumptis Priamum iuvenalibus armis
Ut vidit, Quae mens tam dira, miserrime coniunx,
Inpulit his cingi telis ? aut quo ruis ? inquit.
Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget ; non, si ipse meus nunc adforet Hector.
Huc tandem concede ; haec ara tuebitur omnes,
Aut moriere simul. Sic ore effata recepit
Ad sese et sacra longaevum in sede locavit.

Ecce autem elapsus Pyrrhi de caede Polites,
Unus natorum Priami, per tela, per hostes
Porticibus longis fugit, et vacua atria lustrat
Saucius : illum ardens infesto volnere Pyrrhus
Insequitur, iam iamque manu tenet et premit hasta :
Ut tandem ante oculos evasit et ora parentum,
Concidit, ac multo vitam cum sanguine fudit.
Hic Priamus, quamquam in media iam morte tenetur,
Non tamen abstinuit, nec voci iraeque pepercit.

At tibi pro scelere, exclamat, pro talibus ausis,
Di, si qua est caelo pietas, quae talia curet,
Persolvant grates dignas et praemia reddant
Debita, qui nati coram me cernere letum
Fecisti et patrios foedasti funere voltus.
At non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles

Old as he was, his long disused arms
Threw on his feeble back, his useless sword
Girt on, and went to die among his foes.

" Amidst the house, beneath the naked sky,
Stood a great altar, and a time-worn bay
Leant over, and the House-gods wrapped in shade.
Here, round the barren shrine, sat Hecuba
And all her daughters, huddled up like doves
In the black tempest, clinging to their Gods.
But when she saw her lord in arms of youth,
' Unhappy spouse ! what madness makes thee take
Those arms,' she cried, ' or whither would'st thou go ?
Not such the aid, nor such defence the times
Require, not were my Hector here himself.
Draw here at last : this shrine will save us all,
Or thou shalt die with us.' And by her side
She placed the age-worn King in holy seat.

" But lo ! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Flying from Pyrrhus' sword, through foes, through spears,
Down the long corridors and vacant halls
Runs wounded. Pyrrhus, burning on the stroke,
Chases, and grasps, and threats him with the spear ;
Till, just emerging in his parents' sight,
He fell, and shed his life in streaming blood.
Then Priam, though with death now compassed round,
Withheld not, nor his voice or anger spared.

" ' For such a crime,' he cries, ' for such a feat,
May Heaven, if Pity dwell in Heaven to mark
Such deeds, requite thee well, and give the meed
Thou earnest, who before mine eyes hast slain
My son, and marred his father's sight with death.
Not thus Achilles, whom thou feign'st thy sire,

Talis in hoste fuit Priamo ; sed iura fidemque
Supplicis erubuit, corpusque exsangue sepulchro
Reddidit Hectoreum, meque in mea regna remisit.
Sic fatus senior, telumque inbelle sine ictu
Coniecit, rauco quod protinus aere repulsum
Et summo clipei nequiquam umbone pependit.

Cui Pyrrhus : Referes ergo haec et nuntius ibis
Pelidae genitori ; illi mea tristia facta
Degeneremque Neoptolemum narrare memento.
Nunc morere. Hoc dicens altaria ad ipsa trementem
Traxit et in multo lapsantem sanguine nati,
Inplicuitque comam laeva, dextraque coruscum
Extulit ac lateri capulo tenus abdidit ensem.

Haec finis Priami fatorum ; hic exitus illum
Sorte tulit, Troiam incensam et prolapsa videntem
Pergama, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum
Regnatorem Asiae. Iacet ingens litore truncus,
Avolsumque umeris caput, et sine nomine corpus.

At me tum primum saevus circumstetit horror.
Obstipui ; subiit cari genitoris imago,
Ut regem aequaevum crudeli volnere vidi
Vitam exhalantem ; subiit deserta Creusa,
Et direpta domus, et parvi casus Iuli.
Respicio, et, quae sit me circum copia, lustro.
Deseruere omnes defessi, et corpora saltu
Ad terram misere aut ignibus aegra dedere.

Iamque adeo super unus eram, cum limina Vestae
Servantem et tacitam secreta in sede latentem
Tyndarida aspicio : dant clara incendia lucem

Dealt with his foeman Priam ; he revered
The suppliant's plea, and to the tomb restored
Hector's cold corse, and sent me home to Troy.'
He spake ; and hurled his weak unwarlike spear,
Which, straight recoiling from the raucous bronze,
Hung idly from the buckler's central boss.

"Then Pyrrhus : 'Thou shalt go then with the news
To Peleus' son, my sire ! Tell him, be sure,
The wicked deeds of his degenerate son !
Now die !' So saying, to the very shrine
He dragged him trembling, slipping in the blood
Of his own son, and held his hair, and flashed
The blade, and hid it in his side hilt-deep.

"So ended Priam's day : such doom he met,
Seeing his Troy in flames, and all her towers
Down-cast ; once Lord of lands and peoples wide,
Regent of Asia. Now a mighty trunk
Lies headless on the shore, a corpse unnamed.

"Then first wild fear embraced me, and I stood
Awe-struck. The form of my dear father rose
Before me, as I watched that King like-aged
Pant out his life. I saw Creusa left,
My house destroyed, the peril of my boy.
With backward glance I sum the force around.
All wearied out have flagged, and on the ground
Tumbled, or aching dropt into the flames.

"Now I alone was left ; when, by the shrine
Of Vesta crouched, silent and close, I saw
Tyndareus' daughter, for the fires shone bright

Erranti passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.
Illa sibi infestos eversa ob Pergama Teucros
Et poenas Danaum et deserti coniugis iras
Praemetuens, Troiae et patriae communis Erinys,
Abdiderat sese atque aris invisa sedebat.

Exarsere ignes animo ; subit ira cadentem
Ulcisci patriam et sceleratas sumere poenas.
Scilicet haec Spartam incolumis patriasque Mycenas
Aspiciet ? partoque ibit regina triumpho,
Coniugiumque, domumque, patres, natosque videbit,
Iliadum turba et Phrygiis comitata ministris ?
Occiderit ferro Priamus ? Troia arserit igni ?
Dardanium totiens sudarit sanguine litus ?
Non ita. Namque etsi nullum memorabile nomen
Feminea in poena est nec habet victoria laudem,
Exstinxisse nefas tamen et sumpsisse merentes
Laudabor poenas, animumque explesse iuvabit
Ultricis flammae, et cineres satiasse meorum.

Talia iactabam, et furiata mente ferebar,
Cum mihi se, non ante oculis tam clara, videndam
Obtulit et pura per noctem in luce refulsit
Alma parens, confessa deam, qualisque videri
Caelicolis et quanta solet, dextraque prehensum
Continuit, roseoque haec insuper addidit ore :
Nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras ?
Quid furis ? aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit ?
Non prius aspicies, ubi fessum aetate parentem
Liqueris Anchisen ? superet coniunxne Creusa,
Ascaniusque puer ? quos omnes undique Graiae
Circumerrant acies, et, ni mea cura resistat,
Iam flammae tulerint inimicus et hauserit ensis.
Non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisa Lacaenae
Culpatusve Paris, divom inclementia, divom,

As to and fro I passed, surveying all.
She, Trojans' hatred for their towers o'erthrown,
The Greeks' revenge, her long-left husband's wrath
Fore-dreading,—common Fury of Greece and Troy !—
Had hidden, and by the altar lurked unseen.

" My heart burned hot : wrath spurred me to avenge
My falling land, and take the price of sin.
Was she to look on Sparta and her land
Unscathed, and in her triumph walk a Queen,
With Trojan maids in train, and Phrygian boys,
And see her wedded home, her sons, her kin ?
Had Priam died for this, and Troy been burned,
And Dardan blood so often poured like sweat ?
Not so. For though no memorable name
Springs from a woman's death, no victor's palm,
Yet to quench evil, and repay desert
Shall bring me praise. O sweet to glut my soul
With vengeful fire, and sate my slaughtered kin !

" So raving, I advanced with furious heart ;
When in my sight, not seen before so clear,
And in pure radiance gleaming through the dark,
A very Goddess, in such mien, such state
As Gods behold, my gracious mother came.
She caught my hand, her rosy lips unclosed :
' Son, what great anguish stirs thy lawless wrath ?
Whence is this rage ? Where lurks thy love for me ?
Wilt thou not rather see where, worn with age,
Thou hast left Anchises ? if Creusa lives,
And young Iulus ? All the Grecian hosts
About them range ; and, did my care not shield,—
Flames and the hostile blade had swept them off.
Not Helen's hateful beauty thou must blame,
Nor Paris : 'tis the Gods, the severe Gods,

Has evertit opes sternitque a culmine Troiam.
Aspice—namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi et umida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam ; tu ne qua parentis
Iussa time, neu praeceptis parere recusa.
Hic, ubi disiectas moles avolsaque saxis
Saxa vides mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum,
Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti
Fundamenta quatit totamque a sedibus urbem
Eruit. Hic Iuno Scaeas saevissima portas
Prima tenet, sociumque furens a navibus agmen
Ferro accincta vocat.
Iam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas
Insedit, nimbo effulgens et Gorgone saeva.
Ipse Pater Danais animos viresque secundas
Sufficit, ipse deos in Dardana suscitat arma.
Eripe, nate, fugam, finemque inpone labori.
Nusquam abero, et tutum patrio te limine sistam.
Dixerat, et spissis noctis se condidit umbris.
Adparent dirae facies inimicaque Troiae
Numina magna deum.

Tum vero omne mihi visum considere in ignes
Ilium et ex imo verti Neptunia Troia ;
Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum
Cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
Eruere agricolae certatim ; illa usque minatur
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat,
Volneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum
Congemuit traxitque iugis avolsa ruinam.

Descendo, ac ducente deo flammam inter et hostes
Expedior ; dant tela locum, flammaeque recedunt.

Atque ubi iam patriae perventum ad limina sedis

Who wreck this wealth, and raze the pride of Troy.
Look ! for the cloud which dims thy mortal sight
With mist and darkness, I will take away ;—
Whate'er thy mother bids thee, have no fear,
Nor disobey her counsels. Where thou see'st
Yon mighty blocks uptorn, stone rent from stone,
And eddying up together smoke and dust,
Neptune is shaking with his trident huge
The walls' foundations, and uprooting all
The City. Here most awful Juno holds,
Steel-girt, the Scaean Gate, and her allies
Calls from their ships with rage.
And lo ! Tritonia on the topmost towers
Stands with her lurid cloud and Gorgon dread !
Courage and strength to Greeks the Sire himself
Gives ; He himself stirs Heaven to cope with Troy.
Flee hence, my son, and give thy travail pause.
Ne'er absent, I will guide thee safely home.'
She spoke ; and hid herself in darkest night.
Dread Shapes appear, and, warring against Troy,
The mighty Hosts of Heaven.

"Then all the city seemed to sink in flame,
And Neptune's Troy, uprooted from its base,
Fell, like some world-old ash-tree on the hills
Smitten with steel, which woodmen try to fell
With frequent hatchets : still it threatens long,
And nods the tresses on its trembling head,
Till, overcome with wounds, with one last groan
Torn from its ridge, it drags a ruin low.

"Down, Goddess-led, I haste, through foes, through fire.
The spears give passage, and the flames recede.

"But when my home was reached, our ancient house,

Antiquasque domos, genitor, quem tollere in altos
Optabam primum montes primumque petebam,
Abnegat excisa vitam producere Troia
Exsiliumque pati. Vos o, quibus integer aevi
Sanguis, ait, solidaeque suo stant robore vires,
Vos agitate fugam.
Me si caelicolae voluissent ducere vitam,
Has mihi servassent sedes. Satis una superque
Vidimus exscidia et captae superavimus urbi.
Sic o, sic positum adfati discedite corpus.
Ipse manu mortem inveniam ; miserebitur hostis
Exuviasque petet ; facilis iactura sepulchri.
Iam pridem invisus divis et inutilis annos
Demoror, ex quo me divom pater atque hominum rex
Fulminis adflavit ventis et contigit igni.

Talia perstabat memorans, fixusque manebat.
Nos contra effusi lacrimis coniunxque Creusa
Ascaniusque omnisque domus, ne vertere secum
Cuncta pater fatoque urguenti incumbere vellet.
Abnegat, inceptoque et sedibus haeret in isdem.

Rursus in arma feror, mortemque miserrimus opto,
Nam quod consilium aut quae iam fortuna dabatur ?
Mene efferre pedem, genitor, te posse relicto
Sperasti, tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore ?
Si nihil ex tanta Superis placet urbe relinqui,
Et sedet hoc animo, perituraeque addere Troiae
Teque tuosque iuvat, patet isti ianua leto,
Iamque aderit multo Priami de sanguine Pyrrhus,
Gnatum ante ora patris, patrem qui obtruncat ad aras.
Hoc erat, alma parens, quod me per tela, per ignes
Eripis, ut mediis hostem in penetralibus, utque
Ascanium patremque meum iuxtaque Creusam

My father, whom I first desired to bear
High up the hills, and whom I first approached,
Refused, since Troy was shattered, to prolong
His days in exile. 'Ye, O ye whose blood
Runs fresh,' he cried, 'in your own vigour strong,
Turn ye to flight!
If the high Gods had willed that I should live,
They would have spared my home. Enough and more
One sack to see, one conquered town survive!
Here, here my corpse is laid; bid that farewell!
Death mine own hand will find. The pitying foe
Will spoil me soon; a tomb is little loss.
A weary while I linger, banned by Heaven,
Useless, since me Heaven's Sire, and all men's King
Swept with his thunder's blast, and smote with fire!'

"So he kept prating, and unshaken stayed.
With tears we plead, my wife, my little son,
And all our house, that he involve not all
In ruin, nor press on the insistent doom.
Still he says nay, not changing mind nor place.

"Back to the fight I rush, and choose to die,
Most wretched! for what plan, what chance remained?
I to escape, O Father! and to leave
Thee! Fell such slander from a parent's tongue?
If the Gods will that nought be left of Troy,
And thou art firm, and wilt to wreck so large
Add thee and thine, Death's door will gape anon,
When Pyrrhus comes, who sheds the father's blood
Before the shrine, the son's before his sire.
Was it for this, sweet Mother, me through shafts,
Through flames thou barest, in the heart of home
To see my foes, to see my son, my sire,

Alterum in alterius mactatos sanguine cernam?
Arma, viri, ferte arma; vocat lux ultima victos.
Reddite me Danais; sinite instaurata revisam
Proelia. Numquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti.

Hinc ferro accingor rursus clipeoque sinistram
Insertabam aptans meque extra tecta ferebam.
Ecce autem conplexa pedes in limine coniunx
Haerebat, parvumque patri tendebat Iulum:
Si periturus abis, et nos rape in omnia tecum;
Sin aliquam expertus sumptis spem ponis in armis,
Hanc primum tutare domum. Cui parvus Iulus,
Cui pater et coniunx quondam tua dicta relinquor?

Talia vociferans gemitu tectum omne replebat,
Cum subitum dictuque oritur mirabile monstrum.
Namque manus inter maestorumque ora parentum
Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
Fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia molles
Lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci.
Nos pavidi trepidare metu, crinemque flagrantem
Excutere et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignes.
At pater Anchises oculos ad sidera laetus
Extulit, et caelo palmas cum voce tetendit:
Iuppiter omnipotens, precibus si flecteris ullis,
Aspice nos; hoc tantum; et, si pietate meremur,
Da deinde auxilium, pater, atque haec omina firma.

Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore
Intonuit laevum, et de caelo lapsa per umbras
Stella facem ducens multa cum luce cucurrit.
Illam, summa super labentem culmina tecti,
Cernimus Idaea claram se condere silva

My wife, all butchered in each other's blood?
Arms, men, bring arms! Death calls the conquered on!
Give me again to Greeks! Let me renew
Battle! Not all shall perish unavenged!

"I gird the steel again, and my left arm
Strap to the targe, and step beyond my house:
But on the theshold lo! my wife embraced
My feet, and to his father held my boy.
'If death thou seekest, bear us with thee too!
But if, well-tried, thou hast some hope in arms,
Shield first this house! To whom shall we be left,
Thy son, thy sire, and I, once called thy wife?'

"Loudly she cried, and filled the house with moans:
When suddenly a wondrous Sign uprose.
For lo! between his parents' arms and lips
Above Iulus' head there seemed to glow
A thin peaked light, a harmless flame, that played
About his wavy locks, and licked his brow.
With fear we trembled, and the burning hair
Shook, and with water quenched the holy flames:
But old Anchises to the stars upturns
Joyful his eyes, to Heaven lifts hand and voice.
'Almighty! If any prayers bend thy Will,
Look on us, only look! If worth deserve,
O give us help! Confirm this augury!'

"Scarce had the old man said, when on the left
Thunder outcrashed, and, sliding from its sphere,
A Star shot through the darkness, trailing light.
Above our palace roof we saw it glide,
And bury its splendour in dark Ida's woods,

Signantemque vias; tum longo limite sulcus
Dat lucem, et late circum loca sulfure fumant.
Hic vero victus genitor se tollit ad auras,
Adfaturque deos et sanctum sidus adorat.

Iam iam nulla mora est; sequor, et, qua ducitis, adsum.
Di patrii, servate domum, servate nepotem.
Vestrum hoc augurium, vestroque in numine Troia est.
Cedo equidem, nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuso.
Dixerat ille; et iam per moenia clarior ignis
Auditur, propiusque aestus incendia volvunt.

Ergo age, care pater, cervici inponere nostrae;
Ipse subibo umeris, nec me labor iste gravabit;
Quo res cumque cadent, unum et commune periclum,
Una salus ambobus erit. Mihi parvus Iulus
Sit comes, et longe servet vestigia coniunx.
Vos, famuli, quae dicam, animis advertite vestris.
Est urbe egressis tumulus templumque vetustum
Desertae Cereris, iuxtaque antiqua cupressus
Religione patrum multos servata per annos.
Hanc ex diverso sedem veniemus in unam.
Tu, genitor, cape sacra manu patriosque Penates;
Me, bello e tanto digressum et caede recenti,
Attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivo
Abluero.

Haec fatus, latos umeros subiectaque colla
Veste super fulvique insternor pelle leonis,
Succedoque oneri; dextrae se parvus Iulus
Inplicuit sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis;
Pone subit coniunx. Ferimur per opaca locorum;
Et me, quem dudum non ulla iniecta movebant
Tela neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii,

Marking a path : the long-drawn furrow glows,
And widely spreads around a sulphury fume.
Then vanquished quite my father rose erect,
Worshipped the holy Star, and prayed to Heaven.

"'No more delay. I follow where you lead.
Save, Guardian Gods ! my house ; my grandson save !
Yours is this omen ; in your hand is Troy !
I yield ; to go with thee I not refuse !'
He ceased ; and now more loud the fire is heard,
More near the conflagration rolls its heat.

"'Then come, dear Father ! rest upon my neck ;
My shoulders shall sustain thine easy load.
Whate'er befall, one peril there shall be,
One safety for us twain. With me my son
Shall walk ; my wife shall follow far behind.
Ye servants, heed my words. A mound there is
Beyond the city Gate, an ancient fane
Of lonely Ceres, and a cypress nigh,
Saved through long years by reverential awe.
To this one spot from divers let us come.
Thou, Father, take our holy Gods of Home.
For me, fresh come from battle and from blood,
'Tis sin to touch them, till in living streams
I wash me clean.'

"Then over my broad shoulders and bent neck
A cloak I spread, a tawny lion's hide,
And lift my load. Iulus clasps my hand,
And follows with small steps his father's stride.
My wife comes after. Dusky ways we tread ;
And I, whom late not any shafts dismayed,
Not any Greeks in adverse battle ranged,

Nunc omnes terrent aurae, sonus excitat omnis
Suspensum et pariter comitique onerique timentem.

Iamque propinquabam portis, omnemque videbar
Evasisse viam, subito cum creber ad aures
Visus adesse pedum sonitus, genitorque per umbram
Prospiciens, Nate, exclamat, fuge, nate ; propinquant.
Ardentes clipeos atque aera micantia cerno.

Hic mihi nescio quod trepido male numen amicum
Confusam eripuit mentem. Namque avia cursu
Dum sequor et nota excedo regione viarum,
Heu ! misero coniunx fatone erepta Creusa
Substitit, erravitne via, seu lassa resedit,
Incertum ; nec post oculis est reddita nostris.
Nec prius amissam respexi animumve reflexi,
Quam tumulum antiquae Cereris sedemque sacratam
Venimus ; hic demum collectis omnibus una
Defuit, et comites natumque virumque fefellit.
Quem non incusavi amens hominumque deorumque,
Aut quid in eversa vidi crudelius urbe ?
Ascanium Anchisenque patrem Teucrosque Penates
Commendo sociis et curva valle recondo ;
Ipse urbem repeto et cingor fulgentibus armis.
Stat casus renovare omnes, omnemque reverti
Per Troiam, et rursus caput obiectare periclis.

Principio muros obscuraque limina portae,
Qua gressum extuleram, repeto, et vestigia retro
Observata sequor per noctem et lumine lustro.
Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.
Inde domum, si forte pedem, si forte tulisset,
Me refero. Inruerant Danai, et tectum omne tenebant.
Ilicet ignis edax summa ad fastigia vento
Volvitur ; exsuperant flammae, furit aestus ad auras.

Now fear each breeze, and start at every sound,
Trembling for both, my burden and my boy.

"Now, drawing near the Gates, I deemed my way
All traversed, when a sound of many feet
Springs on our ears, and, peering through the gloom,
My father cries, 'Fly, fly! my son, they come!
The gleam of brass I see, and glowing shields.'

"Then in my fear some deity unkind
Stole my distracted wit; for while I tread
By-ways, and leave the street's familiar round,
Alas! my wife Creusa, rapt by Fate,
Or stopped, or lost the way, or sank foredone,
Uncertain which, ne'er to my sight restored.
Nor looks for her thus lost nor thoughts I bent,
Ere to the mound we came and hallowed seat
Of ancient Ceres. Here, when all were met,
She only lacked, and failed both son and spouse.
What man, what God did not my fury accuse?
What sight more cruel was in all Troy's sack?
My son, my sire, my Trojan Gods of Home,
Hid in a winding glen, I trust to friends,
The town regain, and don my shining arms;
Firm to renew each risk, and through all Troy
Returning, thrust my head on peril again.

"The walls and dusky portals whence I passed
First I regain, and follow through the night
My foot-prints back, and with close eye peruse.
Dread fills my heart; the very silence daunts.
Thence home I turn, if haply there she tread,
If there! The Greek invader fills the house.
The hungry fire is rolling up the roof
Wind-swept; the flames leap up and roar to heaven.

Procedo et Priami sedes arcemque reviso.
Et iam porticibus vacuis Iunonis asylo
Custodes lecti Phoenix et dirus Ulixes
Praedam adservabant. Huc undique Troia gaza
Incensis erepta adytis, mensaeque deorum,
Crateresque auro solidi, captivaque vestis
Congeritur. Pueri et pavidae longo ordine matres
Stant circum.

Ausus quin etiam voces iactare per umbram
Inplevi clamore vias, maestusque Creusam
Nequiquam ingeminans iterumque iterumque vocavi.
Quaerenti et tectis urbis sine fine furenti
Infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusae
Visa mihi ante oculos et nota maior imago.
Obstipui, steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit.
Tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis :

Quid tantum insano iuvat indulgere dolori,
O dulcis coniunx ? non haec sine numine divom
Eveniunt ; nec te hinc comitem asportare Creusam
Fas aut ille sinit superi regnator Olympi.
Longa tibi exsilia, et vastum maris aequor arandum,
Et terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius arva
Inter opima virum leni fluit agmine Thybris :
Illic res laetae regnumque et regia coniunx
Parta tibi. Lacrimas delectae pelle Creusae :
Non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumve superbas
Aspiciam, aut Graiis servitum matribus ibo,
Dardanis, et divae Veneris nurus ;
Sed me magna deum Genetrix his detinet oris.
Iamque vale, et nati serva communis amorem.

Haec ubi dicta dedit, lacrimantem et multa volentem
Dicere deseruit, tenuesque recessit in auras.

"Again I pass to Priam's towered seat.
In the void cloisters, Juno's sanctuary,
Phoenix and dire Ulysses, chosen guards,
Watch o'er the spoil. There Trojan treasures, torn
From blazing shrines, and tables of the Gods,
Bowls of pure gold, and captive vestments lie
Promiscuous heaped. Around, in long array,
Stand boys and trembling mothers.

"Nay more: I dared to pierce the night with cries,
Filling the streets with noise; and vainly again,
Again redoubling, called Creusa's name.
Thus storming as I ranged, in ceaseless quest,
A Phantom sad, mine own Creusa's Shade,
Rose to my sight, greater than her I knew.
Spell-bound, my hair uprose, my tongue was tied.
She spake, and with these words dispelled my care:

"'Why wilt thou yield thee to such frenzied woe,
Sweet Husband? Not without the Will of Gods
It happens thus. To bear me hence with thee
Fate not permits thee, nor Olympus' Lord.
Long exile shall be thine, vast seas to plough,
And thou shalt reach Hesperia, where by tilth
And wealth of men smooth-sliding Tiber flows.
There joy and kingship and a royal wife
Are thine. For dear Creusa weep no more.
I shall not see the Myrmidons' proud seats,
Nor go to dwell a slave for Grecian wives,
I of the Dardans, wife of Venus' son!
Nay; me the mighty Mother of the Gods
Here keeps. Farewell! Love still thy son and mine!'

"Thus when she had said, into thin air diffused,
She left me weeping, fain to tell her much.

Ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum :
Ter frustra conprensa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

Sic demum socios consumpta nocte reviso.
Atque hic ingentem comitum adfluxisse novorum
Invenio admirans numerum, matresque, virosque,
Collectam exsilio pubem, miserabile volgus.
Undique convenere, animis opibusque parati,
In quascumque velim pelago deducere terras.

Iamque iugis summae surgebat Lucifer Idae
Ducebatque diem, Danaique obsessa tenebant
Limina portarum, nec spes opis ulla dabatur ;
Cessi et sublato montes genitore petivi.

Thrice round her neck I tried to throw my arms :
Thrice fled the Vision from my empty grasp,
As light as wind, and like a flying dream.

" So night was spent, and I rejoined my friends ;
And wondering there a mighty host I find
Of comrades streaming fresh, mothers and men
For exile thronged, a piteous group, who met
From every quarter, ready to embark
Their hearts and fortunes for what lands I chose.

" And now the Day Star rose o'er Ida's crest,
Leading the morn ; and still the Danaans held
The leaguered gates : no hope of help was given.
I turned ; I raised my sire, and sought the hills."

POSTQUAM res Asiae Priamique evertere gentem
Inmeritam visum Superis, ceciditque superbum
Ilium et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troia,
Diversa exsilia et desertas quaerere terras
Auguriis agimur divom, classemque sub ipsa
Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae,
Incerti, quo fata ferant, ubi sistere detur,
Contrahimusque viros. Vix prima inceperat aestas,
Et pater Anchises dare fatis vela iubebat;
Litora cum patriae lacrimans portusque relinquo
Et campos, ubi Troia fuit. Feror exsul in altum
Cum sociis natoque Penatibus et magnis dis.

Terra procul vastis colitur Mavortia campis,
Thraces arant, acri quondam regnata Lycurgo,
Hospitium antiquum Troiae sociique Penates,
Dum Fortuna fuit. Feror huc, et litore curvo
Moenia prima loco, fatis ingressus iniquis,
Aeneadasque meo nomen de nomine fingo.

Sacra Dionaeae matri divisque ferebam
Auspicibus coeptorum operum, superoque nitentem
Caelicolum regi mactabam in litore taurum.
Forte fuit iuxta tumulus, quo cornea summo
Virgulta et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus.
Accessi, viridemque ab humo convellere silvam
Conatus, ramis tegerem ut frondentibus aras,
Horrendum et dictu video mirabile monstrum.
Nam, quae prima solo ruptis radicibus arbos
Vellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttae
Et terram tabo maculant. Mihi frigidus horror
Membra quatit, gelidusque coit formidine sanguis.
Rursus et alterius lentum convellere vimen
Insequor et causas penitus temptare latentes:
Ater et alterius sequitur de cortice sanguis.

III

“WHEN Asia’s weal and Priam’s guiltless race
The Immortals doomed to ruin, and proud Troy
Falls, and all Neptune’s city smokes in dust,
To banishment remote and lands forlorn
Gods’ voices call us ; and in Ida’s shade,
Beneath Antandros’ wall, we build a fleet ;
Uncertain to what bourne our fates will lead,
And muster men. When summer scarce had sprung,
And oft my sire bade spread our sails to Fate,
I left my land with tears, I left the plain
That once was Troy, to sail the homeless seas,
With friends and son, with Troy’s great Gods and mine.

“ Far off, in Mavors’ land, the Thracians plough
Their vasty plains, where erst Lycurgus reigned ;
To Troy once friendly, and our Gods allied,
Ere Fortune fled. There landing, on the bay,
With fates unkind, my earliest town I trace,
And name it from my name *Aeneadae*.

“ Oblations to my mother and the Gods,
To bless our works, I paid ; and to Heaven’s King
A shining bull would slay. A mound was nigh,
Whereon grew dogwood bushes, and dense spears
Of prickly myrtle. Drawing near, I strove
To crop the leafy wood, and wreathe with green
Our altars, when behold ! an awful sign,
Wondrous to tell ! for from the uprooted stem
Which first I tore from earth, black drops of blood
Gushed forth, and stained the soil. Cold horror shook
My limbs ; fear froze my blood. Yet once again
Out of another tree, I sought to tear
A stubborn shoot, and probe the hidden cause.
Black from that other bark forth issued blood.

Multa movens animo Nymphas venerabar agrestes
Gradivumque patrem, Geticis qui praesidet arvis,
Rite secundarent visus omenque levarent.
Tertia sed postquam maiore hastilia nisu
Adgredior genibusque adversae obluctor harenae—
Eloquar, an sileam ?—gemitus lacrimabilis imo
Auditur tumulo, et vox reddita fertur ad aures :
Quid miserum, Aenea, laceras ? iam parce sepulto ;
Parce pias scelerare manus. Non me tibi Troia
Externum tulit, aut cruor hic de stipite manat.
Heu ! fuge crudeles terras fuge litus avarum.
Nam Polydorus ego. Hic confixum ferrea texit
Telorum seges et iaculis increvit acutis.

Tum vero ancipti mentem formidine pressus
Obstipui, steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit.
Hunc Polydorum auri quondam cum pondere magno
Infelix Priamus furtim mandarat alendum
Threicio regi, cum iam diffideret armis
Dardaniae cingique urbem obsidione videret.
Ille, ut opes fractae Teucrum, et Fortuna recessit,
Res Agamemnonias victriciaque arma secutus,
Fas omne abrumpit ; Polydorum obtruncat, et auro
Vi potitur. Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames ? Postquam pavor ossa reliquit,
Delectos populi ad proceres primumque parentem
Monstra deum refero, et, quae sit sententia, posco.
Omnibus idem animus, scelerata excedere terra,
Linqui pollutum hospitium, et dare classibus austros.
Ergo instauramus Polydoro funus : et ingens
Aggeritur tumulo tellus ; stant Manibus arae,
Caeruleis maestae vittis atraque cupresso,
Et circum Iliades crinem de more solutae ;
Inferimus tepido spumantia cymbia lacte

"Deep pondering, I prayed the Woodland Nymphs,
I prayed Gradivus, Lord of Getic fields,
To bless that portent, and all harm remove.
But when with greater effort, 'gainst the sand
Pressing my knees, a third green spear I seize—
O shall I speak, or hold my peace ?—a moan
Deep in the mound is heard, a tearful moan,
And a voice meets my ears : 'Why dost thou rend
A wretched man, Aeneas ? Spare my grave ;
Spare to pollute pure hands. Not strange to thee
Troy bore me ; no strange blood is oozing here ;
Fly, fly this cruel land, this greedy shore !
For I am Polydorus. Here the steel,
Sown in my flesh, hath sprouted into spears.'

"Then doubt and dread oppressed me, and I stood
Spell-bound ; my hair uprose, my tongue was tied.
This Polydorus with a weight of gold
Once sad-starred Priam sent in secret charge
To Thracia's Prince, mistrusting Dardan arms,
Seeing his walls girt close. When Troy was crushed,
And Fortune ebbed, to Agamemnon's arms
Turning in victory's wake, the Prince breaks through
All law, slays Polydorus, and the gold
Grasps. To what acts thou drivest mortal men,
Thou impious greed of gold ! When fear had fled,
To all our chiefest lords, my sire the first,
These portents I disclose, and ask their will.
One mind have all, to quit that guilty land,
Leave treason's home, and give our barks the breeze.
So funeral rites we pay, earth high the mound,
And altars raise to Polydorus' shade,
Mourning with dusky cypress ; and all round
Stand Ilian wives with streaming tresses free ;
Cups with warm milk afoam, and bowls we bear

Sanguinis et sacri pateras, animamque sepulchro
Condimus, et magna supremum voce ciemus.

Inde, ubi prima fides pelago, placataque venti
Dant maria et lenis crepitans vocat auster in altum,
Deducunt socii naves et litora conplent.
Provehimur portu, terraeque urbesque recedunt.

Sacra mari colitur medio gratissima tellus
Nereidum matri et Neptuno Aegaeo,
Quam pius Arcitenens oras et litora circum
Errantem Mycono e celsa Gyaroque revinxit,
Inmotamque coli dedit et contemnere ventos.
Huc feror ; haec fessos tuto placidissima portu
Accipit. Egressi veneramur Apollinis urbem.
Rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phoebique sacerdos,
Vittis et sacra redimitus tempora lauro,
Occurrit ; veterem Anchisen adgnoscit amicum.
Iungimus hospitio dextras, et tecta subimus.

Templa dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto :
Da propriam, Thymbraee, domum ; da moenia fessis
Et genus et mansuram urbem ; serva altera Troiae
Pergama, reliquias Danaum atque inmitis Achilli.
Quem sequimur ? quove ire iubes ? ubi ponere sedes ?
Da, pater, augurium, atque animis inlabere nostris.

Vix ea fatus eram : tremere omnia visa repente,
Liminaque laurusque dei, totusque moveri
Mons circum, et mugire adytis cortina reclusis.
Submissi petimus terram, et vox fertur ad aures :

Dardanidae duri, quae vos a stirpe parentum
Prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere laeto

Of sacred blood, and lay his soul to rest,
And cry aloud for him the last long cry.

“From thence, when waves are trusted, and the breeze
Spreads calm, and South winds whisper to the sea,
Launching our ships, my comrades fill the strand.
We clear the haven ; lands and towns recede.

“Amid the sea there lies a sacred isle,
To Neptune and the Sea-Nymphs' Mother dear,
Which, as it roamed the main, the Archer God
To Myconos and Gyaros fast bound,
And bade it lie unmoved, and scorn the gale.
I thither sail ; the unruffled port receives
Our weary crew ; we hail Apollo's town.
King Anius there, men's King and Phoebus' Priest,
Crowned with the laurel, met us, and recalled
The friend Anchises whom he loved of yore.
Kind hands we join, and pass beneath his roof.

“Then to the Temple's hoary stones I bend :
‘Grant us a home, Thymbraean ! Grant us walls,
A biding city and race ! O keep and save
This second Troy, these leavings of the Greek !
Whom follow we ? and whither ? where to fix
Our Home ? Give omens, Lord, our souls inspire !'

“I scarce had said ; a sudden tremor stirred
The doors, the holy laurel, all the hill
Shook, the shrine opened, and the tripod moaned.
Prostrate to earth we fell, and heard a voice :

“‘Enduring Dardans! That same land which bore
Your parent stock, again shall take you home

Accipiet reduces. Antiquam exquirite matrem.
Hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris,
Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.

Haec Phoebus; mixtoque ingens exorta tumultu
Laetitia, et cuncti, quae sint ea moenia, quaerunt,
Quo Phoebus vocet errantes iubeatque reverti?

Tum genitor, veterum volvens monumenta virorum,
Audite, o proceres, ait, et spes discite vestras:
Creta Iovis magni medio iacet insula ponto;
Mons Idaeus ubi, et gentis cunabula nostrae.
Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna;
Maxumus unde pater, si rite audita recordor,
Teucrus Rhoeteas primum est advectus ad oras,
Optavitque locum regno. Nondum Ilium et arces
Pergameae steterant; habitabant vallibus imis.
Hinc mater cultrix Cybelae Corybantiaque aera
Idaeumque nemus; hinc fida silentia sacris,
Et iuncti currum dominae subiere leones.
Ergo agite, et, divom ducunt qua iussa, sequamur;
Placemus ventos et Gnosia regna petamus.
Nec longo distant cursu; modo Iuppiter adsit,
Tertia lux classem Cretaeis sistet in oris.
Sic fatus, meritos aris mactavit honores,
Taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo,
Nigram Hiemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus albam.

Fama volat pulsum regnis cessisse paternis
Idomenea ducem, desertaque litora Cretae,
Hoste vacare domos, sedesque adstare relictas.
Linquimus Ortygiae portus, pelagoque volamus,
Bacchatamque iugis Naxon viridemque Donysam,
Olearon, niveamque Paron sparsasque per aequor
Cycladas et crebris legimus freta concita terris.

To her rich breast. Your ancient Mother seek !
There shall Aeneas' House all nations sway,
And sons of sons, till generations fail !'

"Thus Phoebus ; and a joyous uproar rose,
And all demanded, to what Home the God
Called us, and bade the wanderers return.

" My father then revolves the lore of old.
' Listen, O lords !' he cries, ' and learn your hopes.
Crete lies amid the sea, Jove's island home,
Mount Ida, and the cradle of our race,
An hundred cities fair, luxuriant fields.
Thence our first father Teucer,—if the tale
I well recall,—first sailed to Phrygian shores,
And chose his realm. Not then had Ilium raised
Her towers to heaven ; in sunken dales they dwelt.
Hence Cybele's Queen, the Corybantic brass,
The Idaean grove, the silence-guarded rites,
And lions yoked beneath their mistress' car.
Up, then, and follow where God's bidding leads ;
Appease the winds, and make for Gnossus' realm !
Not far the vessels' course ; if Jove be near,
Three days shall bear them to the coasts of Crete.'
A bull to Neptune duly then he slew ;
A bull to thee, fair Phoebus ! and two lambs,
One black to Storm, one to boon Zephyrs white.

" A rumour flies, Idomeneus hath left
His realm an outcast, and deserted homes
In Crete await us, of all foemen void.
We leave Ortygia's port, and skim the main,
By Naxos' Bacchic ridge, Donusa green,
White Paros, Olearos, o'er straits that foam
Round many a shore of sea-strewn Cyclades.

Nauticus exoritur vario certamine clamor;
Hortantur socii: Cretam proavosque petamus.
Prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntes,
Et tandem antiquis Curetum adlabimur oris.

Ergo avidus muros optatae molior urbis,
Pergameamque voco, et laetam cognomine gentem
Hortor amare focos arcemque attollere tectis.
Iamque fere sicco subductae litore puppes;
Conubiis arvisque novis operata iuventus;
Iura domosque dabam: subito cum tabida membris,
Corrupto caeli tractu, miserandaque venit
Arboribusque satisque lues et letifer annus.
Linquebant dulces animas, aut aegra trahebant
Corpora; tum steriles exurere Sirius agros;
Arebant herbae, et victum seges aegra negabat.
Rursus ad oraclum Ortygiae Phoebumque remenso
Hortatur pater ire mari, veniamque precari:
Quam fessis finem rebus ferat; unde laborum
Temptare auxilium iubeat; quo vertere cursus.

Nox erat, et terris animalia somnus habebat:
Effigies sacrae divom Phrygiique Penates,
Quos mecum a Troia mediisque ex ignibus urbis
Extuleram, visi ante oculos adstare iacentis
In somnis, multo manifesti lumine, qua se
Plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras;
Tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis:
Quod tibi delato Ortygiam dicturus Apollo est,
Hic canit, et tua nos en ultro ad limina mittit.
Nos te, Dardania incensa, tuaque arma secuti,
Nos tumidum sub te permensi classibus aequor,
Idem venturos tollemus in astra nepotes,
Imperiumque urbi dabimus. Tu moenia magnis
Magna para, longumque fugae ne linque laborem.

Loud cry the straining mariners, 'To Crete!'
Cheerly they urge, 'On to our fathers' home!'
A wind that follows wafts us on our way,
And to those ancient shores we glide at last.

"My long-craved walls I trace, and call the town
Pergamea, praying Trojans, who rejoice
In that great name, to love the towers they raise.
And now our vessels on the beach were drawn,
And all on marriage bent, and tillage new;
Laws, homes I gave; when from the tainted sky
On human limbs a sudden sickness fell,
A blight on trees and crops, a year of death.
Sweet life they left, or dragged enfeebled frames,
While Sirius seared the fields, the herbage died,
Sick crops refused their yield. My father then
Bade us remeasure sea, and reach once more
Ortygia, and implore of Phoebus' grace
When pain should end, and whence he bade us try
Our weariness to heal, and whither steer.

"'Twas night, and sleep held all the living world.
The Holy Shapes, the Phrygian Gods of Home,
Whom with me I had borne from Troy and flames,
Seemed in my sleep to stand before mine eyes,
Revealed in streaming light, where the full moon
Poured through the deep-set windows: who thus spake,
Dispelling care. 'What Phoebus hath to say,
When thou hast reached Ortygia, here he sounds.
He sends us to thy door. When Troy was burned,
We followed thee and thine, measured in ships
The tumbling waves with thee; we too will raise
Thy children to the stars, and give thy town
Empire. Thy walls build greatly for the great.
Nor shun long pain and exile. Thou must rest

Mutandae sedes. Non haec tibi litora suasit
Delius aut Cretae iussit considere Apollo.
Est locus, Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt,
Terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glaebae;
Oenotri coluere viri; nunc fama minores
Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem:
Hae nobis propriae sedes; hinc Dardanus ortus,
Iasiusque pater, genus a quo principe nostrum.
Surge age, et haec laetus longaevo dicta parenti
Haud dubitanda refer: Corythum terrasque requirat
Ausonias. Dictaea negat tibi Iuppiter arva.

Talibus attonitus visis et voce deorum—
Nec sopor illud erat, sed coram adgnoscere voltus
Velatasque comas praesentiaque ora videbar;
Tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor—
Corripio e stratis corpus, tendoque supinas
Ad caelum cum voce manus, et munera libo
Intemerata focis. Perfecto laetus honore
Anchisen facio certum, remque ordine pando.
Adgnovit prolem ambiguam geminosque parentes,
Seque novo veterum deceptum errore locorum.
Tum memorat: Nate, Iliacis exercite fatis,
Sola mihi tales casus Cassandra canebat.
Nunc repeto haec generi portendere debita nostro,
Et saepe Hesperiam, saepe Itala regna vocare.
Sed quis ad Hesperiae venturos litora Teucros
Crederet? aut quem tum vates Cassandra moveret?
Cedamus Phoebo, et moniti meliora sequamur.
Sic ait; et cuncti dicto paremus ovantes.
Hanc quoque deserimus sedem, paucisque relictis
Vela damus, vastumque cava trabe currimus aequor.

Postquam altum tenuere rates, nec iam amplius ullae
Adparent terrae, caelum undique et undique pontus,

Elsewhere: not hither did the Delian prompt,
Apollo called thee to no shores of Crete.
A place there is, by Greeks Hesperia named,
An old land, strong in arms and the glebe's fruit,
Where dwelt Oenotrians; now the younger men
After their Chief have called it Italy.
This is our proper seat: hence Dardanus
Sprang, and Iasius, founder of our line.
Up! and thine ancient father tell with joy
No doubtful tidings; Corythus to seek,
Ausonian lands. Jove doth not give thee Crete.'

"Awed by such vision and the voice of Gods,—
Nor was that sleep, but openly I saw
Their very features and their cinctured hair,
And chilly sweat bedewed my every limb,—
Up from the bed I leap, and raise aloft
Heavenward both hands and voice, and offer gifts
Pure on the hearth. And when my vows were paid
All to Anchises I unfold with joy.
He owned the ambiguous line, the rival sires,
His strange confusion of familiar lands.
'O Son!' he said, 'long tried by Ilium's doom!
Cassandra only warned me of this fate.
Now, I recall, thus she foretold our lot,
And named Hesperia oft and Italy.
But who could dream that Trojans should approach
Hesperian shores? Whom could Cassandra move?
Now, better counselled, let us own the God.'
He said; we all obeyed his words with joy.
We quit our second home, where few were left,
And spread our sails, and skim great plains of sea.

"Far on the deep, when no more land we saw,—
Sky everywhere, and everywhere the sea,—

Tum mihi caeruleus supra caput adstitit imber,
Noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris.
Continuo venti volvunt mare magnaque surgunt
Aequora ; dispersi iactamur gurgite vasto ;
Involvere diem nimbi, et nox umida caelum
Abstulit ; ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes.
Excutimur cursu, et caecis erramus in undis.
Ipse diem noctemque negat discernere caelo,
Nec meminisse viae media Palinurus in unda.
Tres adeo incertos caeca caligine soles
Erramus pelago, totidem sine sidere noctes.
Quarto terra die primum se attollere tandem
Visa, aperire procul montes, ac volvere fumum.
Vela cadunt, remis insurgimus ; haud mora, nautae
Adnixi torquent spumas et caerula verrunt.

Servatum ex undis Strophadum me litora primum
Accipiunt ; Strophades Graio stant nomine dictae,
Insulae Ionio in magno, quas dira Celaeno
Harpyiaeque colunt aliae, Phineia postquam
Clausa domus, mensasque metu liquere priores.
Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec saevior ulla
Pestis et ira deum Stygiis sese extulit undis.
Virginei volucrum voltus, foedissima ventris
Proluvies, uncaeque manus, et pallida semper
Ora fame.

Huc ubi delati portus intravimus, ecce
Laeta boum passim campis armenta videmus
Caprigenumque pecus nullo custode per herbas.
Inruimus ferro, et divos ipsumque vocamus
In partem praedamque Iovem ; tum litore curvo
Exstruimusque toros dapibusque epulamur opimis.
At subitae horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt
Harpyiae et magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas,

Then overhead a blue-black cloud of rain
Bore night and storm ; the shuddering water gloomed.
Blasts rolled the sea ; the mountain billows rose,
And scattered wide our ships : the rainy clouds
Shrouded the day, and hid the darkened sky,
While fire flashed frequent from the riven rack.
Swept from our course, we drift on blinding surge.
E'en Palinurus in the sky confounds
Noontide with night, nor recollects his course.
Three days we drift in doubt and blinding gloom,
As many starless nights, till land at last
Rose the fourth morn, disclosing distant hills
And curling smoke. Down drop the sails ; on oars
Rising, our mariners with no delay
Lustily toss the foam, and sweep the blue.

"Saved from the deep, isles of the Ionian main
Receive me first, by Greeks named Strophades,
Where weird Celaeno and the Harpies dwell,
From Phineus' house debarred, who fled in fear
Their ancient board. No monster boding worse,
Not any deadlier plague and wrath of Heaven,
Rose from the Stygian flood. Winged things, they wear
Girls' faces ; foul the droppings of their vent ;
Claws are their hands ; their features evermore
With famine pale.

"Borne thither, and the haven made, behold !
Rich droves of cattle scattered o'er the leas,
And flocks of goats untended we descry.
We flesh our blades, and Jove himself invite
To share with Gods our spoil, then by the bay,
Pile grassy seats, and feast on goodly cheer.
But sudden from the cliffs, with awful swoop,
Those Harpies fall, and flap their clangorous wings,

Diripiuntque dapes contactuque omnia foedant
Inmundo ; tum vox taetrum dira inter odorem.
Rursum in secessu longo sub rupe cavata,
Arboribus clausi circum atque horrentibus umbris,
Instruimus mensas arisque reponimus ignem :
Rursum ex diverso caeli caecisque latebris
Turba sonans praedam pedibus circumvolat uncis,
Polluit ore dapes. Sociis tunc, arma capessant,
Edico, et dira bellum cum gente gerendum.
Haud secus ac iussi faciunt, tectosque per herbam
Disponunt enses et scuta latentia condunt.
Ergo ubi delapsae sonitum per curva dedere
Litora, dat signum specula Misenus ab alta
Aere cavo. Invadunt socii, et nova proelia temptant,
Obscenas pelagi ferro foedare volucres.
Sed neque vim plumis ullam nec volnera tergo
Accipiunt, celerique fuga sub sidera lapsae
Semiesam praedam et vestigia foeda relinquunt.

Una in praecelsa consedit rupe Celaeno,
Infelix vates, rumpitque hanc pectore vocem :
Bellum etiam pro caede boum stratisque iuvencis,
Laomedontiadae, bellumne inferre paratis
Et patrio Harpyias insontes pellere regno ?
Accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta,
Quae Phoebo pater omnipotens, mihi Phoebus Apollo
Praedixit, vobis Furiarum ego maxuma pando.
Italiam cursu petitis, ventisque vocatis
Ibitis Italiam, portusque intrare licebit ;
Sed non ante datam cingetis moenibus urbem,
Quam vos dira fames nostraeque iniuria caedis
Ambesas subigat malis absumere mensas.

Dixit, et in silvam pennis ablata refugit.

Snatching the feast, and with polluting touch
Spoil all; their shrieks are mixed with odours foul.
Once more, far-drawn within a caverned cliff,
In shady trees embowered, we spread the board,
And on our altars lay the fire afresh;
Once more from hidden lairs the screaming rout
Fly round the prey, with beaks and crooked claws
Tainting our meal. My comrades then I charged
To take their arms, and fight the grisly tribe;
And they obeying lay their swords apart,
Buried in grass, and hide their ambushed shields.
Then when they drop, and scream along the shore,
Misenus, from his watch, on hollow brass
Signals; and in strange battle we engage,
Slashing with steel those Ocean Birds obscene.
But not one stroke their plumes, their bodies take
No wound; and swift in flight upsoaring high,
Half-eaten meat they leave, and traces foul.

"Only Celaeno, evil-boding Seer,
Lights on a lofty crag, and thus breaks forth:
'War would ye wage for kine and oxen slain?
Sons of Laomedon! with war to drive
Innocent Harpies from their fathers' realm!
Learn then, and fix in heart these words of mine,
Which Jove foretold to Phoebus, he to me,
And I, the Furies' Queen, to you reveal.
To Italy you sail: the summoned winds
Unharmed shall bear you to Italian ports.
But, ere you ring with walls your promised Home,
Fierce famine and this outrage of our blood,
Shall make you champ and gnaw your very boards.'

"She ceased, and to the forest winged her flight.

At sociis subita gelidus formidine sanguis
Deriguit ; cecidere animi, nec iam amplius armis,
Sed votis precibusque iubent exposcere pacem,
Sive deae, seu sint dirae obscenaeque volucres.
Et pater Anchises passis de litore palmis
Numina magna vocat, meritosque indicit honores :
Di, prohibete minas ; di, talem avertite casum,
Et placidi servate pios ! Tum litore funem
Deripere, excussosque iubet laxare rudentes.
Tendunt vela Noti ; fugimus spumantibus undis,
Qua cursum ventusque gubernatorque vocabat.

Iam medio adparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos
Dulichiumque Sameque et Neritos ardua saxis.
Effugimus scopulos Ithacae, Laertia regna,
Et terram altricem saevi exsecramur Ulixi.
Mox et Leucatae nimbosa cacumina montis
Et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo.
Hunc petimus fessi et parvae succedimus urbi ;
Ancora de prora iacitur, stant litore puppes.

Ergo insperata tandem tellure potiti
Lustramurque Iovi votisque incendimus aras,
Actiaque Iliacis celebramus litora ludis.
Exercent patrias oleo labente palaestras
Nudati socii ; iuvat evasisse tot urbes
Argolicas mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostes.

Interea magnum sol circumvolvitur annum,
Et glacialis hiemps aquilonibus asperat undas.
Aere cavo clipeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
Postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo :
AENEAS HAEC DE DANAIS VICTORIBUS ARMA.
Linquere tum portus iubeo et considere transtris.
Certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora verrunt.
Protinus aerias Phaeacum abscondimus arces,

Then cold with sudden awe my comrades' blood
Froze, and their spirit fell. No more with arms,
With vows and prayers they bid me strive for peace,
Whether divine they be or fowls obscene.
My father on the beach, with palms outspread,
Invokes the Gods, ordaining sacrifice.
'O curb her threats, great Heaven! avert the curse!
With mercy guard the good!' The cable then
He bids us pull from shore, and loose the sheets;
The South winds fill the sails; through foaming waves
We skim the track where breeze and pilot call.

"Wooded Zacynthus, and Dulichium
Rise from the sea, and Neritos' tall crags,
And Same, and we skirt Laertes' land,
Steep Ithaca, and curse Ulysses' home.
Soon too the cloudy peaks of Leucas show,
And that Apollo whom the seamen dread.
Wearied we steer to make the little town,
Cast anchor from the prow, and beach the stern.

"Thus gaining land unhoped, our lustral dues
To Jove we pay, and, kindling altar-fires,
With Trojan Games we throng the Actian shore.
There, stripped and sleek with oil, my comrades try
Their country falls; so many an Argive town
Rejoicing to have passed, and fled the foe.

"The Sun rounds all the year, and Winter frore
Chafes with North winds the sea. Then on the gates
I fix a hollow brazen shield, the wear
Of mighty Abas, with this legend graved:
'*These arms Aeneas from victorious Greeks!*'
I bid the seamen weigh, and man the thwarts:
Stoutly they smite the waves, and sweep the sea.
And soon we lose Phaeacia's skiey tops,

Litoraque Epiri legimus portuque subimus
Chaonio et celsam Buthroti accedimus urbem.

Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat aures
Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbes,
Coniugio Aeacidae Pyrrhi sceptrisque potitum,
Et patrio Andromachen iterum cessisse marito.
Obstipui, miroque incensum pectus amore
Compellare virum et casus cognoscere tantos.
Progredior portu, classes et litora linquens,
Sollemnes cum forte dapes et tristia dona
Ante urbem in luco falsi Simoentis ad undam
Libabat cineri Andromache Manesque vocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem caespite inanem
Et geminas, causam lacrimis, sacraverat aras.
Ut me conspexit venientem et Troia circum
Arma amens vidit, magnis exterrita monstris
Deriguit visu in medio, calor ossa reliquit ;
Labitur, et longo vix tandem tempore fatur :

Verane te facies, verus mihi nuntius adfers,
Nate dea ? vivisne ? aut, si lux alma recessit,
Hector ubi est ? dixit, lacrimasque effudit et omnem
Inplevit clamore locum. Vix pauca furenti
Subiicio et raris turbatus vocibus hisco :

Vivo equidem, vitamque extrema per omnia duco ;
Ne dubita, nam vera vides.
Heu ! quis te casus deiectam coniuge tanto
Excipit ? aut quae digna satis fortuna revisit
Hectoris Andromachen ? Pyrrhin' conubia servas ?

Deiecit voltum et demissa voce locuta est :
O felix una ante alias Priameia virgo,
Hostilem ad tumulum Troiae sub moenibus altis

Skirt by Epirus' shore, Chaonia's port
Enter, and climb to steep Buthrotum town.

"Rumours beyond belief there filled our ears,
That Helenus, the son of Priam, reigned
O'er those Greek towns, his bride and sceptre won
From Pyrrhus, and Andromache once more
Had found no alien spouse. My heart amazed
Burned to salute him, and to learn his tale.
Forth from the port I wend, from ships and shore,
When haply in a grove beyond the town,
By some feigned Simois stream, Andromache
Was shedding her sad gifts, and called his ghost
To Hector's tomb, an empty mound of turf,
And altars twain she hallowed but for tears.
Me coming when she spied, and saw distraught
The arms of Troy, by such great wonders awed,
Even still in gaze she froze, heat left her bones;
She swooned, and scarce failed speech recovered late.

"'Art thou alive, with real face and voice,
O Goddess-born! or, if sweet light be fled,
Where is my Hector?' Weeping thus, with moans
She filled the grove. I hardly in brief replied
To her despair, gasping with broken words.

"'Alive I am, through all extremes I live.
Doubt not, the sight is real.
But O! what chance hath fallen thee, declined
From such a man? What worthy fate hath found
Hector's Andromache? Art Pyrrhus' wife?'

"She bowed her head, and in low accents spake.
'O blest alone of all the maids of Troy;
Before the foeman's tomb, neath Ilium's wall,

Iussa mori, quae sortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
Nos, patria incensa diversa per aequora vectae,
Stirpis Achilleae fastus iuvenemque superbum,
Servitio enixae, tulimus: qui deinde, secutus
Ledaeam Hermionen Lacedaemoniosque hymenaeos,
Me famulo famulamque Heleno transmisit habendam.
Ast illum, ereptae magno flammatus amore
Coniugis et scelerum Furiis agitatus, Orestes
Excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad aras.
Morte Neoptolemi regnorum reddita cessit
Pars Heleno, qui Chaonios cognomine campos
Chaoniamque omnem Troiano e Chaone dixit,
Pergamaque Iliacamque iugis hanc addidit arcem.

Sed tibi qui cursum venti, quae fata dedere?
Aut quisnam ignarum nostris deus adpulit oris?
Quid puer Ascanius? superatne et vescitur aura,
Quem tibi iam Troia—
Ecqua tamen puero est amissae cura parentis?
Ecquid in antiquam virtutem animosque viriles
Et pater Aeneas et avunculus excitat Hector?

Talia fundebat lacrimans longosque ciebat
Incassum fletus, cum sese a moenibus heros
Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus adfert,
Adgnoscitque suos, laetusque ad limina ducit,
Et multum lacrimas verba inter singula fundit.
Procedo, et parvam Troiam simulataque magnis
Pergama et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum
Adgnosco, Scaeaeque amplector limina portae.
Nec non et Teucri socia simul urbe fruuntur.
Illos porticibus rex accipiebat in amplis;
Aulai medio libabant pocula Bacchi,
Impositis auro dapibus, paterasque tenebant.

Bidden to die ! who bore no lottery's shame,
Nor captive pressed a conquering master's bed !
We, from our burning town borne oversea,
The pride and insults of Achilles' son
Endured, and the slave's child-bed. Wooing then
Leda's Hermione, the Spartan bride,
To Helenus he passed me, thrall to thrall.
But him Orestes, burning with great love
For his rapt bride, and by Crime's Furies driven,
Took unawares, and at his altars slew.
At Pyrrhus' death, part of his kingdom fell
To Helenus, who named the land entire
Chaonia, after Trojan Chaon's name,
And built this towered Ilian citadel.

"'But thee what wind, what fate hath driven ? What God
Thrust thee unweeting on our coast ? How fares
Ascanius ? Drinks he yet the living air,
Whom once in Troy—
Doth the boy pine for his lost mother still ?
Is he to ancient valour by his sire
Aeneas, by his uncle Hector roused ?'

"She ended weeping, and long sobbed in vain ;
When from the town the hero Helenus
Came, thronged with friends, and recognised his kin,
And gladly led us in, and at each word
Shed many a tear. I go, and round me see
A lesser Troy, dwarf towers like her great,
A dried-up stream named Xanthus, and embrace
A Scaean Gate. My Trojans too the while
Enjoy the friendly city ; them the King
Welcomes in spacious cloisters, and they pour
In the Hall's centre votive cups of wine,
And feast on golden plate, and lift the bowl.

Iamque dies alterque dies processit, et aurae
Vela vocant tumidoque inflatur carbasus austro:
His vatem adgredior dictis ac talia quaeso:

Troiugena, interpres divom, qui numina Phoebi,
Qui tripodas, Clarii laurus, qui sidera sentis
Et volucrum linguas et praepetis omina pennae,
Fare age—namque omnem cursum mihi prospera dixit
Religio, et cuncti suaserunt numine divi
Italiam petere et terras temptare repostas;
Sola novum dictuque nefas Harpyia Celaeno
Prodigium canit, et tristes denuntiat iras,
Obscenamque famem—quae prima pericula vito?
Quidve sequens tantos possim superare labores?

Hic Helenus caesis primum de more iuvencis
Exorat pacem divom, vittasque resolvit
Sacrati capitis, meque ad tua limina, Phoebe,
Ipse manu multo suspensum numine ducit,
Atque haec deinde canit divino ex ore sacerdos:

Nate dea,—nam te maioribus ire per altum
Auspiciis manifesta fides: sic fata deum rex
Sortitur, volvitque vices; is vertitur ordo—
Pauca tibi e multis, quo tutior hospita lustres
Aequora et Ausonio possis considere portu,
Expediam dictis; prohibent nam cetera Parcae
Scire Helenum farique vetat Saturnia Iuno.

Principio Italiam, quam tu iam rere propinquam
Vicinosque, ignare, paras invadere portus,
Longa procul longis via dividit invia terris.
Ante et Trinacria lentandus remus in unda,
Et salis Ausonii lustrandum navibus aequor
Infernique lacus Aeaeaeque insula Circae,

"A day hath passed, and twain ; and now the South
Calls to the sails, the canvas swells with wind,
When thus imploring I address the Seer :

"'Troy-born, Interpreter of God, inspired
By bay and tripod and Apollo's Will,
Stars and birds' tongues and auguries of flight !
Tell me,—for holy voices all my course
Named happy, and all the Heavenly Ones advised
To make for Italy and lands remote,—
The Harpy alone Celaeno boded strange
Prodigious things, and told of cruel wrath,
And famine foul,—what perils shun I first ?
How guided, may I win that hard assay ?'

"Then Helenus the grace of Heaven first sues
With oxen duly slain, and from his head
Undoes the holy bands, and leads me himself,
O Phoebus, to thy doors, thrilled with the God !
Then with prophetic lips the Priest declaims :

"'O Goddess-born ! High auspices indeed
Direct thy voyage : so the King of Heaven
Thy lot awards ; so rolls thy ordered course.
Few things of many I will set in words,
That safer thou may'st sail the homeless seas,
And rest in Italy : more Fate conceals
From Helenus, and Juno locks his lips.

"'First ; that Ausonia which thou deemest near,—
Blind soul ! prepared to make a neighbour port !—
Far hence lies sundered by a pathless road.
First in Trinacrian waves the oar must bend,
The Ausonian brine be passed, the Aeaean Isle
Of Circe, and the Infernal Lakes, or e'er

Quam tuta possis urbem conponere terra.
Signa tibi dicam ; tu condita mente teneto :
Cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam
Litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus
Triginta capitum fetus enixa iacebit,
Alba, solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati,
Is locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum.
Nec tu mensarum morsus horresce futuros :
Fata viam invenient aderitque vocatus Apollo.
Has autem terras, Italique hanc litoris oram,
Proxuma quae nostri perfunditur aequoris aestu,
Effuge ; cuncta malis habitantur moenia Graiis.
Hic et Narycii posuerunt moenia Locri,
Et Sallentinos obsedit milite campos
Lyctius Idomeneus ; hic illa ducis Meliboei
Parva Philoctetae subnixa Petelia muro.

Quin, ubi transmissae steterint trans aequora classes
Et positis aris iam vota in litore solves,
Purpureo velare comas adopertus amictu,
Ne qua inter sanctos ignes in honore deorum
Hostilis facies occurrat et omina turbet.
Hunc socii morem sacrorum, hunc ipse teneto :
Hac casti maneant in religione nepotes.
Ast ubi digressum Siculae te admoverit orae
Ventus et angusti rarescent claustra Pelori,
Laeva tibi tellus et longo laeva petantur
Aequora circuitu; dextrum fuge litus et undas.
Haec loca vi quondam et vasta convolsa ruina—
Tantum aevi longinqua valet mutare vetustas—
Dissiluisse ferunt, cum protinus utraque tellus
Una foret; venit medio vi pontus et undis
Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit, arvaque et urbes
Litore diductas angusto interluit aestu.
Dextrum Scylla latus, laevum inplacata Charybdis

Thy City thou may'st found on harbouring shores.
Signs I will show thee: keep them close at heart.
When thou, perplexed, shalt find beneath the holms
That fringe a secret stream one monstrous Sow
Stretched on the ground, with thirty young new-born,
White, and the brood about her udders white,
There shalt thou build, there rest from pain secure.
Nor heed that future gnawing of thy boards,—
Fate shall find means, and Phoebus called be near.
But fly those lands, fly that Italian coast
Washed by our orient tides. In every town
Dwells the bad Greek. Locrians of Naryx there
Have built their walls. Idomeneus of Crete
Hath poured his warriors o'er Sallentine plains;
And there that Meliboean chieftain's town,
Little Petelia, clinging to her wall.

"'Nay, when thy barks lie stayed across the main,
And vows thou payest, raising on the beach
Altars, thine hair with purple covert veil,
Lest in thy worship any hostile face
Crossing the hallowed fires thine omens spoil.
Keep thou and thine this mode of sacrifice:
Pure in this rite let thy descendants bide.
But when thou leavest, to Sicilian shores
Blown, and Pelorus' narrow straits unfold,
Make the left coast, and sail with compass wide
The Southern waters, but the Northern shun.
Those lands long since, by some vast force uptorn,
(So strong to change is the slow lapse of Time,)
Were cleft apart, men say, though once the twain
Were both one land. The sea broke in between,
Hesperia rent from Sicily, and pours
'Twixt fields and towns divorced a narrow tide.
Scylla the right, Charybdis guards the left

Obsidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque sub auras
Erigit alternos et sidera verberat unda.
At Scyllam caecis cohibet spelunca latebris,
Ora exsertantem et naves in saxa trahentem.
Prima hominis facies et pulchro pectore virgo
Pube tenus, postrema inmani corpore pistrix,
Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.
Praestat Trinacrii metas lustrare Pachyni
Cessantem, longos et circumflectere cursus,
Quam semel informem vasto vidisse sub antro
Scyllam et caeruleis canibus resonantia saxa.

Praeterea, si qua est Heleno prudentia, vati
Si qua fides, animum si veris inplet Apollo,
Unum illud tibi, nate dea, proque omnibus unum
Praedicam, et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo:
Iunonis magnae primum prece numen adora;
Iunoni cane vota libens dominamque potentem
Supplicibus supera donis: sic denique victor
Trinacria fines Italos mittere relicta.

Huc ubi delatus Cymaeam accesseris urbem
Divinosque lacus et Averna sonantia silvis,
Insanam vatem aspicies, quae rupe sub ima
Fata canit foliisque notas et nomina mandat.
Quaecumque in foliis descripsit carmina virgo,
Digerit in numerum atque antro seclusa relinquit.
Illa manent inmota locis neque ab ordine cedunt;
Verum eadem, verso tenuis cum cardine ventus
Inpulit et teneras turbavit ianua frondes,
Numquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere saxo,
Nec revocare situs aut iungere carmina curat:
Inconsulti abeunt, sedemque odere Sibyllae.
Hic tibi ne qua morae fuerint dispendia tanti,
Quamvis increpitent socii, et vi cursus in altum

Insatiate, and thrice sucks the swirling flood
Sheer down her gulf, and thrice again upspouts
Alternate, lashing the high stars with spume.
But Scylla, crouched in her blind cavern's lair,
With jaws out-thrust, pulls vessels on the rocks ;
A human face above ; a maid's fair breast
Down to the waist ; below a monstrous shark,
With dolphin's tail to wolfish belly joined.
Better to round Pachynum's goal, and fetch
A long and weary compass, than to sight
Scylla but once within her vasty cave,
And hear rocks echo to her sea-green hounds !

"'Now if some prescience, some prophetic fame
Pertain to Helenus, if Phoebus fill
His soul with truth, this one thing, Goddess-born !
One above all I warn thee, o'er and o'er
Repeating, first to mighty Juno pray ;
To Juno chant thy vows, and win with gifts
The potent Queen ; so, leaving Sicily,
Victor at last, Hesperia thou shalt gain.

"'And when thou drawest near to Cumae town,
The mystic pools, Avernus' murmuring grove,
There shalt thou see the Prophetess inspired,
Who sings the fates of men and writes on leaves.
Whate'er she writes on leaves she sorteth well,
And in her cave keeps close. There they remain
Unchanged, in sequence true. But when the hinge
Turns, and a light air stirring through the door
Blows the thin leaves about, no care hath she
To catch them as they flutter through the cave,
Nor set them right, nor make the verses meet.—
Men leave unhelped, and hate the Sibyl's den.—
Here count not thou delay too dearly bought,
Though comrades chide, though strongly calls the sea,

Vela vocet possisque sinus inplere secundos,
Quin adeas vatem precibusque oracula poscas
Ipsa canat, vocemque volens atque ora resolvat.
Illa tibi Italiae populos venturaque bella,
Et quo quemque modo fugiasque ferasque laborem,
Expediet, cursusque dabit venerata secundos.
Haec sunt, quae nostra liceat te voce moneri.
Vade age, et ingentem factis fer ad aethera Troiam.

Quae postquam vates sic ore effatus amico est,
Dona dehinc auro gravia sectoque elephanto
Imperat ad naves ferri, stipatque carinis
Ingens argentum, Dodonaeosque lebetas,
Loricam consertam hamis auroque trilicem,
Et conum insignis galeae cristasque comantes,
Arma Neoptolemi. Sunt et sua dona parenti.
Addit equos, additque duces;
Remigium supplet; socios simul instruit armis.

Interea classem velis aptare iubebat
Anchises, fieret vento mora ne qua ferenti.
Quem Phoebi interpres multo compellat honore:
Coniugio, Anchise, Veneris dignate superbo,
Cura deum, bis Pergameis erepte ruinis,
Ecce tibi Ausoniae tellus; hanc arripe velis.
Et tamen hanc pelago praeterlabare necesse est;
Ausoniae pars illa procul, quam pandit Apollo.
Vade, ait, o felix nati pietate. Quid ultra
Provehor et fando surgentes demoror austros?

Nec minus Andromache, digressu maesta supremo,
Fert picturatas auri subtemine vestes
Et Phrygiam Ascanio chlamydem, nec cedit honori,
Textilibusque onerat donis, ac talia fatur:
Accipe et haec, manuum tibi quae monumenta mearum

And thou may'st fill the happy-bosomed sail.
Go to the Prophetess, and beg her sing
Herself thine oracles with willing lips.
The tribes of Italy, and wars to come,
How to escape each pain, and how to bear,
She will unfold, and, worshipped, grant success.
So much my voice may warn thee. Forward, then,
And by thy deeds to Heaven uplift great Troy!'

"Thus when the Seer's befriending lips had said,
Gifts to our ships he sent, of heavy gold
And carven ivory, and stowed our hulls
With massive silver, and Dodona's ware,
A coat of mail thrice-wove with rings of gold,
A fair peaked helmet, and a plumy crest,
The arms of Pyrrhus. And my sire hath gifts.
Steeds too he gives, and guides;
And finds us oars, and lends my comrades arms.

"Meanwhile Anchises bade the fleet set sail,
Nor lose the blowing wind. Whom Phoebus' Priest
Thus reverently bespake: 'Anchises, dear
To Heaven, by Venus' glorious nuptials crowned!
Twice rapt from Trojan ruins! Lo, for thee
Ausonia waits. Sail hence to yonder shores!
Yet them thou needs must skirt by sea: far off
Lies that Ausonian land Phoebus reveals!
Go, happy in thy son! Why further add,
Or with my talk delay the rising gales?'

"Andromache, at this last parting sad,
Brings for Iulus too a Phrygian vest,
And robes of golden broidery, nor stints
Her favour, loading him with woven gifts.
'Take these,' she saith, 'memorials of my hands,

Sint, puer, et longum Andromachae testentur amorem,
Coniugis Hectoreae. Cape dona extrema tuorum,
O mihi sola mei super Astyanactis imago.
Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat;
Et nunc aequali tecum pubesceret aevo.

Hos ego digrediens lacrimis adfabar obortis:
Vivite felices, quibus est fortuna peracta
Iam sua; nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur.
Vobis parta quies; nullum maris aequor arandum,
Arva neque Ausoniae semper cedentia retro
Quaerenda. Effigiem Xanthi Troiamque videtis,
Quam vestrae fecere manus, melioribus, opto,
Auspiciis, et quae fuerit minus obvia Graiis.
Si quando Thybrim vicinaque Thybridis arva
Intraro gentique meae data moenia cernam,
Cognatas urbes olim populosque propinquos,
Epiro, Hesperia, quibus idem Dardanus auctor
Atque idem casus, unam faciemus utramque
Troiam animis; maneat nostros ea cura nepotes.

Provehimur pelago vicina Ceraunia iuxta,
Unde iter Italiam cursusque brevissimus undis.
Sol ruit interea et montes umbrantur opaci.
Sternimur optatae gremio telluris ad undam,
Sortiti remos, passimque in litore sicco
Corpora curamus; fessos sopor inrigat artus.

Necdum orbem medium Nox horis acta subibat:
Haud segnis strato surgit Palinurus et omnes
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aera captat;
Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia caelo,
Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones,
Armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona.
Postquam cuncta videt caelo constare sereno,

Long to attest the love of Hector's wife,
Andromache, the last gifts of thy kin.
O boy ! sole image of my Astyanax
Now left ! Such eyes he had, such hands, such face !
And now like-aged were growing up with thee !'

"Leaving, I spoke to them with rising tears ;
'Live happy, ye whose blessedness is won,
Won now, while we are called from fate to fate !
Your rest is gained : no sea remains to plough,
Nor those Ausonian ever-fading fields
To chase. A feigned Xanthus you behold,
A Troy your hands have made ; a Troy, I pray,
Of happier fate, beyond the range of Greeks.
If e'er I enter Tiber, and the fields
That Tiber laves, and see our promised Home,
Twin cities there, and peoples closely bound,
Epirus and Hesperia, with one fate,
From Dardanus each sprung, our hearts shall make
One second Troy. Such charge await our sons !'

"Thence onward sailing by Ceraunian cliffs,
Our briefest course towards Italy we steer,
Till the sun sets, and the grey hills grow dim.
In the dear lap of earth we fling ourselves,
Allotting oars, and on the dry sea-sand
Comfort our limbs : sleep bathes the weary flesh.

"Night, driven by the Hours, her arch's crown
Not yet had climbed, when Palinurus rose,
Alert, and tried the wind, and on his ear
Caught it, and scanned the stars in the still sky,
Arcturus and the rainy Hyades,
The Bears, and great Orion, armed with gold.
And when he sees all heaven's unclouded calm,

Dat clarum e puppi signum ; nos castra movemus,
Temptamusque viam et velorum pandimus alas.

Iamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis,
Cum procul obscuros colles humilemque videmus
Italiam. Italiam primus conclamat Achates,
Italiam laeto socii clamore salutant.
Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona
Induit inplevitque mero, divosque vocavit
Stans celsa in puppi :
Di maris et terrae tempestatumque potentes,
Ferte viam vento facilem et spirate secundi.

Crebrescunt optatae aurae, portusque patescit
Iam propior, templumque adparet in arce Minervae.
Vela legunt socii, et proras ad litora torquent.
Portus ab Euroo fluctu curvatus in arcum ;
Obiectae salsa spumant adspargine cautes ;
Ipse latet ; gemino demittunt bracchia muro
Turriti scopuli, refugitque ab litore templum.
Quattuor hic, primum omen, equos in gramine vidi
Tondentes campum late, candore nivali.
Et pater Anchises : Bellum, o terra hospita, portas ;
Bello armantur equi, bellum haec armenta minantur.
Sed tamen idem olim curru succedere sueti
Quadrupedes, et frena iugo concordia ferre :
Spes et pacis, ait. Tum numina sancta precamur
Palladis armisonae, quae prima accepit ovantes,
Et capita ante aras Phrygio velamur amictu ;
Praeceptisque Heleni, dederat quae maxuma, rite
Iunoni Argivae iussos adolemus honores.

Haud mora, continuo perfectis ordine votis
Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum,
Graiugenumque domos suspectaque linquimus arva.

He sounds his signal clear ; we move our camp,
Launch forth anew, and spread our vessels' wings.

"The stars had fled before the reddening morn,
When far dim hills we saw, and lying low
Italy. 'Italy!' first Achates cries;
And merrily the crews hail 'Italy!'
Then Sire Anchises crowns a mighty bowl,
And fills with wine, and calls upon the Gods,
High standing on the stern:
'O Gods, supreme o'er earth and sea and sky!
Waft us with aiding wind, and breathe benign!'

"The wished-for breezes freshen, and the port
Widens more near, and on Minerva's Hill
A Temple shines. We, furling sail, our prows
Turn shoreward. Hollowed by the Eastern tide,
The port lies hid, its jutting horns afoam
With the salt spray: twin walls of towered rock
Stretch down, and from the shore the fane recedes.
Four horses, our first omen, here we saw,
Cropping the grassy lea, as white as snow.
Whereat Anchises: 'War, strange Land, thou bearest,
For war the steed is armed; these threaten war.
Yet this same beast will learn the harness' use,
Drawing the car, and bearing concord's yoke;
Hope too for peace,' saith he. Invoking then
Armed Pallas' might, who first our hail received,
Before her sacred shrine we veil our heads;
And duly, upon the Prophet's prime command,
To Argive Juno pay the sacrifice.

"On, without stay, when all our vows were made,
Turning our sail-yard horns, those Greekish homes,
Suspected fields, we leave; and soon descry

Hinc sinus Herculei, si vera est fama, Tarenti
Cernitur ; attollit se diva Lacinia contra,
Caulonisque arces et navifragum Scylaceum.
Tum procul e fluctu Trinacria cernitur Aetna,
Et gemitum ingentem pelagi pulsataque saxa
Audimus longe fractasque ad litora voces,
Exsultantque vada, atque aestu miscentur harenae.
Et pater Anchises : Nimirum haec illa Charybdis :
Hos Helenus scopulos, haec saxa horrenda canebat.
Eripite, o socii, pariterque insurgite remis.
Haud minus ac iussi faciunt, primusque rudentem
Contorsit laevas proram Palinurus ad undas ;
Laevam cuncta cohors remis ventisque petivit.
Tollimur in caelum curvato gurgite, et idem
Subducta ad Manes imos desedimus unda.
Ter scopuli clamorem inter cava saxa dedere :
Ter spumam elisam et rorantia vidimus astra.
Interea fessos ventus cum sole reliquit,
Ignarique viae Cyclopum adlabimur oris.

Portus ab accessu ventorum inmotus et ingens
Ipse ; sed horrificis iuxta tonat Aetna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammarum et sidera lambit ;
Interdum scopulos avolsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exaestuat imo.
Fama est Enceladi semiustum fulmine corpus
Urgueri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Aetnam
Inpositam ruptis flammam exspirare caminis ;
Et fessum quotiens mutet latus, intremere omnem
Murmure Trinacriam, et caelum subtexere fumo.
Noctem illam tecti silvis inmania monstra
Perferimus, nec quae sonitum det causa, videmus.

Tarentum's bay, once home, if fame not errs,
Of Hercules, Lacinia's answering fane,
And Caulon's cliffs, and Scylaceum's strand,
Wreck-strewn. Then Aetna rises from the wave;
And far away we hear the loud sea moan
On beaten crags, and the shore's broken voice.
The surf leaps high; the sands and surges mix.
Then spake Anchises: ''Tis Charybdis, sure,
Those rocks, those awful crags the Seer foretold!
Make off, my friends, rise on the oars in time!'
They straight obey; and Palinurus first
Swings South the roaring prow, and all our host
With oar, with wind, strain South. Now up to heaven
The arched wave lifts us; now, the wave drawn in,
We sink to shades below. Thrice roar the rocks
Through caverns deep; thrice the showered spray we see,
And stars bedewed with brine. But now the wind
Sinks with the sun, and leaves us weary men,
Who float unknowing to the Cyclops' coast.

"A haven wide there lies, by beating winds
Unstirred, but near it Aetna thundering vents
Terrific deluge. Now a cloud of smoke,
Whirlwinds of pitch, and embers glowing white,
To the frayed stars he flings, and globes of fire.
Now shattered stones and entrails of the mount
He belches forth, and volleys molten rocks,
Roaring, and boiling from his deep abyss.
Below that mass, Enceladus, 'tis famed,
Lies, scorched by lightning, while above his head
Through riven ducts great Aetna blows his flames.
And all Trinacria, when he turns his side,
Trembles and moans, and shrouds in smoke the sky.
That night those uncouth wonders we endure,
Hidden in woods, nor see what makes the din.

Nam neque erant astrorum ignes, nec lucidus aethra
Siderea polus, obscuro sed nubila caelo,
Et Lunam in nimbo nox intempesta tenebat.

Postera iamque dies primo surgebat Eoo,
Umentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram :
Cum subito e silvis, macie confecta suprema,
Ignoti nova forma viri miserandaque cultu
Procedit supplexque manus ad litora tendit.
Respicimus. Dira inluvies inmissaque barba,
Consertum tegumen spinis ; at cetera Graius,
Et quondam patriis ad Troiam missus in armis.
Isque ubi Dardanios habitus et Troia vidit
Arma procul, paulum aspectu conterritus haesit,
Continuitque gradum ; mox sese ad litora praeceps
Cum fletu precibusque tulit : Per sidera testor,
Per superos atque hoc caeli spirabile lumen,
Tollite me, Teucri ; quascumque abducite terras ;
Hoc sat erit. Scio me Danais e classibus unum,
Et bello Iliacos fateor petiisse Penates.
Pro quo, si sceleris tanta est iniuria nostri,
Spargite me in fluctus, vastoque inmergite ponto.
Si pereo, hominum manibus periisse iuvabit.

Dixerat, et genua amplexus genibusque volutans
Haerebat. Qui sit, fari, quo sanguine cretus,
Hortamur ; quae deinde agitet fortuna, fateri.
Ipse pater dextram Anchises, haud multa moratus,
Dat iuveni, atque animum praesenti pignore firmat.
Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur :

Sum patria ex Ithaca, comes infelicis Ulixi,
Nomine Achemenides, Troiam genitore Adamasto
Paupere—mansissetque utinam fortuna !—profectus.
Hic me, dum trepidi crudelia limina linquunt,
Inmemores socii vasto Cyclopis in antro

No planet sheds its fire ; no starry sheen
Brightens the sky ; the louring rack rolls up,
And sullen Night holds fast the clouded moon.

" Now morn uprising with her orient star
Chased the dun mist, when sudden from the woods
Stept a strange shape of man, piteous in guise,
With extreme famine spent, who to the beach
Stretched forth entreating hands. We turn and gaze.
Sad filth, and beard unkempt, a garment held
By thorns; yet else a Greek, and one of old
Sent armed to Troy. He, when the Dardan dress
The Trojan arms he saw, awhile stopped short,
Scared at the sight, but to the beach anon
Ran headlong, and with weeping us implored :
'Now by the Stars I adjure you, by the Gods,
And by this lucent heavenly air we breathe,
Uplift me Trojans ! Take me to what lands
Ye seek soe'er. I know that I am Greek ;
And own I warred against the Gods of Troy ;
For which, if wrong so deep my guilt hath done,
Sink me in sea, and strew me o'er the flood !
Dying, by human hands I fain would die ! '

" He ceased, and clasped our knees, and to our knees
Clung writhing. Who he is, we bid him tell,
Whence born, what fortune drives about his days.
With scanty pause Anchises gave the youth
His own right hand in pledge, and cheered his heart ;
Who, when his fear was banished, thus returned :

" ' Ithaca bore me, Achemenides,
Ulysses' mate, whom Adamastus poor,
My father, sent to Troy,— woe worth the day !—
In the vast Cyclops' cave, those cruel doors
Fleeing in dread, my comrades left me here,

Deseruere. Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis,
Intus opaca, ingens. Ipse arduus, altaque pulsat
Sidera,—Di, talem terris avertite pestem !—
Nec visu facilis nec dictu adfabilis ulli.
Visceribus miserorum et sanguine vescitur atro.

Vidi egomet, duo de numero cum corpora nostro
Prensa manu magna medio resupinus in antro
Frangeret ad saxum, sanieque exspersa natarent
Limina ; vidi atro cum membra fluentia tabo
Manderet, et tepidi tremerent sub dentibus artus.
Haud inpune quidem ; nec talia passus Ulixes,
Oblitusve sui est Ithacus discrimine tanto.
Nam simul expletus dapibus vinoque sepultus
Cervicem inflexam posuit, iacuitque per antrum
Inmensus, saniem eructans et frusta cruento
Per somnum commixta mero, nos, magna precati
Numina sortitique vices, una undique circum
Fundimur, et telo lumen terebramus acuto,
Ingens, quod torva solum sub fronte latebat,
Argolici clipei aut Phoebeae lampadis instar,
Et tandem laeti sociorum ulciscimur umbras.
Sed fugite, o miseri, fugite, atque ab litore funem
Rumpite.
Nam qualis quantusque cavo Polyphemus in antro
Lanigeras claudit pecudes atque ubera pressat,
Centum alii curva haec habitant ad litora volgo
Infandi Cyclopes et altis montibus errant.
Tertia iam Lunae se cornua lumine conplent,
Cum vitam in silvis inter deserta ferarum
Lustra domosque traho, vastosque ab rupe Cyclopas
Prospicio, sonitumque pedum vocemque tremesco.
Victum infelicem, bacas lapidosaque corna,
Dant rami, et volsis pascunt radicibus herbae.
Omnia conlustrans, hanc primum ad litora classem

Forgetful. Blood and bloody feasts pollute
That great dark house. The Giant—O ye Gods,
Take such a pest from earth !—strikes heaven itself,
Unfit for sight, unfit for speech of man,
On wretches' entrails fed and purple blood.

"'Myself I saw him seize, with monstrous hand,
Stretched in his cave supine, two of our crew,
And break them on a rock, and the splashed floor
Ran blood. I saw him champ their gory limbs,
And the warm trembling flesh between his teeth !
Yet not unvenged : Ulysses bore not that,
Nor in such straits forgot his native wit.
When, gorged with meat and buried deep in wine,
The Monster bowed his neck, and lay immense
Along the cave, and vomited in sleep
Gobbets with blood and wine, we, casting lots,
And praying the great Gods, together all
Surged round, and with a pointed weapon bored
The one huge eye, which like an Argive shield,
Or the Sun's orb, sank in his glooming brow ;
And glad at last avenged our comrades' ghosts.—
But fly, poor wretches, fly ; and from this strand
Your hawser tear !
Like Polyphemus, in his cave who pens
And milks the woolly flock, so gross and grim
An hundred other one-eyed monsters dwell
About these bays, and roam the mountain sides.
Three moons e'en now have filled their horns with light,
While I among the forest haunts and homes
Of the lone beasts live on, and on the Rock
Spy those great giants, and their voice and tread
Hear trembling. Branches give me sorry fare,
Berries and cornels crude ; uprooted herbs
Feed me. Far gazing round, at last I saw

Conspexi venientem. Huic me, quaecumque fuisset,
Addixi : satis est gentem effugisse nefandam.
Vos animam hanc potius quocumque absumite leto.

Vix ea fatus erat, summo cum monte videmus
Ipsum inter pecudes vasta se mole moventem
Pastorem Polyphemum et litora nota petentem,
Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.
Trunca manu pinus regit et vestigia firmat ;
Lanigerae comitantur oves ; ea sola voluptas
Solamenque mali.
Postquam altos tetigit fluctus et ad aequora venit,
Luminis effossi fluidum lavit inde cruorem,
Dentibus infrendens gemitu, graditurque per aequor
Iam medium, necdum fluctus latera ardua tinxit.
Nos procul inde fugam trepidi celerare, recepto
Supplice sic merito, tacitique incidere funem ;
Verrimus et proni certantibus aequora remis.
Sensit, et ad sonitum vocis vestigia torsit.
Verum ubi nulla datur dextra adfectare potestas,
Nec potis Ionios fluctus aequare sequendo,
Clamorem inmensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes
Contremuere undae, penitusque exterrita tellus
Italiae, curvisque inmugiit Aetna cavernis.
At genus e silvis Cyclopum et montibus altis
Excitum ruit ad portus et litora conplent.
Cernimus adstantes nequiquam lumine torvo
Aetnaeos fratres, caelo capita alta ferentes,
Concilium horrendum : quales cum vertice celso
Aeriae quercus, aut coniferae cyparissi
Constiterunt, silva alta Iovis, lucusve Dianae.

Praecipites metus acer agit quocumque rudentes
Excutere, et ventis intendere vela secundis.
Contra iussa monent Heleni, Scyllam atque Charybdim
Inter, utramque viam leti discrimine parvo,

Your barks, to which I turned, whate'er might hap.
Enough for me to escape this cursed crew ;
Ye rather take my life howe'er ye will ! '

" He scarce hath said, when from the hills we see
The shepherd Polyphemus with his flocks
Moving gigantic to the well-known shore ;
A Monster grim, huge, shapeless, reft of light.
A fir his hand hath lopped supports his steps ;
The woolly sheep attend him, sole delight,
Sole solace of his pain.
When the deep flood he touched and reached the sea,
There, gnashing loud his teeth, the oozing blood
From his gouged eye he laves, and through the main
Strides to the midst, nor wets his lofty sides.
Far thence in fear we fly, with him that prayed
And earned our grace, in silence cut the rope,
And bend with straining oars, and sweep the sea.
He hears, and turns his footsteps to the sound.
But when he fails to grasp us and to match
The Ionian waves in chase, a great uproar
He raised, whereat each billow of the sea
Shook, and the soil of Italy far down
Trembled, and Aetna's hollow caverns roared.
Then from the woods and mountain sides aroused,
The one-eyed clan down rush, and fill the beach.
Vainly, with angry looks, we see them stand,
Brothers of Aetna, with sky-towering heads,
An awful conclave ! as high oaks uplift
Their airy tops, or coned cypresses,
Jove's lofty forest, or Diana's grove.

" Fear urged us then to slacken sheets, and spread
Our canvas to the wind. Far other charge
The Prophet gave us, not to hold our way
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis, on each hand

Ni teneant cursus ; certum est dare lintea retro.
Ecce autem Boreas angusta ab sede Pelori
Missus adest. Vivo praetervehor ostia saxo
Pantagiae Megarosque sinus Thapsumque iacentem.
Talia monstrabat relegens errata retrorsus
Litora Achemenides, comes infelicis Ulixi.

Sicanio praetenta sinu iacet insula contra
Plemyrium undosum ; nomen dixere priores
Ortygiam. Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem
Occultas egisse vias subter mare ; qui nunc
Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.
Iussi numina magna loci veneramur ; et inde
Exsupero praepingue solum stagnantis Helori.
Hinc altas cautes proiectaque saxa Pachyni
Radimus, et fatis numquam concessa moveri
Adparet Camarina procul campique Geloi
Inmanisque Gela fluvii cognomine dicta.
Arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxuma longe
Moenia, magnanimum quondam generator equorum ;
Teque datis linquo ventis, palmosa Selinus,
Et vada dura lego saxis Lilybeia caecis.
Hinc Drepani me portus et inlaetabilis ora
Accipit. Hic, pelagi tot tempestatibus actus,
Heu genitorem, omnis curae casusque levamen,
Amitto Anchisen. Hic me, pater optume, fessum
Deseris, heu, tantis nequiquam erepte periclis !
Nec vates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret,
Hos mihi praedixit luctus, non dira Celaeno.
Hic labor extremus, longarum haec meta viarum.
Hinc me digressum vestris deus adpulit oris.

Sic pater Aeneas intentis omnibus unus
Fata renarrabat divom, cursusque docebat.
Conticuit tandem, factoque hic fine quievit.

The edge of ruin : so our sails are backed ;
And lo ! the North wind from Pelorus' strait
Blows, and Pantagia's living stones I pass,
And Megara's gulf, and Thapsus' lowly strand.
Such shores the comrade of Ulysses' pain
Showed us, recoasting where he sailed of yore.

"Off the Sicanian bay, an Island lies,
Against wave-washed Plemyrium, named of old
Ortygia. There Alphaeus, Elis' stream,
Stole underseas, men say, by secret paths,
And through thy fount, O Arethusa ! pours
Into Sicilian seas : to whom, forewarned,
We pay our vows ; then, past the luscious meads
Of still Helorus, graze Pachynus' reefs :
Till Camarina, whom the Fates forbade
To move her marsh, shows far, and Gela's plain,
Gela that bears its churlish river's name.
Then Acragas the steep, the getter once
Of noble steeds, shows her great walls afar.
Thy palms, Selinus, on the granted gale
I leave, and thread the Lilybaean shoals,
And sunken reefs, till on the joyless strand
Of Drepanum I stay. There, tempest-tost
So long, ah me ! my father, comforter
Of every ill, I lose. There me outworn,
Thou leavest, father, rescued all in vain !
Not Helenus, foretelling things of dread,
Told me this sorrow, nor Celaeno grim.
This was my latest woe, my long road's end.
Departed thence, God drove me to your shores."

One before all intent, Aeneas thus
The doom of Heaven retold, and all his ways ;
Then hushed, and rested, when the tale was done.

BOOK IV

IV

AT regina gravi iamdudum saucia cura
Volnus alit venis, et caeco carpitur igni.
Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recursat
Gentis honos ; haerent infixi pectore voltus
Verbaque, nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.

Postera Phoebea lustrabat lampade terras
Umentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram,
Cum sic unanimam adloquitur male sana sororem :
Anna soror, quae me suspensam insomnia terrent !
Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes,
Quem sese ore ferens, quam forti pectore et armis !
Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum.
Degeneres animos timor arguit. Heu, quibus ille
Iactatus fatis ! quae bella exhausta canebat !
Si mihi non animo fixum inmotumque sederet,
Ne cui me vinclo vellem sociare iugali,
Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit ;
Si non pertaesum thalami taedaeque fuisset,
Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpae.
Anna, fatebor enim, miseri post fata Sychaei
Coniugis et sparsos fraterna caede Penates,
Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem
Inpulit. Adgnosco veteris vestigia flammae.
Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
Vel Pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,
Ante, Pudor, quam te violo, aut tua iura resolvo.
Ille meos, primus qui me sibi iunxit, amores
Abstulit ; ille habeat secum servetque sepulchro.
Sic effata sinum lacrimis inplevit obortis.

Anna refert : O luce magis dilecta sorori,
Solane perpetua maerens carpere iuventa,

IV

BUT Dido, sick long since of painful love,
Feeds with her veins the wound, by fire unseen
Wasted. The hero's prowess haunts her much,
Much his great race. Fast in her heart are fixt
His looks, his words, and love denies her rest.

The morrow morn with Phoebus' lamp the earth
Gan traverse, and the dewy shades dispersed,
When her twin-hearted sister thus distraught
She addressed :
"What dreams, O Anna ! scare my soul !
O what a guest is this to us new-come !
O what a mien, what front, what arms are his !
Not vain my faith that he is Heavenly born.
Fear stamps the baser soul. O how the Fates
Have vext him ! How he told of battles waged !
Were not my mind irrevocably fixed
With none to mate in wedlock, since by death
Love, turning traitor, robbed me at the prime;
Were I not tired of bridal torch and bower,
To this one fault perchance I might succumb.
Anna, I own it, since Sychaeus fell,
And by a brother's blood our House was stained,
He only hath moved my heart, or made my will
Falter ; I know the marks, the flame of old !
But O ! may Earth yawn deep, may Heaven's high Sire
With all his thunders hurl me to the shades,
Pale shades of Erebus, and Night profound,
Ere, Honour, thee I soil, or break thy law !
He who first made me his took with him all
My heart ; still let him keep it in his grave !"
She ceased, and rising tears her bosom filled.

Then Anna : "Dearer far than light is dear,
O Sister ! wilt thou wither all thy Spring

Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec praemia noris ?
Id cinerem aut Manes credis curare sepultos ?
Esto, aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti,
Non Libyae, non ante Tyro ; despectus Iarbas
Ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis
Dives alit : placitone etiam pugnabis amori ?
Nec venit in mentem, quorum consederis arvis ?
Hinc Gaetulae urbes, genus insuperabile bello,
Et Numidae infreni cingunt et inhospita Syrtis ;
Hinc deserta siti regio, lateque furentes
Barcaei. Quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam,
Germanique minas ?
Dis equidem auspicibus reor et Iunone secunda
Hunc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas.
Quam tu urbem, soror, hanc cernes, quae surgere regna
Coniugio tali ! Teucrum comitantibus armis
Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus !
Tu modo posce deos veniam, sacrisque litatis
Indulge hospitio, causasque innecte morandi,
Dum pelago desaevit hiemps et aquosus Orion,
Quassataeque rates, dum non tractabile caelum.

His dictis incensum animum flammavit amore,
Spemque dedit dubiae menti, solvitque pudorem.
Principio delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras
Exquirunt ; mactant lectas de more bidentes
Legiferae Cereri Phoeboque patrique Lyaeo,
Iunoni ante omnes, cui vincla iugalia curae.
Ipsa, tenens dextra pateram, pulcherrima Dido
Candentis vaccae media inter cornua fundit,
Aut ante ora deum pingues spatiatur ad aras,
Instauratque diem donis, pecudumque reclusis
Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.
Heu vatum ignarae mentes ! quid vota furentem,

Lonely, with no sweet babes, no crown of Love?
Think'st thou the buried ghost heeds aught of that?
What though no lover moved thee in thy grief,
In Tyre, or Libya; not Iarbas scorned,
Nor any Prince of Afric's conquering clime,
Yet wilt thou wrestle with a welcome love?
Hast thou no thought in whose domains we dwell,
Tameless Gaetulians here, and all around
Unreined Numidians and the Syrtes waste;
There desert drought, and Barce's savage hordes?
What need to tell of wars that spring from Tyre,
Thy brother's menace?
Guided by Gods I hold and Juno's love
Troy's fleet was hither blown. O what a city,
Sister, wilt thou see here, what kingdoms rise
On such a wedding! To what heights, allied
With Trojan arms, will Punic glory ascend!
Nay; sue the grace of Heaven with holy vows,
Give entertainment room, and weave excuse
To stay him, while with storms Orion wet
Smites sea and ship, while heavens refuse a track."

Thus speaking, she made flame her glowing heart,
Filled her racked mind with hope, loosed Honour's rein.
They seek the shrines; they pray for peace, and slay
Choice ewes to Ceres, Bearer of the Law,
To Phoebus and Lyaeus, but in chief
To Juno, Guardian of the marriage bond.
Dido herself, most fair, with bowl in hand,
Pours o'er a white cow's horns, before the Gods
Paces to their rich altars, and the day
Hallows with gifts, and in the victim's breast
Gazing takes counsel of the breathing heart.
O blind Diviners! How can vow or shrine

Quid delubra iuvant? Est molles flamma medullas
Interea, et tacitum vivit sub pectore volnus.
Uritur infelix Dido totaque vagatur
Urbe furens, qualis coniecta cerva sagitta,
Quam procul incautam nemora inter Cresia fixit
Pastor agens telis, liquitque volatile ferrum
Nescius; illa fuga silvas saltusque peragrat
Dictaeos; haeret lateri letalis arundo.

Nunc media Aenean secum per moenia ducit,
Sidoniasque ostentat opes urbemque paratam;
Incipit effari, mediaque in voce resistit;
Nunc eadem labente die convivia quaerit,
Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores
Exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.
Post, ubi digressi, lumenque obscura vicissim
Luna premit suadentque cadentia sidera somnos,
Sola domo maeret vacua, stratisque relictis
Incubat: illum absens absentem auditque videtque:
Aut gremio Ascanium, genitoris imagine capta,
Detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem.
Non coeptae adsurgunt turres, non arma iuventus
Exercet, portusve aut propugnacula bello
Tuta parant; pendent opera interrupta minaeque
Murorum ingentes aequataque machina caelo.

Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri
Cara Iovis coniunx, nec famam obstare furori,
Talibus adgreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis:
Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis
Tuque puerque tuus, magnum et memorabile nomen,
Una dolo divom si femina victa duorum est.
Nec me adeo fallit veritam te moenia nostra
Suspectas habuisse domos Karthaginis altae.
Sed quis erit modus, aut quo nunc certamine tanto?

Help passion's slave? The flame is biting deep
E'en then, and dumb within the wound lives on.
Unhappy Dido, burning, through the town
Roams frenzied, like an arrow-stricken doe,
Whom shooting far some hind in Cretan glens
Carelessly struck, and left the flying steel
Unknowing. She o'er Dicte's forest lawns
Flies, bearing in her flank the reed of death.

Now through the streets she leads him, and displays
Her Tyrian wealth, her city built and made;
Begins to speak, and checks the half-spoken word:
Now to the banquet goes at ebbing day,
And asks again to hear the Tale of Troy,
Infatuate! and again hangs on his lips.
But when they part, and the dim moon in turn
Sets, and the sinking stars are urging sleep,
Sole in her halls she mourns, his empty couch
Clasps, and him absent hears far off and sees.
Or, by his father's looks entranced, she hugs
Iulus, to beguile her untold love.
No more the towers rise; no more the youth
Exercise arms, nor ports or bulwarks make
Defensive: interrupted hang the works,
The giant threatening walls and engines huge.

Her thus infected when the Wife of Jove
Saw, and to passion yielding up her fame,
To Venus thus she spake: "A noble prize,
An ample spoil ye win, a glorious name,
Thou and thy Boy! One woman by two Gods
Subtly subdued! Nor do I fail to see
Our town thou fearest, this high Punic House
Holding suspect. But what shall be the end?
What boots our rivalry? Nay, let us make

Quin potius pacem aeternam pactosque hymenaeos
Exercemus? habes, tota quod mente petisti:
Ardet amans Dido traxitque per ossa furorem.
Communem hunc ergo populum paribusque regamus
Auspiciis; liceat Phrygio servire marito,
Dotalesque tuae Tyrios permittere dextrae.

Olli—sensit enim simulata mente locutam,
Quo regnum Italiae Libycas averteret oras—
Sic contra est ingressa Venus: Quis talia demens
Abnuat, aut tecum malit contendere bello,
Si modo, quod memoras, factum fortuna sequatur?
Sed fatis incerta feror, si Iuppiter unam
Esse velit Tyriis urbem Troiaque profectis,
Miscerive probet populos, aut foedera iungi.
Tu coniunx; tibi fas animum temptare precando.
Perge; sequar. Tum sic excepit regia Iuno:
Mecum erit iste labor. Nunc qua ratione, quod instat,
Confieri possit, paucis, adverte, docebo.
Venatum Aeneas unaque miserrima Dido
In nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus
Extulerit Titan radiisque retexerit orbem.
His ego nigrantem commixta grandine nimbum,
Dum trepidant alae, saltusque indagine cingunt,
Desuper infundam, et tonitru caelum omne ciebo.
Diffugient comites et nocte tegentur opaca:
Speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem
Devenient. Adero, et, tua si mihi certa voluntas,
Conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo.
Hic Hymenaeus erit. Non adversata petenti
Adnuit, atque dolis risit Cytherea repertis.

An ever-during peace, a bridal pact.
Thou hast thine heart's desire. Dido with love
Burns, and through every vein draws passion in.
Rule we this people then with equal sway
Jointly, and let her serve a Phrygian lord,
And hand to thee for dower her Tyrian men."

To whom thus Venus—for beneath that speech
She marked what craft to Libya would divert
The Italian crown: "'Twere madness to prefer
A war with thee! If when thy plan were done
'Twould issue well! But I am swayed by Fate
Uncertain if the Will of Jove intend
One city for the men of Tyre and Troy,
Both peoples blent and federate; but thou,
Thou art his wife; thou may'st his mind essay.
Lead, and I follow."
Juno then replied:
"Mine be that task. How to achieve our aim,
Hear now, and briefly learn. To hunt the glade
Aeneas and the woe-doomed Queen will ride
Together, when the morrow's sun new-risen
Unveils the radiant world. While ranging scouts
Circle the wood with toils, a sleety storm
On them will I pour down, and shake the sky
With thunder. Then their train, dispersing wide,
Will vanish into gloom: the selfsame cave
Dido shall enter and the Trojan Prince.
There I shall be, and, if thy will be toward,
Joined in firm wedlock I will make her his.
There shall her bridal be!"
Assent was given,
And at her plot the Cytherean smiled.

Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit.
It portis iubare exorto delecta iuventus;
Retia rara, plagae, lato venabula ferro,
Massylique ruunt equites et odora canum vis.
Reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi
Poenorum exspectant, ostroque insignis et auro
Stat sonipes ac frena ferox spumantia mandit.
Tandem progreditur magna stipante caterva,
Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo.
Cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.
Nec non et Phrygii comites et laetus Iulus
Incedunt. Ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes
Infert se socium Aeneas atque agmina iungit.
Qualis ubi hibernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta
Deserit ac Delum maternam invisit Apollo
Instauratque choros, mixtique altaria circum
Cretesque Dryopesque fremunt pictique Agathyrsi;
Ipse iugis Cynthi graditur, mollique fluentem
Fronde premit crinem fingens atque inplicat auro,
Tela sonant umeris: haud illo segnior ibat
Aeneas; tantum egregio decus enitet ore.

Postquam altos ventum in montes atque invia lustra,
Ecce ferae, saxi deiectae vertice, caprae
Decurrere iugis; alia de parte patentes
Transmittunt cursu campos atque agmina cervi
Pulverulenta fuga glomerant montesque relinquunt.
At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri
Gaudet equo, iamque hos cursu, iam praeterit illos,
Spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia votis
Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.

Interea magno misceri murmure caelum
Incipit; insequitur commixta grandine nimbus;

And when the dawn rose shining from the sea,
Forth from the city flowed the chosen train,
Nets, snares, and steel-bound spears, Massylian horse,
And the shrewd scent of hounds. Before her door
The Tyrian princes wait their Queen, who still
Tarries in bower, while her horse, adorned
With purple and gold, stands chafing the flecked bit.
At last she issues with an ample train,
Wrapped in a Tyrian scarf; and all of gold
Her quiver gleams, with gold her hair is bound,
A golden brooch clasps up her purple cloak.
Phrygians and blithe Iulus pace beside;
And with them joined, above them all most fair,
Aeneas; like Apollo, when he quits
Xanthus and wintry Lycia, and seeks
His mother's Delos. There he leads the dance,
And round his altars Cretans, Dryopes,
And painted Agathyrsi meet with din.
He treads the Cynthian slopes, and with soft green
Enwreathes his flowing locks, and binds with gold.
Behind him ring the shafts. So lightly trod
Aeneas, and so shone his glorious brow.

They climb the mountains, and the pathless wilds;
And lo! the goats, from rocky heights dislodged,
Bound down from crag to crag; and startled deer
In dusty masses fleeing from the hills
Scour the broad moor. But down the dales the boy
Iulus glories in his mettled steed,
Out-galloping them all, and longs to see
Among that cattle tame some foaming boar,
Or yellow lion coming down the fells.

Meanwhile the sky, with muttered peals convulsed,
Breaks in a storm of sleet. The Tyrians flee:

Et Tyrii comites passim et Troiana iuventus
Dardaniusque nepos Veneris diversa per agros
Tecta metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes.
Speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem
Deveniunt. Prima et Tellus et pronuba Iuno
Dant signum; fulsere ignes et conscius aether
Conubiis, summoque ulularunt vertice Nymphae.

Ille dies primus leti primusque malorum
Causa fuit; neque enim specie famave movetur
Nec iam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem;
Coniugium vocat; hoc praetexit nomine culpam.

Extemplo Libyae magnas it Fama per urbes,
Fama, malum qua non aliud velocius ullum;
Mobilitate viget, viresque adquirit eundo;
Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.
Illam Terra parens, ira inritata deorum,
Extremam, ut perhibent, Coeo Enceladoque sororem
Progenuit, pedibus celerem et pernicibus alis;
Monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui, quot sunt corpore plumae,
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.
Nocte volat caeli medio terraeque per umbram,
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno;
Luce sedet custos aut summi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes,
Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuntia veri.
Haec tum multiplici populos sermone replebat
Gaudens et pariter facta atque infecta canebat:
Venisse Aenean, Troiano sanguine cretum,
Cui se pulchra viro dignetur iungere Dido;
Nunc hiemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere
Regnorum inmemores turpique cupidine captos.

The scattered Trojans, and the Dardan child
Of Venus' son, for shelter scour the fields
Fearful, while torrents from the mountains plunge.
One cave holds Dido and the Trojan Prince.
Primaeval Earth and spousal Juno give
The sign : fires glitter, and the conscious sky
Their bridal lights, and mountain Nymphs cry hail.

Death's earliest day, the primal source was that
Of all her woes. She heeds nor eye nor tongue,
Nor dreams of secret love, but calls it now
Marriage, and with that name would screen her fault.

Forthwith runs Rumour through the Libyan towns ;
Rumour, the swiftest bane. She thrives on change,
And gathers strength by going. Small at first,
And timorous, but full soon, to heaven uplift,
She treads the earth and hides in clouds her head.
Her Earth, infuriate with the Gods, conceived,
To Coeus and Enceladus, fame saith,
Last sister born ; swift-footed, swift of wing,
Grim, monstrous, huge : and every plume she bears
Hath under it a glaring eye, a tongue,
Wondrous ! a speaking mouth, and ears erect.
By night she flies from earth and heaven midway,
Strident, nor droops her lids in pleasant sleep.
By day she sits on roof or lofty tower,
A sentinel who keeps great towns in fear,
Truth's herald, but as oft in falsehood bold.
She now rejoicing fills the people's ears
With wild discourse, and tells both false and true ;
How one of Trojan blood, Aeneas, came,
Whom Dido deigns to wed ; all winter long,
Delights they share, and both their realms forget,
Enthralled by shameful love. Such tales abroad

Haec passim dea foeda virum diffundit in ora.
Protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarban,
Incenditque animum dictis atque aggerat iras.

Hic Hammone satus, rapta Garamantide Nympha,
Templa Iovi centum latis inmania regnis,
Centum aras posuit, vigilemque sacraverat ignem,
Excubias divom aeternas, pecudumque cruore
Pingue solum et variis florentia limina sertis.
Isque amens animi et rumore accensus amaro
Dicitur ante aras media inter numina divom
Multa Iovem manibus supplex orasse supinis :

Iuppiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis
Gens epulata toris Lenaeum libat honorem,
Aspicis haec ? an te, genitor, cum fulmina torques,
Nequiquam horremus, caecique in nubibus ignes
Terrificant animos et inania murmura miscent ?
Femina, quae nostris errans in finibus urbem
Exiguam pretio posuit, cui litus arandum
Cuique loci leges dedimus, conubia nostra
Reppulit ac dominum Aenean in regna recepit.
Et nunc ille Paris cum semiviro comitatu,
Maeonia mentum mitra crinemque madentem
Subnexus, rapto potitur : nos munera templis
Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.

Talibus orantem dictis arasque tenentem
Audiit omnipotens, oculosque ad moenia torsit
Regia et oblitos famae melioris amantes.
Tum sic Mercurium adloquitur ac talia mandat :
Vade age, nate, voca Zephyros et labere pennis,
Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Karthagine qui nunc
Exspectat, fatisque datas non respicit urbes,
Adloquere et celeres defer mea dicta per auras.

The loathly Goddess spreads on every tongue;
And, speeding straight to Prince Iarbas, him
With words she kindles, heaping high his wrath.

He, Ammon's seed by Garamantian nymph,
An hundred fanes in his wide realm to Jove,
An hundred altars built, and hallowed fire,
The Gods' unsleeping sentry, and enriched
The soil with victims' blood, and with gay blooms
Festooned the courts: who, by that bitter tale
Maddened, before his shrines, amidst his Gods,
Jove long in prayer besought with uplift hands.

"Almighty Jove! to whom on broidered couch
The feasting Moor now pours Lenaeus' gift,
Dost thou behold? or do we vainly shrink,
O Father, from thy bolts, and do thy fires
Blindly affright, thy thunders idly roll?
The woman, straying in our bounds, who built
A little purchased town, to whom we gave
Ploughland and rights of fief, our hand refused,
Now takes Aeneas for her lord, and he,
This Paris, with his eunuch train, his chin
And essenced hair by Phrygian bonnet bound,
Takes and enjoys! And yet to fanes of thine
We carry gifts, and nurse an idle faith!"

Him, praying thus and clinging to his shrines,
The Almighty heard, and on the royal town
Looked, and on those who loved forgetting fame,
Then thus to Mercury his mandate gave:
"Go, Son, the Zephyrs call, and slant thy flight
Down to the Dardan Prince, who dallies yet
In Carthage, and of cities given by Fate
Heeds nought. To him my words bear swiftly down.

Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem
Promisit Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis;
Sed fore, qui gravidam imperiis belloque frementem
Italiam regeret, genus alto a sanguine Teucri
Proderet, ac totum sub leges mitteret orbem.
Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum
Nec super ipse sua molitur laude laborem,
Ascanione pater Romanas invidet arces?
Quid struit? aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur,
Nec prolem Ausoniam et Lavinia respicit arva?
Naviget: haec summa est; hic nostri nuntius esto.

Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat
Imperio; et primum pedibus talaria nectit,
Aurea, quae sublimem alis sive aequora supra
Seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant;
Tum virgam capit; hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias sub Tartara tristia mittit,
Dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat;
Illa fretus agit ventos, et turbida tranat
Nubila. Iamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit
Atlantis duri, caelum qui vertice fulcit,
Atlantis, cinctum adsidue cui nubibus atris
Piniferum caput et vento pulsatur et imbri;
Nix humeros infusa tegit; tum flumina mento
Praecipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba.

Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis
Constitit; hinc toto praeceps se corpore ad undas
Misit, avi similis, quae circum litora, circum
Piscosos scopulos humilis volat aequora iuxta.
Haud aliter terras inter caelumque volabat
Litus harenosum ad Libyae ventosque secabat
Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles.

Not such his mother promised him to us,
And not for this twice saved him from the Greek ;
But o'er the Imperial Mother's warrior sons,
O'ér Italy to reign, from Teucer's blood
Prolong the line, and bind the world by law.
If no such glory fires him, if no toil
For his own fame he takes, yet doth he grudge
His son Ascanius the high towers of Rome ?
What makes he there with foes ? why not regards
Ausonian seed, and fair Lavinium's land ?
To Sea ! This sums it. Thus our message bear."

He ceased ; the other, his great Sire's command
Obeying, first the golden sandals tied,
That bear him over seas and lands sublime,
Winged with the flying gale ; then took the wand,
With which he calls the pallid phantoms forth
From Orcus, or to Tartarus sends down,
Gives sleep and takes away, and the dead eyes
Unseals, and drives the hurricane, and swims
The cloudy rack. Then flying he descried
Worn Atlas' sides and sky-supporting top,
Atlas, whose piney head is ever wreathed
In cloud and darkness, beat by wind and rain.
Snow cloaks his shoulders ; rivers o'er his chin
Plunge downward, and his beard is stiff with ice.

Here first Cyllenius, weighing his spread wings,
Paused, and with all his body headlong dived
Sea-ward, as when a bird about the shores
And fishy crags flies low, and skims the wave.
So flew Cyllene's son, his grandsire left,
Between the earth and sky, and cut the winds
To Libya's sandy shore.

Ut primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis,
Aenean fundantem arces ac tecta novantem
Conspicit : atque illi stellatus iaspide fulva
Ensis erat, Tyrioque ardebat murice laena
Demissa ex umeris, dives quae munera Dido
Fecerat et tenui telas discreverat auro.
Continuo invadit : Tu nunc Karthaginis altae
Fundamenta locas, pulchramque uxorius urbem
Exstruis ? heu regni rerumque oblite tuarum !
Ipse deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo
Regnator, caelum et terras qui numine torquet ;
Ipse haec ferre iubet celeres mandata per auras :
Quid struis ? aut qua spe Libycis teris otia terris ?
Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum
Nec super ipse tua moliris laude laborem,
Ascanium surgentem et spes heredis Iuli
Respice, cui regnum Italiae Romanaque tellus
Debentur. Tali Cyllenius ore locutus
Mortales visus medio sermone reliquit,
Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.

At vero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens,
Arrectaeque horrore comae, et vox faucibus haesit.
Ardet abire fuga dulcesque relinquere terras,
Attonitus tanto monitu imperioque deorum.
Heu quid agat ? quo nunc reginam ambire furentem
Audeat adfatu ? quae prima exordia sumat ?
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In partesque rapit varias perque omnia versat.
Haec alternanti potior sententia visa est :
Mnesthea Sergestumque vocat fortemque Serestum,
Classem aptent taciti sociosque ad litora cogant,
Arma parent, et, quae rebus sit causa novandis,
Dissimulent ; sese interea, quando optuma Dido

And when he touched
With his winged feet the land where hovels lay,
He spied Aeneas planning towers and town.
His sword shone starry with the yellow sheen
Of jasper, and a cloak of Tyrian dye
Hung from his shoulders which the sumptuous Queen
Had worked for him, and shot the web with gold.
Prompt rings the challenge : "Is it thou, O Prince !
Uxurious ! building now this towered town,
This Carthage, ah ! forgetful of thy doom,
Thy Kingdom. Me the Regent of the Gods,
Whom heaven and earth obey, Himself hath sent,
To bear this mandate through the buxom air :
'What mak'st thou here, in ease on Libyan soil ?
If no such glory fires thee, if no toil
For thine own fame thou takest, yet regard
Thy rising heir and young Ascanius' hopes,
To whom the crown of Italy is owed,
The Roman world.'" He said, and ended not,
Ere mortal eyes he left, and passed from sight
Into thin air away.
Aeneas stood
Perplexed to see, his hair in terror rose,
His tongue was tied, and by that warning dread
And Heavenly mandate awed, he burns to fly,
And leave that pleasant clime. Ah ! what to do ?
How dare he now approach the impassioned Queen
To tell her ? What beginning can he choose ?
On every side dividing the swift mind,
This way and that he casts it, scanning all,
Till in his doubt this counsel overruled.
Mnestheus, Sergestus and Cloanthus brave
He charged to equip the fleet, to call the crews
And furbish arms in secret, and the cause
Disguise, and he the while, since that fond Queen

Nesciat et tantos rumpi non speret amores,
Temptaturum aditus, et quae mollissima fandi
Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus. Ocius omnes
Imperio laeti parent et iussa facessunt.

At regina dolos—quis fallere possit amantem?—
Praesensit, motusque excepit prima futuros,
Omnia tuta timens. Eadem impia Fama furenti
Detulit armari classem cursumque parari.
Saevit inops animi, totamque incensa per urbem
Bacchatur, qualis commotis excita sacris
Thyias, ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho
Orgia nocturnusque vocat clamore Cithaeron.
Tandem his Aenean compellat vocibus ultro:

Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum
Posse nefas, tacitusque mea decedere terra?
Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?
Quin etiam hiberno moliris sidere classem,
Et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum,
Crudelis! Quid? si non arva aliena domosque
Ignotas peteres, et Troia antiqua maneret,
Troia per undosum peteretur classibus aequor?
Mene fugis? Per ego has lacrimas dextramque tuam te—
Quando aliud mihi iam miserae nihil ipsa reliqui—
Per conubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos,
Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
Dulce meum, miserere domus labentis et istam,
Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.
Te propter Libycae gentes Nomadumque tyranni
Odere, infensi Tyrii; te propter eundem
Exstinctus pudor et, qua sola sidera adibam,
Fama prior. Cui me moribundam deseris, hospes?
Hoc solum nomen quoniam de coniuge restat.

Knows not, and dreams not of such love undone,
Will try to meet her in her softest hour,
And tell when chance is kind. Then all with joy
Speed to obey his bidding.
But the Queen—
Who can deceive a lover ?—she foreknew
His guile, and early caught the coming stir.
She fears when all is safe ; and hears distraught
The same cold Rumour tell of launching ships.
Helpless she storms, and through the streets incensed
Raves like a Thyad, stirred by holy din,
Whom the triennial orgies of the God
Madden, and all night through Cithaeron shouts.
At last Aeneas she assails with speech.

"And hast thou hoped, O false one ! to disguise
Thy crime, and leave my land without a word ?
Not thee our love, not thee thine hand once given
Restrains, nor Dido doomed to death and woe.
Nay, even under winter's star thou strivest
To launch thy ships and stem the northern gales.
O cruel ! If thy goal were no unknown
No alien land, if ancient Troy remained,
Would Troy be sought across this blustering sea ?
Me dost thou fly ? O, by these tears, I pray,
By thine own hand—for I have left but these—
O by our loves and bridal days begun,
If I have won thy thanks, and gave thee once
Some joy, have pity ! Spare our House ! and O !
If room be left for prayers, undo thy will !
For thee the Libyans hate me, Nomad chiefs
Scorn, yea, my kin turn from me : for thee, too,
Honour is dead, and all my Heavenly hope,
My once good fame. To whom thy dying Queen
Leav'st thou, O Guest !—my Love's sole title now !—

Quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum moenia frater
Destruat, aut captam ducat Gaetulus Iarbas?
Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
Ante fugam suboles, si quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Aeneas, qui te tamen ore referret,
Non equidem omnino capta ac deserta viderer.

Dixerat. Ille Iovis monitis inmota tenebat
Lumina, et obnixus curam sub corde premebat.
Tandem pauca refert: Ego te, quae plurima fando
Enumerare vales, numquam, Regina, negabo
Promeritam; nec me meminisse pigebit Elissae,
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus.
Pro re pauca loquar. Neque ego hanc abscondere furto
Speravi, ne finge, fugam, nec coniugis umquam
Praetendi taedas aut haec in foedera veni.
Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam
Auspiciis et sponte mea conponere curas,
Urbem Troianam primum dulcesque meorum
Reliquias colerem, Priami tecta alta manerent,
Et recidiva manu posuissem Pergama victis.
Sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo,
Italiam Lyciae iussere capessere sortes;
Hic amor, haec patria est. Si te Karthaginis arces,
Phoenissam, Libycaeque aspectus detinet urbis,
Quae tandem, Ausonia Teucros considere terra,
Invidia est? Et nos fas extera quaerere regna.
Me patris Anchisae, quotiens umentibus umbris
Nox operit terras, quotiens astra ignea surgunt,
Admonet in somnis et turbida terret imago;
Me puer Ascanius capitisque iniuria cari,
Quem regno Hesperiae fraudo et fatalibus arvis.
Nunc etiam interpres divom, Iove missus ab ipso—
Testor utrumque caput—celeres mandata per auras
Detulit; ipse deum manifesto in lumine vidi
Intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hausi.

Why wait I till my brother raze these walls,
Or Moor Iarbas lead me captive hence?
Ah! if I had but held, before thy flight,
A child of thine! if in my halls might play
A little Aeneas, to bring back thy looks,
I should not seem all captured and forlorn."

She ended. He by Jove's command his gaze
Kept fixed, and deep at heart suppressed his pain.
At last thus briefly: "I will not deny,
I owe thee all, O Queen, thy words could tell;
And to remember thee will still be sweet,
While memory lasts, while breath commands my frame.
Words need be few. I did not think to flee
In secret; feign not so. I never lit
The bridal torch, nor plighted troth with thee.
If Fate allowed me choice, to live my life
And heal my woes at will, I first would honour
Troy, and the dear-loved remnant of my race;
Priam's tall house would stand, and Ilium's towers
My hand had for the vanquished built anew.
But Phoebus now and Lycia's oracles
Italy bid me seek, great Italy.
There is my love, my home. If Punic towers,
And Libyan city enthrall thee, Tyrian Queen,
Why dost thou grudge that Teucer's kin should hold
Ausonian fields? Doom drives us too abroad.
Me, when the world is veiled in dewy night,
When stars rise bright, my father's troubled ghost
Warns oft in sleep, and awes: my little son
Haunts me, so dear a head, of destined fields
Wrongly defrauded and the Hesperian crown.
Now the Gods' Herald, sent by Jove himself,
(Be witness both!) through the fleet air hath borne
His mandate: yea, I saw him pass the gate,
A God, in light revealed, and drank his voice.

Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis ;
Italiam non sponte sequor.

Talia dicentem iamdudum aversa tuetur,
Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis, et sic accensa profatur :
Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide ; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera tigres.
Nam quid dissimulo ? aut quae me ad maiora reservo :
Num fletu ingemuit nostro ? num lumina flexit ?
Num lacrimas victus dedit, aut miseratus amantem est ?
Quae quibus anteferam ? Iam iam nec maxuma Iuno,
Nec Saturnius haec oculis pater aspicit aequis.
Nusquam tuta fides. Eiectum litore, egentem
Excepi et regni demens in parte locavi ;
Amissam classem, socios a morte reduxi.
Heu furiis incensa feror ! Nunc augur Apollo,
Nunc Lyciae sortes, nunc et Iove missus ab ipso
Interpres divom fert horrida iussa per auras.
Scilicet is Superis labor est, ea cura quietos
Sollicitat. Neque te teneo, neque dicta refello ;
I, sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.
Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,
Supplicia hausurum scopulis, et nomine Dido
Saepe vocaturum. Sequar atris ignibus absens,
Et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero. Dabis, inprobe, poenas.
Audiam, et haec Manes veniet mihi fama sub imos.

His medium dictis sermonem abrumpit, et auras
Aegra fugit, seque ex oculis avertit et aufert,
Linquens multa metu cunctantem et multa parantem
Dicere. Suscipiunt famulae, conlapsaque membra
Marmoreo referunt thalamo stratisque reponunt.

Cease with thy plaints to inflame thyself and me:
I seek not Italy by choice."

While thus he speaks, she glares at him askance,
And with swift rolling eyes surveys him o'er,
Silent; and now, inflamed with anger, cries:
"No Goddess bore thee! Thine no Dardan stock!
Traitor! The flinty peaks of Caucasus
Got thee, Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
Why should I mask myself? why wait for more?
When hath he sighed, or looked upon my tears?
When hath he wept, or pitied her who loved?
Where should my charge begin? Not Juno now,
Not Father Jove now looks with righteous eyes.
No faith is sure! Wrecked, starved, I bade him hail,
Madly with him I shared my realm; I found
His missing ships; I saved his friends from death.
Ah, Furies burn me! Now Apollo calls,
Now Lycia bids! now, sent by Jove himself,
Comes the Gods' Herald with his mandate harsh.
What work for Gods! What care to vex their calm!
I hold thee not; I answer not. Away!
Pursue thine Italy with wind and wave!—
Yet on the rocks I hope, if Heaven can smite,
Drinking thy doom, on Dido thou wilt call.
There I shall reach thee, wrapt in sulphury flames;
And when cold death hath stript my living flesh
My ghost shall haunt thee! Well shalt thou requite,
And I shall hear the rumour in my grave!"

Therewith she breaks off speech, and from the air
Turns anguished, and from sight withdrawing leaves
Him faltering in his fear and fain to speak.
Her maids uplift her and her fainting limbs
Lay on a couch within her marble bower.

At pius Aeneas, quamquam lenire dolentem
Solando cupit et dictis avertere curas,
Multa gemens magnoque animum labefactus amore,
Iussa tamen divom exsequitur, classemque revisit.

Tum vero Teucri incumbunt et litore celsas
Deducunt toto naves. Natat uncta carina,
Frondentesque ferunt remos et robora silvis
Infabricata, fugae studio.
Migrantes cernas, totaque ex urbe ruentes.
Ac velut ingentem formicae farris acervum
Cum populant, hiemis memores, tectoque reponunt;
It nigrum campis agmen, praedamque per herbas
Convectant calle angusto; pars grandia trudunt
Obnixae frumenta umeris pars agmina cogunt
Castigantque moras; opere omnis semita fervet.

Quis tibi tum, Dido, cernenti talia sensus,
Quosve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late
Prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque videres
Misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aequor?
Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?
Ire iterum in lacrimas, iterum temptare precando
Cogitur, et supplex animos submittere amori,
Ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat.

Anna, vides toto properari litore: circum
Undique convenere; vocat iam carbasus auras,
Puppibus et laeti nautae inposuere coronas.
Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem,
Et perferre, soror, potero. Miserae hoc tamen unum
Exsequere, Anna, mihi; solam nam perfidus ille
Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus;
Sola viri molles aditus et tempora noras:
I, soror, atque hostem supplex adfare superbum:

But good Aeneas, though to soothe her pain
Sore yearning, and with words to avert her woe,
Sighing and fainting with the stress of love,
God's mandate still obeys, and seeks the ships.

From all the beach the Trojans launch with toil
Their high-built barks: again the smooth keel swims,
And oars they fetch yet leafy from the woods,
Unshaped, in haste to go.
From all the city you can see them swarm.
As when the ants, remembering winter, spoil
A heap of corn, and store it in their home.
Across the grass they move, a black thin line,
Bearing their booty; and with shoulders some
Push heavy grains, while others drill the ranks,
And scourge delay: the pathway glows with toil.

Then, Dido, seeing that, what heart was thine?
How didst thou sigh, from thy tall tower to see
The wide shore glow with men, and all the deep
Torn by their shouts? O whither, tyrant Love,
Driv'st thou not human hearts! Again to tears
Forced, and again to entreaty, she submits
Her humbled pride to love, lest any means
Be left untried, and she should vainly die.

"Anna, thou see'st the hurry on all the beach:
They gather round; the canvas calls the breeze:
The merry sailors crown the stems with green.
If I had strength to look for such a woe,
I shall have strength to bear it too. But grant,
Sister, this only boon. With none but thee
Conversed that traitor, gave his secret thoughts
To thee; thou only know'st his softer hours.
Go, sue for pity my disdainful foe.

Non ego cum Danais Troianam exscindere gent
Aulide iuravi, classemve ad Pergama misi,
Nec patris Anchisae cinerem Manesve revelli,
Cur mea dicta neget duras demittere in aures.
Quo ruit? extremum hoc miserae det munus amanti:
Exspectet facilemque fugam ventosque ferentes.
Non iam coniugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro,
Nec pulchro ut Latio careat regnumque relinquat;
Tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque furori,
Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere.
Extremam hanc oro veniam—miserere sororis—;
Quam mihi cum dederis, cumulatam morte remittam.

Talibus orabat, talesque miserrima fletus
Fertque refertque soror. Sed nullis ille movetur
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit;
Fata obstant, placidasque viri deus obstruit aures.
Ac velut annoso validam cum robore quercum
Alpini Boreae nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc
Eruere inter se certant; it stridor, et altae
Consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes;
Ipsa haeret scopulis, et, quantum vertice ad auras
Aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit:
Haud secus adsiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus heros
Tunditur, et magno persentit pectore curas;
Mens inmota manet; lacrimae volvuntur inanes.

Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat; taedet caeli convexa tueri.
Quo magis inceptum peragat lucemque relinquat,
Vidit, turicremis cum dona inponeret aris—
Horrendum dictu—latices nigrescere sacros
Fusaque in obscenum se vertere vina cruorem.
Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.
Praeterea fuit in tectis de marmore templum

I never swore at Aulis to uproot
The Trojan race: I sent no ships to Troy:
I never tore Anchises from his grave.
Why to my utterance doth he seal his ears?
Where hastes he? Let him grant his wretched love
This one last boon, and wait till winds be fair.
No more I plead for bridal vows betrayed,
Nor ask him to give up his Latian crown:
For time I pray, rest for my heart and room,
Till Fortune school me to endure defeat.
For pity, O Sister! grant my latest prayer,
And well will I repay thee, when I die!"

Thus she implores: such moans her sister takes,
And takes again: but him no moans affect.
Intractable he hears: Fate bars the way;
And God has sealed his unperturbed ears.
As when the Alpine winds together strive
Some many-wintered oak with veering blasts
To uproot. It creaks, and from the storm-lashed trunk
Leaves strew the ground; yet to the rock it clings,
And high as it uplifts to heaven its head,
So deep to Tartarus its roots extend.
Thus, buffeted by veering voices, stands
Aeneas; and his mighty heart is wrung.
Firm stands his will; and idly tears roll down.

Then, awed by Doom, unhappy Dido prays
For death, and wearies of the vaulted sky.
And more befell to urge her from the light:
For while on incensed shrines she laid her gifts,
The holy lymph turned black before her eyes,
O horrible! the wine was changed to blood!
From all, from Anna's self that sight she hid.
And in the Palace stood a marble shrine,

Coniugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat,
Velleribus niveis et festa fronde revinctum:
Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
Visa viri, nox cum terras obscura teneret;
Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Saepe queri et longas in fletum ducere voces;
Multaque praeterea vatum praedicta priorum
Terribili monitu horrificant. Agit ipse furentem
In somnis ferus Aeneas; semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam et Tyrios deserta quaerere terra.
Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,
Et solem geminum et duplices se ostendere Thebas;
Aut Agamemnonius scaenis agitatus Orestes
Armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris
Cum fugit, ultricesque sedent in limine Dirae.

Ergo ubi concepit furias evicta dolore
Decrevitque mori, tempus secum ipsa modumque
Exigit, et, maestam dictis adgressa sororem,
Consilium voltu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat:

Inveni, germana, viam—gratare sorori—
Quae mihi reddat eum, vel eo me solvat amantem.
Oceani finem iuxta solemque cadentem
Ultimus Aethiopum locus est, ubi maxumus Atlas
Axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum:
Hinc mihi Massylae gentis monstrata sacerdos,
Hesperidum templi custos, epulasque draconi
Quae dabat et sacros servabat in arbore ramos,
Spargens umida mella soporiferumque papaver.
Haec se carminibus promittit solvere mentes,
Quas velit, ast aliis duras inmittere curas;
Sistere aquam fluviis, et vertere sidera retro;
Nocturnosque ciet Manes: mugire videbis

Sacred to her dead lord, with snow-white wool
Lovingly wreathed, and crowned with festal green.
Thence, when the world was veiled in gloomy night,
Voices were heard, her husband seemed to call,
And on the roof, with wailing long drawn out,
A solitary owl would chant her dirge.
And many a word of many a prophet old
Scared her with boding fears. In fevered dreams
Aeneas goads her on ; and still she seems
Forsaken, walking one long road alone,
And looking for her kin in lands forlorn.
So raving Pentheus sees the Furies' rout,
Two suns, and double Thebes : so o'er the scene,
Haunted Orestes, Agamemnon's son,
Flees from his mother armed with snakes and fire,
While vengeful Terrors on the threshold crouch.

And when, subdued by anguish, she conceived
Madness and death, alone she planned the hour,
The method, and sad Anna thus bespake,
Masking with hopeful countenance her design :

" O Sister, give me joy ! The way is found
To bring him back to me, or set me free.
Near Ocean's end, beside the setting sun,
Lies the far Aethiops' land, where Atlas huge
Turns on his back the star-yspangled sky.
Thence a Massylian priestess I was shown,
The Hesperian temple's guardian, who preserved
The sacred boughs, and strewed with honey dews
And drowsing poppy-seed the dragon's food.
She with her charms can free what hearts she will,
Or flood with passion ; stay the rivers' flow ;
Turn back the stars, and wake the ghosts of Night.
Earth moans beneath her feet, and down the rocks

Sub pedibus terram, et descendere montibus ornos.
Testor, cara, deos et te, germana, tuumque
Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artes.
Tu secreta pyram tecto interiore sub auras
Erige, et arma viri, thalamo quae fixa reliquit
Impius, exuviasque omnes, lectumque iugalem,
Quo perii, superinponant : abolere nefandi
Cuncta viri monumenta iuvat, monstratque sacerdos.

Haec effata silet; pallor simul occupat ora.
Non tamen Anna novis praetexere funera sacris
Germanam credit, nec tantos mente furores
Concipit, aut graviora timet, quam morte Sychaei.
Ergo iussa parat.

At regina, pyra penetrali in sede sub auras
Erecta ingenti taedis atque ilice secta,
Intenditque locum sertis et fronde coronat
Funerea ; super exuvias ensemque relictum
Effigiemque toro locat, haud ignara futuri.

Stant arae circum, et crines effusa sacerdos
Ter centum tonat ore deos, Erebumque Chaosque
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianae.
Sparserat et latices simulatos fontis Averni,
Falcibus et messae ad Lunam quaeruntur aenis
Pubentes herbae nigri cum lacte veneni ;
Quaeritur et nascentis equi de fronte revolsus
Et matri praereptus amor.

Ipsa mola manibusque piis altaria iuxta
Unum exuta pedem vinclis, in veste recincta,
Testatur moritura deos et conscia fati
Sidera ; tum, si quod non aequo foedere amantes
Curae numen habet iustumque memorque, precatur.

The rowans dance. By Heaven I swear, I swear
By thy sweet life, dear sister, I am loth
To don such magic ! But in the inner court
Raise thou by stealth a pyre beneath the sky :
There let them lay the arms he impious left
Hung in my bower, his dress, the bridal bed
Where I was slain. All relics of his guilt
I fain would cancel, as the Priestess shows."

Thereat she paused, and pallor took her cheek.
Yet Anna guessed not those strange rites concealed
Her sister's death, nor dreamed of such despair ;
No worse she fears than when Sychaeus died,
And carries out her charge.

But when the pyre rose high with oak and pine
Within the inmost court, Queen Dido wreathed
The spot with garlands, and with funeral boughs
Crowned it, and laid thereon the sword he left,
His dress, his image, mindful of the end.

Around rise altars, where the Priestess calls
Three hundred Gods, Chaos and Erebus,
The tri-form Hecat, Dian triple-faced ;
And sprinkles water from Avernus feigned.
Herbs too are sought, which brazen sickles reaped
By moonlight, juicy with black poison's milk.
And from the forehead of a newborn foal
The mother's love is reft.

Then Dido, by the shrine, with one foot bare
And robe ungirdled, holds the sacred cake,
And dying prays the Gods, the Stars that know
Men's doom, the Powers, if any Powers there be,
Justly regarding hearts that love in vain.

Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
Corpora per terras, silvaeque et saeva quierant
Aequora, cum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu,
Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes pictaeque volucres,
Quaeque lacus late liquidos, quaeque aspera dumis
Rura tenent, somno positae sub nocte silenti
Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.

At non infelix animi Phoenissa, nec umquam
Solvitur in somnos, oculisve aut pectore noctem
Accipit: ingeminant curae, rursusque resurgens
Saevit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat aestu.
Sic adeo insistit, secumque ita corde volutat:

En, quid ago? rursusne procos inrisa priores
Experiar, Nomadumque petam conubia supplex,
Quos ego sim totiens iam dedignata maritos?
Iliacas igitur classes atque ultima Teucrum
Iussa sequar? quiane auxilio iuvat ante levatos,
Et bene apud memores veteris stat gratia facti?
Quis me autem, fac velle, sinet, ratibusve superbis
Invisam accipiet? nescis heu, perdita, necdum
Laomedonteae sentis periuria gentis?
Quid tum? sola fuga nautas comitabor ovantes?
An Tyriis omnique manu stipata meorum
Inferar, et, quos Sidonia vix urbe revelli,
Rursus agam pelago, et ventis dare vela iubebo?
Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem.
Tu lacrimis evicta meis, tu prima furentem
His, germana, malis oneras atque obiicis hosti.
Non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine vitam
Degere, more ferae, tales nec tangere curas!
Non servata fides, cineri promissa Sychaeo!
Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus.

'Twas Night, and all Earth's weary bodies culled
The peaceful sleep. The woods, the savage seas
Lay husht, and midway rolled the sliding stars.
Each field is still : each beast, each painted bird,
That haunts the liquid mere or tangled brake,
Beneath the silent night in slumber's lap
Heals all its cares, and all its pain forgets.

But not the woeful Queen. She never sinks
To sleep ; she draws not into eyes or heart
The quiet night. Her sorrow grows ; her love
Surges again, on seas of anger tossed ;
And thus the thoughts are rolling through her soul :

" Ah ! what to do ? Shall I derided now
Try my old loves, and beg the marriage bond
From Nomads whom I spurned ? Or shall I track
The Trojans' ships, and serve their utmost will ?
As though they still had thanks, and held my aid
To memory dear ! And who would grant my wish,
Or take to his proud fleet the hated Queen ?
Know'st thou not yet Laomedon's false sons,
O broken heart ? What ? Shall I flee alone
With those exulting crews ? or shall I sweep
With all my Tyrian guard, and drive again
O'ersea, with canvas to the breezes spread,
Whom scarce I tore from Sidon ? Nay ; with steel
Thy pain avert, and die, as thou hast earned.
Won by my tears, thou, sister, thou wert first
To heap these ills and give me to my foe.
O might I but have lived like free wild things,
That know no bridal curse, nor love like mine !
The faith I swore upon Sychaeus' grave
I have not kept ! " Such sorrow wrings her heart.

Aeneas celsa in puppi, iam certus eundi,
Carpebat somnos, rebus iam rite paratis.
Huic se forma dei voltu redeuntis eodem
Obtulit in somnis, rursusque ita visa monere est,
Omnia Mercurio similis, vocemque coloremque
Et crines flavos et membra decora iuventa :

Nate dea, potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos,
Nec, quae te circum stent deinde pericula, cernis,
Demens, nec Zephyros audis spirare secundos ?
Illa dolos dirumque nefas in pectore versat,
Certa mori, variosque irarum concitat aestus.
Non fugis hinc praeceps, dum praecipitare potestas ?
Iam mare turbari trabibus, saevasque videbis
Conlucere faces, iam fervere litora flammis,
Si te his attigerit terris Aurora morantem.
Heia age, rumpe moras. Varium et mutabile semper
Femina. Sic fatus nocti se inmiscuit atrae.

Tum vero Aeneas, subitis exterritus umbris,
Corripit e somno corpus sociosque fatigat ;
Praecipites vigilate, viri, et considite transtris ;
Solvite vela citi. Deus aethere missus ab alto
Festinare fugam tortosque incidere funes
Ecce iterum instimulat. Sequimur te, sancte deorum,
Quisquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ovantes.
Adsis o placidusque iuves, et sidera caelo
Dextra feras. Dixit, vaginaque eripit ensem
Fulmineum, strictoque ferit retinacula ferro.
Idem omnes simul ardor habet, rapiuntque ruuntque ;
Litora deseruere ; latet sub classibus aequor ;
Adnixi torquent spumas et caerula verrunt.

Et iam prima novo spargebat lumine terras

Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.
Regina e speculis ut primum albescere lucem
Vidit et aequatis classem procedere velis,
Litoraque et vacuos sensit sine remige portus,
Terque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum
Flaventesque abscissa comas, Pro Iuppiter ! ibit
Hic, ait, et nostris inluserit advena regnis ?
Non arma expedient, totaque ex urbe sequentur,
Deripientque rates alii navalibus ? Ite,
Ferte citi flammas, date tela, inpellite remos !
Quid loquor ? aut ubi sum ? Quae mentem insania mutat ?
Infelix Dido ! nunc te facta impia tangunt ?
Tum decuit, cum sceptra dabas. En dextra fidesque,
Quem secum patrios aiunt portare Penates,
Quem subiisse umeris confectum aetate parentem !
Non potui abreptum divellere corpus et undis
Spargere ? non socios, non ipsum absumere ferro
Ascanium, patriisque epulandum ponere mensis ?—
Verum anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna. Fuisset ;
Quem metui moritura ? Faces in castra tulissem,
Inplessemque foros flammis, natumque patremque
Cum genere exstinxem, memet super ipsa dedissem.

Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras,
Tuque harum interpres curarum et conscia Iuno,
Nocturnisque Hecate triviis ululata per urbes,
Et Dirae ultrices, et di morientis Elissae,
Accipite haec, meritumque malis advertite numen,
Et nostras audite preces. Si tangere portus
Infandum caput ac terris adnare necesse est,
Et sic fata Iovis poscunt, hic terminus haeret :
At bello audacis populi vexatus et armis,
Finibus extorris, conplexu avolsus Iuli,
Auxilium inploret, videatque indigna suorum

Rose, and o'er earth dispersed the virgin light,
When Dido from her tower beheld the gleam
Of whitening day, and saw the ships move out
With swelling canvas, and the harbour void.
Thrice and again she strikes her lovely breast,
And tears her golden hair.
"Dear God!" she cries,
"And shall he go, and flout my kingdom thus?
No arms leap out, not all my city chase
And drag the ships from dock? Go! Fetch me quick
Firebrands; bring arms! ply oars!—What words are these?
Where am I? O, what madness turns my wit?
Unhappy Dido, now thy guilt comes home
Too late, thy crown once shared. So loyal proved
This famous saviour of his country's gods!
This famous son who bore his ageworn sire!
O, might I not have torn him limb from limb,
To strew the sea, and slain his friends, aye, slain
His son, and served him for the father's meat?
Such strife had doubtful issue? Yea, but who
Could daunt me dying? Brands I should have borne,
And filled his decks with flame, burned son and sire,
With all their kin, and slain myself the last!

"Sun, who surveyest all the works of Earth!
Thou, Juno, conscious herald of my pain!
Hecat, whose name the midnight crossway howls!
Avenging Terrors, and ye Gods that guard
Dying Elissa, hear! O, turn your power
To punish evil! If that godless head
Must voyage safe to port; if so the doom
Of Jove demand, and there his goal is set,
Yet by a gallant nation from his land
Outcast with galling wars, torn from his son,
Help may he beg, and see his kinsmen die

Funera ; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae
Tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur ;
Sed cadat ante diem mediaque inhumatus harena.
Haec precor, hanc vocem extremam cum sanguine fundo.
Tum vos, o Tyrii, stirpem et genus omne futurum
Exercete odiis, cinerique haec mittite nostro
Munera. Nullus amor populis, nec foedera sunto.
Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor,
Qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos,
Nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt se tempore vires.
Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Inprecor, arma armis ; pugnent ipsique nepotesque.

Haec ait, et partes animum versabat in omnes,
Invisam quaerens quam primum abrumpere lucem.
Tum breviter Barcen nutricem adfata Sychaei ;
Namque suam patria antiqua cinis ater habebat :

Annam cara mihi nutrix huc siste sororem ;
Dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lympha,
Et pecudes secum et monstrata piacula ducat ;
Sic veniat ; tuque ipsa pia tege tempora vitta.
Sacra Iovi Stygio, quae rite incepta paravi,
Perficere est animus, finemque inponere curis,
Dardaniique rogum capitis permittere flammae.
Sic ait. Illa gradum studio celerabat anili.

At trepida, et coeptis inmanibus effera Dido,
Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementes
Interfusa genas, et pallida morte futura,
Interiora domus inrumpit limina, et altos
Conscendit furibunda rogos, ensemque recludit
Dardanium, non hos quaesitum munus in usus.
Hic, postquam Iliacas vestes notumque cubile

Unworthy deaths, nor, to unequal peace
Submitting, may he enjoy the wished-for day,
But fall too soon unburied on the sand.
So be it! This last word with my blood I shed.
Thenceforth, O Tyrians, all his seed pursue
With hatred! To my ashes grant this boon!
No love, no league between you. From my bones,
Avenger, rise, and chase with fire and sword
The intruding Dardans, now, hereafter, yea,
Whenever power is thine! May shore to shore
Be adverse, sea to sea, and sword to sword,
For fathers and for children endless war!"

She ceased; and in her thoughts explored each way
To slit the hateful life: and briefly thus
To Barce spake, Sychaeus' nurse, (for hers
Lay black in ashes in her native land):

"Fetch me my sister, Nurse, and bid her haste
To wash in flowing water, and to bring
The victims and sin-offerings ordained.
Thus let her come. Thou too thy temples veil
With holy bands. The rites of Stygian Jove
Duly commenced fulfilling I will end
My pain, and fire the Dardan's funeral pile."
She said: the Nurse made haste her aged feet.

But Dido, trembling, wild with purpose dread,
Rolling her blood-shot eyes, and on her cheeks
Bright burning spots, else white with coming death,
Burst through the inner door, and madly climbed
The lofty pyre, and drew the Dardan blade,
Not for such purpose given! Then, when she espied
The Trojan dress, and the familiar bed,

Conspexit, paulum lacrimis et mente morata,
Incubuitque toro, dixitque novissima verba :

Dulces exuviae, dum fata deusque sinebat,
Accipite hanc animam, meque his exsolvite curis.
Vixi, et, quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi ;
Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.
Urbem praeclaram statui ; mea moenia vidi ;
Ulta virum, poenas inimico a fratre recepi ;
Felix, heu nimium felix, si litora tantum
Numquam Dardaniae tetigissent nostra carinae !
Dixit, et, os inpressa toro, Moriemur inultae ?
Sed moriamur, ait. Sic, sic iuvat ire sub umbras.
Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Dardanus, et nostrae secum ferat omina mortis.

Dixerat ; atque illam media inter talia ferro
Conlapsam aspiciunt comites, ensemque cruore
Spumantem, sparsasque manus. It clamor ad alta
Atria ; concussam bacchatur Fama per urbem.
Lamentis gemituque et femineo ululatu
Tecta fremunt ; resonat magnis plangoribus aether.
Non aliter, quam si inmissis ruat hostibus omnis
Karthago aut antiqua Tyros, flammaeque furentes
Culmina perque hominum volvantur perque deorum.

Audiit exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursu
Unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnis
Per medios ruit, ac morientem nomine clamat.

Hoc illud, germana, fuit ? me fraude petebas ?
Hoc rogus iste mihi, hoc ignes araeque parabant ?
Quid primum deserta querar ? comitemne sororem

Awhile she paused in thought, and on the couch
Sank, full of tears, and spoke a last farewell.

"O relics sweet, while God and Fate were kind!
Receive my spirit, and free me from this woe!
I have lived my life, and run my destined course;
Now underground my mighty shade will pass.
I built a famous city: I saw it rise;
Avenged my lord, my cruel brother punished:
Happy, too happy, ah! if Dardan keels
Had never touched our shore!"
She spake; and kissed
The bed, and "Shall I die then unavenged?
Yet let me die," she adds. "Thus, thus I go
Gladly to darkness. Dardan! watch this flame!
And with thee take the curse of Dido's death!"

She ceased; but ere she ceased, her handmaids saw
Her fallen upon the steel, the sword with blood
Foaming, her hands besprent. A loud uproar
Fills the high halls, and Rumour through the town
Riots, and houses wail with many a moan
And women's shrieks. Heaven rings with loud lament,
As though all Carthage to the invading foe
Or ancient Tyre were falling, and o'er house
And holy temple rolled the raging fire.

Death-pale her sister heard; and through the crowd
Ran, mad with fear, and rent her cheeks with nails,
And beat her breast, and called the dying Queen.

"O Sister, was it this? Didst play me false?
Thy pyre, thine altars, O, was this their end?
What moan is mine, forsaken, scorned to be

Sprevisti moriens? Eadem me ad fata vocasses;
Idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tulisset.
His etiam struxi manibus, patriosque vocavi
Voce deos, sic te ut posita crudelis abessem?
Exstinxti te meque, soror, populumque patresque
Sidonios urbemque tuam. Date volnera lymphis,
Abluam, et, extremus si quis super halitus errat,
Ore legam. Sic fata gradus evaserat altos,
Semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat
Cum gemitu, atque atros siccabat veste cruores.

Illa, graves oculos conata attollere, rursus
Deficit; infixum stridit sub pectore volnus.
Ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa levavit;
Ter revoluta toro est, oculisque errantibus alto
Quaesivit caelo lucem, ingemuitque reperta.

Tum Iuno omnipotens, longum miserata dolorem
Difficilesque obitus, Irim demisit Olympo,
Quae luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus.
Nam quia nec fato, merita nec morte peribat,
Sed misera ante diem, subitoque accensa furore,
Nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice crinem
Abstulerat, Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco.

Ergo Iris croceis per caelum roscida pennis,
Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
Devolat, et supra caput adstitit: Hunc ego Diti
Sacrum iussa fero, teque isto corpore solvo.

Sic ait, et dextra crinem secat: omnis et una
Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit.

Thy death-mate? To thy doom thou shouldst have called
Me too; and let one blow, one hour take both!
Have these hands built it, calling on our Gods,
That I, unkind, might fail thee lying thus?
Thou hast slain me too, thy people, and thy lords,
Thy Carthage. Give me water; let me wash
The wounds; and if one last breath stir, my lips
Shall catch it!"
Saying thus, she climbed the steps,
And to her heart her dying sister pressed,
Moaning, and with her vesture staunched the blood.

She tried to lift her heavy eyes, again
Fell back. The death-wound grated in her breast.
Thrice, leaning on her arm, she raised her head;
Thrice on the bed fell back, with wandering eyes
Sought heaven's light, and, when she found it, moaned.

Then mighty Juno pitied her long pain
And hard departure; and from Heaven sent down
Iris, to loose from flesh the struggling soul.
For since she died not fated nor condemned,
But hapless ere her day, by sudden rage,
Not yet had Proserpine the golden tress
Cut, nor to Stygian Orcus doomed her head.

So dewy Iris flew on saffron wings,
Trailing against the sun a thousand tints,
And stood above her.
"This thy lock I take,
Sacred to Dis, and thee from flesh release."

She spake, and cut the tress. Then all the warmth
Fled, and all life went out upon the wind.

BOOK V

INTEREA medium Aeneas iam classe tenebat
Certus iter, fluctusque atros aquilone secabat,
Moenia respiciens, quae iam infelicis Elissae
Conlucent flammis. Quae tantum accenderit ignem,
Causa latet; duri magno sed amore dolores
Polluto, notumque, furens quid femina possit,
Triste per augurium Teucrorum pectora ducunt.

Ut pelagus tenuere rates, nec iam amplius ulla
Occurrit tellus, maria undique et undique caelum,
Olli caeruleus supra caput adstitit imber
Noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris.
Ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta:
"Heu! quianam tanti cinxerunt aethera nimbi?
Quidve, pater Neptune, paras?" Sic deinde locutus
Colligere arma iubet validisque incumbere remis,
Obliquatque sinus in ventum, ac talia fatur:
Magnanime Aenea, non, si mihi Iuppiter auctor
Spondeat, hoc sperem Italiam contingere caelo.
Mutati transversa fremunt et vespere ab atro
Consurgunt venti, atque in nubem cogitur aer.
Nec nos obniti contra, nec tendere tantum
Sufficimus. Superat quoniam Fortuna, sequamur,
Quoque vocat, vertamus iter. Nec litora longe
Fida reor fraterna Erycis portusque Sicanos,
Si modo rite memor servata remetior astra.

Tum pius Aeneas: Equidem sic poscere ventos
Iamdudum et frustra cerno te tendere contra.
Flecte viam velis. An sit mihi gratior ulla,
Quove magis fessas optem demittere naves,
Quam quae Dardanium tellus mihi servat Acesten,
Et patris Anchisae gremio complectitur ossa?
Haec ubi dicta, petunt portus, et vela secundi

V

MEANWHILE Aeneas his unwavering way
Sailed on, and cut the billows dark with wind ;
Yet shoreward gazed, where now the death-flames shone
Of woeful Dido. What such blaze hath lit,
They know not, but the pangs of blighted love,
What woman's rage can do, these draw their hearts
Through sad foreboding.
Now their vessels held
The open main, and no more land was seen—
Sea everywhere, and everywhere the sky—
When overhead a blue-black cloud of rain
Bore night and storm : the shuddering water gloomed.
The pilot Palinurus from the stern
Himself cried out : " What clouds invest the sky !
What wilt thou, Father Neptune ? " Saying thus,
He bade them reef the sails, and bend the oars,
Sloped to the wind his canvas, and outspake :
" Great-souled Aeneas ! Not if Jove himself
Gave warrant, could I make Italian shores
With such a sky. From the black West the winds
Rise roaring adverse ; air is crushed to cloud :
No strength is ours to thwart and stem the gale.
Since Fate is mistress, let us turn our course,
And follow where she calls. Not far, methinks,
Sicilian ports, thy brother Eryx' coast,
If rightly I recall the stars I watched."

Then good Aeneas : " Yea ; long since I marked
The winds' exaction and thy vain revolt.
Shift the sails' tack ! Were any shore more sweet ?
Where would I sooner beach my sea-worn barks
Than on that land which keeps Acestes still,
And in its lap enfolds my father's bones ? "
He ceased. They steer for harbour, while the sails

Intendunt Zephyri; fertur cita gurgite classis,
Et tandem laeti notae advertuntur harenae.

At procul excelso miratus vertice montis
Adventum sociasque rates occurrit Acestes,
Horridus in iaculis et pelle Libystidis ursae,
Troia Crimiso conceptum flumine mater
Quem genuit. Veterum non inmemor ille parentum
Gratatur reduces et gaza laetus agresti
Excipit, ac fessos opibus solatur amicis.

Postera cum primo stellas Oriente fugarat
Clara dies, socios in coetum litore ab omni
Advocat Aeneas, tumulique ex aggere fatur:

Dardanidae magni, genus alto a sanguine divom,
Annuus exactis conpletur mensibus orbis,
Ex quo reliquias divinique ossa parentis
Condidimus terra maestasque sacravimus aras.
Iamque dies, nisi fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum—sic di voluistis—habebo.
Hunc ego Gaetulis agerem si Syrtibus exsul,
Argolicove mari deprensus et urbe Mycenae,
Annua vota tamen sollemnesque ordine pompas
Exsequerer, struerемque suis altaria donis.
Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis,
Haud equidem sine mente reor, sine numine divom,
Adsumus et portus delati intramus amicos.
Ergo agite, et laetum cuncti celebremus honorem;
Poscamus ventos, atque haec me sacra quot annis
Urbe velit posita templis sibi ferre dicatis.
Bina boum vobis Troia generatus Acestes
Dat numero capita in naves; adhibete Penates
Et patrios epulis et quos colit hospes Acestes.

Boon Zephyrs fill ; and scudding o'er the waves
Joyous at last they touch the well-known strand.

Amazed, Acestes from a distant peak
Their coming saw ; and, rough with hunting-spears
And Libyan bear-skin, met the friendly ships ;
Whom to Crimisus stream his mother bore
A Trojan. Not forgetful of her race,
He bade them hail, his rustic treasure showed,
And with kind cheer consoled the wearied men.

And when the next day brightening in the East
Had chased the stars, Aeneas on the shore
Summoned his crews, and from a mound held speech :

" Dardans, O breed of high and holy blood !
The circling months have measured all the year
Since when my sacred father's bones we laid
In earth, and hallowed his funereal shrines.
Now is that day, that ever-bitter day,
Ever to be revered, God wills, by me !
Yea, were I outcast on Gaetulian Sands,
Caught in Mycenae or the Aegean main,
Even so with solemn pomps would I perform
The yearly vow, and strew his shrine with gifts.
Now, not without the will, not without care
Of Heaven, methinks, my buried father's bones
We visit, to this friendly haven borne.
Let all pay homage glad, and pray for winds,
That, when our Home is planted, I may bear
Each year such tribute to his sacred fanes.
Troy-born Acestes sends to every ship
Two head of oxen : to the feast invite
Your Guardian Gods, and those your host reveres.

Praeterea, si nona diem mortalibus almum
Aurora extulerit radiisque retexerit orbem,
Prima citae Teucris ponam certamina classis;
Quique pedum cursu valet, et qui viribus audax
Aut iaculo incedit melior levibusque sagittis,
Seu crudo fidit pugnam committere caestu,
Cuncti adsint, meritaeque exspectent praemia palmae.
Ore favete omnes, et cingite tempora ramis.

Sic fatus velat materna tempora myrto.
Hoc Helymus facit, hoc aevi maturus Acestes,
Hoc puer Ascanius, sequitur quos cetera pubes.
Ille e concilio multis cum millibus ibat
Ad tumulum, magna medius comitante caterva.
Hic duo rite mero libans carchesia Baccho
Fundit humi, duo lacte novo, duo sanguine sacro,
Purpureosque iacit flores, ac talia fatur:
Salve, sancte parens, iterum: salvete, recepti
Nequiquam cineres, animaeque umbraeque paternae.
Non licuit fines Italos fataliaque arva,
Nec tecum Ausonium, quicumque est, quaerere Thybrim.

Dixerat haec, adytis cum lubricus anguis ab imis
Septem ingens gyros, septena volumina traxit,
Amplexus placide tumulum lapsusque per aras,
Caeruleae cui terga notae maculosus et auro
Squamam incendebat fulgor, ceu nubibus arcus
Mille iacit varios adverso sole colores.
Obstipuit visu Aeneas. Ille agmine longo
Tandem inter pateras et levia pocula serpens
Libavitque dapes, rursusque innoxius imo
Successit tumulo, et depasta altaria liquit.
Hoc magis inceptos genitori instaurat honores,
Incertus, Geniumne loci famulumne parentis
Esse putet; caedit binas de more bidentes,

And should the ninth glad morning lift the light
O'er mortals, and unveil the radiant world ;
First will I frame a race for Teucrian ships ;
And who is fleet of foot, or brave of thews,
Or vaunts his skill with spear and flying shafts,
Or with the untanned cestus trusts to fight,
Let all attend, and hope for victory's palm.
Seal every lip, and wreathe your brows with green."

He with his mother's myrtle crowns his head.
Ascanius too is crowned, and Helymus,
Age-worn Acestes, and the Lords of Troy.
Then from the council to the funeral mound
He passed, the centre of the thronging host,
And poured upon the earth two bowls of wine,
Two of new milk, and two of hallowed blood,
And, showering rosy blossoms, thus he spake :
" Hail, Father, hail once more ! O sacred dust,
Rescued in vain ! Hail spirit of my sire !
Not mine with thee the Ausonian fields of fate,
Nor Tiber's stream to seek, where'er it flow ! "

He ceased ; when from the grave a slippery snake
Drew seven great coils, and with seven spires embraced
The tomb in quiet, gliding by the shrine.
Blue-spotted was his back, and flecks of gold
Shot fire across his scales, as Heaven's great Bow
Throws in the sun a thousand various hues.
Awe-struck Aeneas gazed. With long slow trail
Winding among the bowls and burnished cups,
He licked the food, then harmless to the tomb
Passed back, and left the altars where he fed.
More gladly he renews his father's rites,
Doubting if there his sire's familiar went,
Or Genius of the place. Two sheep he slays,

Totque sues, totidem nigrantes terga iuvencos;
Vinaque fundebat pateris, animamque vocabat
Anchisae magni Manesque Acheronte remissos.
Nec non et socii, quae cuique est copia, laeti
Dona ferunt, onerant aras, mactantque iuvencos;
Ordine aena locant alii, fusique per herbam
Subiiciunt veribus prunas et viscera torrent.

Exspectata dies aderat nonamque serena
Auroram Phaethontis equi iam luce vehebant,
Famaque finitimos et clari nomen Acestae
Excierat; laeto conplebant litora coetu,
Visuri Aeneadas, pars et certare parati.
Munera principio ante oculos circoque locantur
In medio, sacri tripodes viridesque coronae
Et palmae pretium victoribus, armaque et ostro
Perfusae vestes, argenti aurique talenta;
Et tuba commissos medio canit aggere ludos.
Prima pares ineunt gravibus certamina remis
Quattuor ex omni delectae classe carinae.
Velocem Mnestheus agit acri remige Pristim,
Mox Italus Mnestheus, genus a quo nomine Memmi,
Ingentemque Gyas ingenti mole Chimaeram,
Urbis opus, triplici pubes quam Dardana versu
Inpellunt, terno consurgunt ordine remi;
Sergestusque, domus tenet a quo Sergia nomen,
Centauro invehitur magna, Scyllaque Cloanthus
Caerulea, genus unde tibi, Romane Cluenti.

Est procul in pelago saxum spumantia contra
Litora, quod tumidis submersum tunditur olim
Fluctibus, hiberni condunt ubi sidera Cori;
Tranquillo silet, inmotaque attollitur unda
Campus et apricis statio gratissima mergis.

As many swine, as many dark-backed steers;
And, pouring wine, Anchises' mighty soul
Calls, and his shade from Acheron set free.
Blithely his comrades of their plenty too
The altars load with gifts, and slay the steers,
Or set the braziers, or, on turf reclined,
Lay coals beneath the spits, and roast the flesh.

The wished-for day had come. In cloudless light
Phaethon's horses brought the ninth glad morn.
Fame and Acestes' glorious name had stirred
The countryside; gay parties throng the beach,
To view the Trojans, or on contest bent.
Midmost are prizes placed in all men's sight,
Green coronals and palms, the victors' meed,
Arms, holy tripods, robes of purple stain,
Talents of gold and silver. Then the song
Of trumpet from the central mound proclaims
The Games begun.
Four ships, the choice of all,
Sweep their great oars, well-matched. With rowers keen
Mnestheus the Shark commands, soon Mnestheus he
Of Italy, from whom the Memmian clan;
Gyas the huge Chimaera's town-like mass,
Which Dardan rowers urge from triple banks,
And in three rows the level oars uprise.
Sergestus too, from whom the Sergian House,
Sails the great Centaur; and Cloanthus, sire
Of Rome's Cluentian line, the Scylla sails.

Fronting the foamy beach, far out in sea,
Rises a rock, which oft, when stars are hid
By winter gales, the tumbling billows drown.
In calm it lifts above the unruffled sea
A peaceful mead, which sunning gulls love well.

Hic viridem Aeneas frondenti ex ilice metam
Constituit signum nautis pater, unde reverti
Scirent et longos ubi circumflectere cursus.
Tum loca sorte legunt, ipsique in puppibus auro
Ductores longe effulgent ostroque decori;
Cetera populea velatur fronde iuventus
Nudatosque umeros oleo perfusa nitescit.
Considunt transtris, intentaque bracchia remis;
Intenti exspectant signum, exsultantiaque haurit
Corda pavor pulsans laudumque arrecta cupido.
Inde, ubi clara dedit sonitum tuba, finibus omnes,
Haud mora, prosiluere suis; ferit aethera clamor
Nauticus, adductis spumant freta versa lacertis.
Infindunt pariter sulcos, totumque dehiscit
Convolsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor.
Non tam praecipites biiugo certamine campum
Corripuere ruuntque effusi carcere currus,
Nec sic inmissis aurigae undantia lora
Concussere iugis pronique in verbera pendent.
Tum plausu fremituque virum studiisque faventum
Consonat omne nemus, vocemque inclusa volutant
Litora, pulsati colles clamore resultant.

Effugit ante alios primisque elabitur undis
Turbam inter fremitumque Gyas; quem deinde Cloanthus
Consequitur, melior remis, sed pondere pinus
Tarda tenet. Post hos aequo discrimine Pristis
Centaurusque locum tendunt superare priorem;
Et nunc Pristis habet, nunc victam praeterit ingens
Centaurus, nunc una ambae iunctisque feruntur
Frontibus et longa sulcant vada salsa carina.
Iamque propinquabant scopulo metamque tenebant,
Cum princeps medioque Gyas in gurgite victor
Rectorem navis compellat voce Menoeten:

Here Prince Aeneas plants a leafy goal
Of green-sprayed ilex, for the sailors' sign
Homeward from thence their weary course to bend.
They take the allotted places : on each stern
In gold and purple proud their captains shine,
While, crowned with poplar wreaths, the bare-backed crew
Gleam bright with oil. They man the thwarts, their arms
Strain to the oar, and straining they await
The signal. Every heart beats fast and faint
With throbbing fear and eager lust of fame.
Loud peals the trumpet ; all with no delay
Spring from their posts ; the sailors' shouts resound.
Under their swinging arms the water foams.
In time they cleave the furrows ; all the sea
Gapes to the rending oar and trident prow.
Less swift the racing chariots seize the course,
And from the barriers plunge : less fiercely fly
The bounding horses when the charioteer
Bends o'er his lash, and shakes the streaming reins.
Then cries of men and tumults of applause
Fill all the grove : the embosomed shores roll back
Shouts, and the hills rebound, by clamour beat.

Gyas before the rest the throng and stir
Cleaves, shooting first: Cloanthus follows nard ;
More skilled his oarsmen, but his weight of pine
Retards. Behind, at equal distance, Shark
And Centaur for the foremost lead contend.
Now the Shark holds it ; now the Centaur huge
Wins past her ; now together both abreast
Move, and the brine with long keels furrow through.
They near the rock ; the goal is in their grasp ;
When Gyas, victor in the midway surge,
Menoetes thus his helmsman stern upbraids :

Quo tantum mihi dexter abis? huc dirige gressum;
Litus ama, et laevas stringat sine palmula cautes;
Altum alii teneant. Dixit; sed caeca Menoetes
Saxa timens proram pelagi detorquet ad undas.
Quo diversus abis? iterum, Pete saxa, Menoete!
Cum clamore Gyas revocabat; et ecce Cloanthum
Respicit instantem tergo, et propiora tenentem.
Ille inter navemque Gyae scopulosque sonantes
Radit iter laevum interior, subitoque priorem
Praeterit et metis tenet aequora tuta relictis.

Tum vero exarsit iuveni dolor ossibus ingens,
Nec lacrimis caruere genae, segnemque Menoeten,
Oblitus decorisque sui sociumque salutis,
In mare praecipitem puppi deturbat ab alta;
Ipse gubernaclo rector subit, ipse magister,
Hortaturque viros, clavumque ad litora torquet.
At gravis, ut fundo vix tandem redditus imo est,
Iam senior madidaque fluens in veste Menoetes
Summa petit scopuli siccaque in rupe resedit.
Illum et labentem Teucri et risere natantem,
Et salsos rident revomentem pectore fluctus.

Hic laeta extremis spes est accensa duobus,
Sergesto Mnestheique, Gyan superare morantem.
Sergestus capit ante locum scopuloque propinquat,
Nec tota tamen ille prior praeeunte carina;
Parte prior; partem rostro premit aemula Pristis.
At media socios incedens nave per ipsos
Hortatur Mnestheus: Nunc, nunc insurgite remis,
Hectorei socii, Troiae quos sorte suprema
Delegi comites; nunc illas promite vires,
Nunc animos, quibus in Gaetulis Syrtibus usi
Ionioque mari Maleaeque sequacibus undis.
Non iam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo,

"Why steer to starboard thus? Turn hitherward!
Hug close the shore, and graze the leftward rocks!
Let others hold the deep!" But, of blind reefs
Fearful, Menoetes turned his helm to sea.
"Whither away, Menoetes? Make the rocks!"
Again cried Gyas, and looked back, and lo!
Cloanthus pressed him hard, and nearer drew.
'Twixt Gyas' vessel and the sounding cliff
Gliding within to lee, he shot ahead,
And gained safe water as he passed the goal.

Then Gyas blazed with passion, and his cheeks
Lacked not for tears; and headlong to the waves,
Forgetting pride and safety, from high stern
He flung the slow Menoetes, and himself
Holding the tiller, and himself their guide,
Cheered on his crew, and shoreward turned the helm.
But old Menoetes, when the sea at last
Gave up its burden, in his dripping weeds
Climbed forth, and sat upon a rock's dry crest.
Loud laughed the Trojans as he fell and swam:
Now, as he spews the brine, they laugh again.

Sergestus then and Mnestheus, far behind,
Burned with gay hope to pass the slackening ship.
Sergestus wins the lead, and nears the rock,
Not first by all his boat, but first by half,
Half the Shark passes with her jealous prow.
But Mnestheus in mid-ship among his crew
Paced cheering on: "Now, now swing back the oar,
Co-mates of Hector, whom in Troy's last hour
I chose companions! Now put forth that strength,
That mettle, once you showed in Afric Sands,
Ionian seas, and Malea's chasing waves!
Not pride of place I crave, nor victor's palm,

Quamquam o !—Sed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti ;
Extremos pudeat rediisse ; hoc vincite, cives,
Et prohibete nefas. Olli certamine summo
Procumbunt ; vastis tremit ictibus aerea puppis,
Subtrahiturque solum ; tum creber anhelitus artus
Aridaque ora quatit ; sudor fluit undique rivis.

Attulit ipse viris optatum casus honorem.
Namque furens animi dum proram ad saxa suburguet
Interior spatioque subit Sergestus iniquo,
Infelix saxis in procurrentibus haesit.
Concussae cautes, et acuto in murice remi
Obnixi crepuere, inlisaque prora pependit.
Consurgunt nautae et magno clamore morantur,
Ferratasque trudes et acuta cuspide contos
Expediunt, fractosque legunt in gurgite remos.
At laetus Mnestheus successuque acrior ipso
Agmine remorum celeri ventisque vocatis
Prona petit maria et pelago decurrit aperto.

Qualis spelunca subito commota columba,
Cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,
Fertur in arva volans, plausumque exterrita pennis
Dat tecto ingentem, mox aere lapsa quieto
Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas :
Sic Mnestheus, sic ipsa fuga secat ultima Pristis
Aequora, sic illam fert impetus ipse volantem.
Et primum in scopulo luctantem deserit alto
Sergestum brevibusque vadis frustraque vocantem
Auxilia et fractis discentem currere remis.
Inde Gyan ipsamque ingenti mole Chimaeram
Consequitur ; cedit, quoniam spoliata magistro est.
Solus iamque ipso superest in fine Cloanthus :

But O !—though those may win whom Neptune crowns,—
Last to return were shame. O win but this,
O shun disgrace ! "
They, straining every nerve,
Shake with their mighty strokes the brazen poop.
Back sweep the seas : their limbs and parching lips
Quiver and pant, and sweat flows streaming down.

Chance brings the prize they seek ; for, wild at heart
Sergestus inward to the rocks his prow
Turning, and entering on a perilous way,
Strikes on a jutting reef. The splintered oars
Crash on the flint ; embedded hangs the prow.
Up spring the hindered crew, and shouting use
Their iron-shod pikes and sharply pointed poles,
While from the swirling water they collect
Their broken oars. But Mnestheus in delight,
And by success enlivened, plying fast
His ordered oarage, with the winds at call,
Runs down the open shoreward-sloping sea.

As when a dove, that makes in crannied rock
Her home and pleasant nest, is startled forth,
And flies afield. She, from her dwelling scared,
Flaps loud her feathers, then in quiet air
Skims with unmoving wings her liquid way.
So Mnestheus, so the Shark her final path
Cuts, so her impulse bears her floating on.
He leaves Sergestus struggling in the crags
And shallow seas, who vainly cries for aid,
Still studying how to row with broken oars.
Then Gyas, and the huge Chimaera's mass,
He holds in chase, who, of her helmsman robbed,
Yields, and Cloanthus now alone is left.

Quem petit, et summis adnixus viribus urguet.
Tum vero ingeminat clamor, cunctique sequentem
Instigant studiis, resonatque fragoribus aether.
Hi proprium decus et partum indignantur honorem
Ni teneant, vitamque volunt pro laude pacisci;
Hos successus alit: possunt, quia posse videntur.

Et fors aequatis cepissent praemia rostris,
Ni palmas ponto tendens utrasque Cloanthus
Fudissetque preces, divosque in vota vocasset:
Di, quibus imperium est pelagi, quorum aequora curro,
Vobis laetus ego hoc candentem in litore taurum
Constituam ante aras, voti reus, extaque salsos
Porriciam in fluctus et vina liquentia fundam.
Dixit, eumque imis sub fluctibus audiit omnis
Nereidum Phorcique chorus Panopeaque virgo,
Et pater ipse manu magna Portunus euntem
Inpulit; illa Noto citius volucrique sagitta
Ad terram fugit, et portu se condidit alto.

Tum satus Anchisa, cunctis ex more vocatis,
Victorem magna praeconis voce Cloanthum
Declarat, viridique advelat tempora lauro;
Muneraque in naves ternos optare iuvencos
Vinaque et argenti magnum dat ferre talentum.
Ipsis praecipuos ductoribus addit honores:
Victori chlamydem auratam, quam plurima circum
Purpura Maeandro duplici Meliboea cucurrit,
Intextusque puer frondosa regius Ida
Veloces iaculo cervos cursuque fatigat,
Acer, anhelanti similis, quem praepes ab Ida
Sublimem pedibus rapuit Iovis armiger uncis;
Longaevi palmas nequiquam ad sidera tendunt
Custodes, saevitque canum latratus in auras.
At qui deinde locum tenuit virtute secundum,

On him he steers ; on him he drives amain.
Loud ring the shouts ; all eager urge the chase ;
The heavens with cries resound. Ashamed were these
To lose the glory gained, and very life
For fame would barter ; these success inspires ;
And power is theirs, because they think it theirs.

Now, prow to prow, the prize they might have shared,
Had not Cloanthus to the sea his palms
Outstretching prayed, and called the Gods to aid :
"Gods of the Sea, whose Ocean realm I sail !
This vow shall bind me at your shrines on shore
To offer a white bull, and o'er the waves
His entrails cast, and pour the flowing wine !"
He said ; and deep below all Phorcus' choir,
Maid Panopea and the Nymphs of Sea,
Heard him. Portunus with his own strong hand
Impelled him on : more swift than wind or shaft
Shoreward he sped, and vanished in the port.

When all were summoned, then Anchises' son
Proclaimed Cloanthus by the Herald's voice
Victor, and with green laurel crowned his brow.
A silver talent and three steers and wine
For every ship he gave ; and for their chiefs
Added his choicest meeds ; a golden scarf
The victor gained, around whose ample marge
Ran in twin waves the Meliboean dye,
And broidered there the princely boy with spear
Chased the fleet stags on leafy Ida's side,
Keen, as if panting, whom in crooked claws
Jove's armour-bearer carried thence sublime ;
Vainly the aged servitors lift up
To heaven their palms, and fiercely bay the hounds.
And he whose valour held the second place,

Levibus huic hamis consertam auroque trilicem
Loricam, quam Demoleo detraxerat ipse
Victor apud rapidum Simoenta sub Ilio alto,
Donat habere viro, decus et tutamen in armis.
Vix illam famuli Phegeus Sagarisque ferebant
Multiplicem, connixi umeris ; indutus at olim
Demoleos cursu palantes Troas agebat.
Tertia dona facit geminos ex aere lebetas,
Cymbiaque argento perfecta atque aspera signis.

Iamque adeo donati omnes opibusque superbi
Puniceis ibant evincti tempora taenis,
Cum saevo e scopulo multa vix arte revolsus,
Amissis remis atque ordine debilis uno,
Inrisam sine honore ratem Sergestus agebat.
Qualis saepe viae deprensus in aggere serpens,
Aerea quem obliquum rota transiit, aut gravis ictu
Seminecem liquit saxo lacerumque viator,
Nequiquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus,
Parte ferox, ardensque oculis, et sibila colla
Arduus attollens ; pars volnere clauda retentat
Nexantem nodis seque in sua membra plicantem.
Tali remigio navis se tarda movebat ;
Vela facit tamen, et velis subit ostia plenis.
Sergestum Aeneas promisso munere donat,
Servatam ob navem laetus sociosque reductos.
Olli serva datur, operum haud ignara Minervae,
Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati.

Hoc pius Aeneas misso certamine tendit
Gramineum in campum, quem collibus undique curvis
Cingebant silvae, mediaque in valle theatri
Circus erat ; quo se multis cum millibus heros
Consessu medium tulit exstructoque resedit.
Hic, qui forte velint rapido contendere cursu,

A hauberk won, with gold and polished rings
Triply inwove, which under Troy's high wall
From Demoleus he stripped by Simois stream,
A glory and guard in war; and scarce the slaves,
Phegeus and Sagaris, on bended backs
Could bear the many links, though Demoleus
Wore it of old, and chased the flying foe.
Two brazen cauldrons, and two silver bowls
Were the third gifts bestowed.
Thus all had now
Their prizes, and in wealthy pride went forth
Flouting the scarlet ribbands on their brows;
When, from the cruel rock scarce torn by skill,
With oars all lost, and one tier crippled, home
Sergestus sailed, inglorious, amid jeers.
Most like a serpent on the highway caught
Which some brass wheel hath crushed, or with a stone
Some wayfarer hath struck, and left half-dead.
Vainly to escape it twists its body's length;
One half is fierce with burning eyes, and lifts
A hissing neck: one half the maiming wound
Clogs, and its knots upon themselves recoil.
So, with her oarage maimed, the ship moved slow,
Yet spreading canvas crossed the bar full-sail.
Rejoicing then in ship and crew restored,
Aeneas to Sergestus gave his prize,
A Cretan slave, in weaving not unversed,
Pholoe, that bare two boys below her breast.

This contest o'er, towards a lawny mead
Aeneas bent his steps, where, girt by woods
And winding hills, within a valley's lap,
A circus lay. There he, with thousands round,
Sits in their midst enthroned, and now invites
Whoe'er would run fleet races, by rewards

Invitat pretiis animos, et praemia ponit.
Undique conveniunt Teucri mixtique Sicani,
Nisus et Euryalus primi,
Euryalus forma insignis viridique iuventa,
Nisus amore pio pueri ; quos deinde secutus
Regius egregia Priami de stirpe Diores ;
Hunc Salius simul et Patron, quorum alter Acarnan,
Alter ab Arcadio Tegeaeae sanguine gentis ;
Tum duo Trinacrii iuvenes, Helymus Panopesque,
Adsueti silvis, comites senioris Acestae ;
Multi praeterea, quos fama obscura recondit.
Aeneas quibus in mediis sic deinde locutus :
Accipite haec animis, laetasque advertite mentes :
Nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit.
Gnosia bina dabo levato lucida ferro
Spicula caelatamque argento ferre bipennem ;
Omnibus hic erit unus honos. Tres praemia primi
Accipient, flavaque caput nectentur oliva.
Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto,
Alter Amazoniam pharetram plenamque sagittis
Threiciis, lato quam circum amplectitur auro
Balteus, et tereti subnectit fibula gemma ;
Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.

Haec ubi dicta, locum capiunt, signoque repente
Corripiunt spatia audito, limenque relinquunt,
Effusi nimbo similes, simul ultima signant.
Primus abit longeque ante omnia corpora Nisus
Emicat, et ventis et fulminis ocior alis ;
Proxumus huic, longo sed proxumus intervallo,
Insequitur Salius ; spatio post deinde relicto
Tertius Euryalus ;
Euryalumque Helymus sequitur ; quo deinde sub ipso
Ecce volat calcemque terit iam calce Diores,
Incumbens umero ; spatia et si plura supersint,

Courting their ardour, and displays the gifts.
There muster Trojans and Sicilians mixed,
Euryalus and Nisus first :
One famed for beauty and the bloom of youth,
Nisus for love of him ; whom followed next
Diores, Prince of Priam's lofty line,
Salius and Patron, Acharnanian one,
But one of Tegea from Arcadian blood.
There too stood Helymus and Panopes,
Twain forest lads, of old Acestes' train ;
With many more whom fame in shadow hides.
In midst of whom Aeneas spake and said :
" Hear now, and blithely to my words give heed !
None of your tale shall leave without reward.
Two Gnossian lances, bright with polished steel,
A silver-studded axe, to each I give,
To each and all. The foremost three shall take
Prizes, and with pale olive bind the brow.
The first shall have a charger richly trapped,
The next an Amazonian quiver fraught
With Thracian arrows, which a belt of gold
Encircles and a jewelled buckle clasps ;
The third with this Greek helm must go content."

He ceased. They take their ground, and when they hear
The signal, seize the track, and from the line
Scud like a cloud, all eyes upon the goal.
But far before them all, more fleet than wind
Or wings of lightning, Nisus flashes first.
Next him, but next with ample room between,
Comes Salius, and a little space behind,
Euryalus is third.
Him Helymus pursues, and lo ! on him
Diores flying presses heel to heel
Hard on his shoulder, and had space remained,

Transeat elapsus prior, ambiguumque relinquat.
Iamque fere spatio extremo fessique sub ipsam
Finem adventabant, levi cum sanguine Nisus
Labitur infelix, caesis ut forte iuvencis
Fusus humum viridesque super madefecerat herbas.
Hic iuvenis iam victor ovans vestigia presso
Haud tenuit titubata solo, sed pronus in ipso
Concidit inmundoque fimo sacroque cruore,
Non tamen Euryali, non ille oblitus amorum ;
Nam sese opposuit Salio per lubrica surgens ;
Ille autem spissa iacuit revolutus harena.
Emicat Euryalus, et munere victor amici
Prima tenet, plausuque volat fremituque secundo.
Post Helymus subit, et nunc tertia palma Diores.
Hic totum caveae consessum ingentis et ora
Prima patrum magnis Salius clamoribus inplet,
Ereptumque dolo reddi sibi poscit honorem.
Tutatur favor Euryalum, lacrimaeque decorae,
Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.
Adiuvat et magna proclamat voce Diores,
Qui subiit palmae, frustraque ad praemia venit
Ultima, si primi Salio reddantur honores.
Tum pater Aeneas, Vestra, inquit, munera vobis
Certa manent, pueri, et palmam movet ordine nemo ;
Me liceat casus miserari insontis amici.

Sic fatus tergum Gaetuli inmane leonis
Dat Salio, villis onerosum atque unguibus aureis.
Hic Nisus, Si tanta, inquit, sunt praemia victis,
Et te lapsorum miseret, quae munera Niso
Digna dabis ? primam merui qui laude coronam,
Ni me, quae Salium, fortuna inimica tulisset.
Et simul his dictis faciem ostentabat et udo
Turpia membra fimo. Risit pater optumus olli,
Et clipeum efferri iussit, Didymaonis artes,

He had shot ahead, and passed the doubtful man.
Exhausted near the end, their final bourne
Almost they reach, when Nisus, evil-starred,
Slips in some blood as on the ground by chance
Shed from slain steers it soaked the herbage green.
He in the hour of triumph could not keep
His feet from stumbling, but amid the filth
And sacrificial blood to earth fell prone.
Not then, not once Euryalus his love
Forgetting, he uprose in Salius' path,
And tripped, and rolled him on the slippery field.
Victorious through his friend, Euryalus
Flies flashing first, mid tumults of applause.
Next him comes Helymus, Diores third.
The whole wide concourse and the fronting ranks
Of Elders then with clamour Salius fills,
Claiming the prize snatched from him by a trick.
But tears and favour for the other plead,
And worth, more pleasing in a pleasing form.
Loudly for him Diores too appeals;
Who the last prize hath reached, but reached in vain,
Should the first meed to Salius be returned.
Then spoke Aeneas: "Your rewards shall stay
Unchanged, and none their order shall disturb.
Be mine to pity my unlucky friend."

So said, to Salius a great lion's hide
Heavy with hair he gives and gilded claws.
"If such the guerdons for defeat," exclaims
Nisus, "and thou canst pity those who fell,
What prize may Nisus claim? The first were mine,
Had I not been, like Salius, Fortune's foe."
And with his words he showed his face and limbs
Foul with the slime. Then laughed the gentle Prince,
And bade them bring a targe, from Neptune's fane

Neptuni sacro Danais de poste refixum.
Hoc iuvenem egregium praestanti munere donat.

Post, ubi confecti cursus, et dona peregit :
Nunc, si cui virtus animusque in pectore praesens,
Adsit, et evinctis attollat bracchia palmis.
Sic ait et geminum pugnae proponit honorem,
Victori velatum auro vittisque iuvencum,
Ensem atque insignem galeam solatia victo.

Nec mora ; continuo vastis cum viribus effert
Ora Dares, magnoque virum se murmure tollit ;
Solus qui Paridem solitus contendere contra,
Idemque ad tumulum, quo maxumus occubat Hector,
Victorem Buten, inmani corpore qui se
Bebrycia veniens Amyci de gente ferebat,
Perculit et fulva moribundum extendit harena.
Talis prima Dares caput altum in proelia tollit,
Ostenditque umeros latos, alternaque iactat
Bracchia protendens, et verberat ictibus auras.
Quaeritur huic alius ; nec quisquam ex agmine tanto
Audet adire virum manibusque inducere caestus.
Ergo alacris, cunctosque putans excedere palma,
Aeneae stetit ante pedes, nec plura moratus
Tum laeva taurum cornu tenet, atque ita fatur :
Nate dea, si nemo audet se credere pugnae,
Quae finis standi ? quo me decet usque teneri ?
Ducere dona iube. Cuncti simul ore fremebant
Dardanidae, reddique viro promissa iubebant.

Hic gravis Entellum dictis castigat Acestes,
Proxumus ut viridante toro consederat herbae :
Entelle, heroum quondam fortissime frustra,
Tantane tam patiens nullo certamine tolli
Dona sines ? ubi nunc nobis deus ille magister

Reft by the Greeks, of Didymaon's art,
And dowered the hero with this noble gift.

The races ended, and the gifts bestowed,
"Come hither, ye whose hearts are stout and true!
Bind on the gloves," he cried, "and raise the arm!"
Offering a double prize; for him who wins
An ox fair-garlanded and decked with gold;
A sword and helm, the vanquished to console.

Uprose at once, amid the hum of men,
Dares in brawny might, who once alone
With Paris dared to strive, and at the mound
Where mighty Hector lies, struck Butes down,
Seed of Bebrycian Amycus, who bore
His haughty bulk unquelled, till Dares' arm
Outstretched him dying on the yellow sand.
E'en such was Dares, who with head upraised
For early battle, showed his shoulders' breadth,
And flung alternate arms, and smote the air.
His match is sought; but none of all that crowd
Dare meet the man, or bind the gauntlets on.
Then, deeming all to him resigned the palm,
Before Aeneas' feet alert he stood,
And grasped the bullock's horns, and thus cried out:
"O Goddess-born! If none dare trust himself
To fight, how long should Dares stand and wait?
Bid me bear off the prize." The Dardans all
Applauding, claimed for him the promised meed.

Then old Acestes, on the grass reclined
Beside Entellus, thus upbraiding spake:
"Entellus, is thine old puissance vain?
And wilt thou tamely let such prize be won
Without a fight? Where is thy guardian god

Nequiquam memoratus Eryx ? ubi fama per omnem
Trinacriam, et spolia illa tuis pendentia tectis ?
Ille sub haec : Non laudis amor, nec gloria cessit
Pulsa metu ; sed enim gelidus tardante senecta
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effetae in corpore vires.
Si mihi, quae quondam fuerat, quaque inprobus iste
Exsultat fidens, si nunc foret illa iuventas,
Haud equidem pretio inductus pulchroque iuvenco
Venissem, nec dona moror. Sic deinde locutus
In medium geminos inmani pondere caestus
Proiecit, quibus acer Eryx in proelia suetus
Ferre manum duroque intendere bracchia tergo.
Obstipuere animi : tantorum ingentia septem
Terga boum plumbo insuto ferroque rigebant.
Ante omnes stupet ipse Dares, longeque recusat ;
Magnanimusque Anchisiades et pondus et ipsa
Huc illuc vinclorum inmensa volumina versat.
Tum senior tales referebat pectore voces :
Quid, si quis caestus ipsius et Herculis arma
Vidisset tristemque hoc ipso in litore pugnam ?
Haec germanus Eryx quondam tuus arma gerebat ;—
Sanguine cernis adhuc sparsoque infecta cerebro ;—
His magnum Alciden contra stetit ; his ego suetus,
Dum melior vires sanguis dabat, aemula necdum
Temporibus geminis canebat sparsa senectus.
Sed si nostra Dares haec Troius arma recusat,
Idque pio sedet Aeneae, probat auctor Acestes,
Aequemus pugnas. Erycis tibi terga remitto ;
Solve metus ; et tu Troianos exue caestus.

Haec fatus duplicem ex umeris reiecit amictum,
Et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacertosque
Exuit, atque ingens media consistit harena.
Tum satus Anchisa caestus pater extulit aequos,
Et paribus palmas amborum innexuit armis.

Thy boasted Eryx? Where the spoils hung up
On all thy walls, thy wide Sicilian fame?"
Then he: "No fear hath beaten off the love
Of praise and glory; but my blood runs cold
With loitering age; my waning strength is numb.
Had I what once I had, what yonder knave
Exults in, had I now that youth of mine,
No need of prize or ox to lead me on,
I count not the reward." He spake, and threw
Two gauntlets in their midst, of monstrous weight,
Wherein fierce Eryx, binding on his arms
The toughened hide, oft entered on the fray.
Amazement reigns; such mighty bulls were those
Whose seven huge hides are stiff with lead and steel.
But Dares, most amazed, far back recoils.
And great Aeneas felt their weight, and turned
Over and over the large twisted thongs,
While thus the veteran: "What if any here
Had seen the gloves of Hercules himself,
And that grim battle on this very shore!
These arms thy brother Eryx bore of old,
Stained yet with blood, thou see'st, and scattered brain;
With these he fought Alcides; these I used
While fresher blood gave strength, ere niggard age
Sprinkled my brows with white. Yet if these arms
Dares declines, if so Aeneas wills,
And so Acestes sanctions, let us fight
An equal match; I waive thee Eryx' hides;
Take heart, and doff thy Trojan gauntlets too."

So saying, from his back he threw the cloak,
His mighty limbs, his mighty shoulder-blades
Bared, and amidst the ring gigantic stood.
Then gauntlets fairly matched the Prince brought forth,
And bound with equal gloves the hands of both.

Constitit in digitos extemplo arrectus uterque,
Bracchiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras.
Abduxere retro longe capita ardua ab ictu,
Inmiscentque manus manibus, pugnamque lacessunt.
Ille pedum melior motu, fretusque iuventa,
Hic membris et mole valens; sed tarda trementi
Genua labant, vastos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.
Multa viri nequiquam inter se volnera iactant,
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant et pectore vastos
Dant sonitus, erratque aures et tempora circum
Crebra manus, duro crepitant sub volnere malae.
Stat gravis Entellus nisuque inmotus eodem,
Corpore tela modo atque oculis vigilantibus exit.
Ille, velut celsam oppugnat qui molibus urbem,
Aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis,
Nunc hos, nunc illos aditus, omnemque pererrat
Arte locum, et variis adsultibus inritus urguet.
Ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus et alte
Extulit: ille ictum venientem a vertice velox
Praevidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit:
Entellus vires in ventum effudit, et ultro
Ipse gravis graviterque ad terram pondere vasto
Concidit: ut quondam cava concidit aut Erymantho,
Aut Ida in magna, radicibus eruta pinus.
Consurgunt studiis Teucri et Trinacria pubes;
It clamor caelo, primusque accurrit Acestes,
Aequaevumque ab humo miserans attollit amicum.
At non tardatus casu neque territus heros
Acrior ad pugnam redit, ac vim suscitat ira.
Tum pudor incendit vires et conscia virtus,
Praecipitemque Daren ardens agit aequore toto,
Nunc dextra ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistra;
Nec mora, nec requies: quam multa grandine nimbi
Culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros
Creber utraque manu pulsat versatque Dareta.

Each sprang on tiptoe, and undaunted raised
His arms aloft, and from the blow far back
Withdrew his head, while hand with hand commixed
Provoked the fray. One on his youth relied,
More light of foot: the other's limbs and bulk
Rose stalwart, though his trembling knees were slack,
And painful gasping shook his giant frame.
Now each at each aims many a fruitless blow,
And many on hollow side or chest resound
Loud-ringing, and the hand round ear or brow
Plays oft; with heavy blows their jaw-bones creak.
Firm stands Entellus, in one posture fixed,
And with his body only and quick eyes
Eludes each stroke. Dares as one who storms
A city, or invests a mountain fort,
Tries each approach, and all the ground with skill
Surveying presses many a vain assault.
Entellus rising shows his hand on high
Uplifted; Dares swift the coming blow
Foresees, and slips with nimble limbs aside.
His strength is spent on air, and heavy falls
Entellus' ponderous bulk, as often falls
Some hollow pine uprooted on the side
Of Erymanthus or great Ida's mount.
Eagerly Trojans and Trinacrians rise,
Shouts rend the sky. And first Acestes runs,
And from the earth in pity lifts his friend;
Who, by his fall nor stayed nor daunted, springs
Fiercer to fight, and anger wakes his force.
Then, all ablaze with shame and conscious worth,
Dares he chases headlong o'er the field,
Redoubling blows with right hand and with left.
No stay; no rest: as hailstones on the roof
Incessant rattle, so with stroke on stroke
Ceaseless with either hand he smites his foe.

Tum pater Aeneas procedere longius iras
Et saevire animis Entellum haud passus acerbis ;
Sed finem inposuit pugnae, fessumque Dareta
Eripuit, mulcens dictis, ac talia fatur :
Infelix, quae tanta animum dementia cepit ?
Non vires alias conversaque numina sentis ?
Cede deo. Dixitque et proelia voce diremit.
Ast illum fidi aequales, genua aegra trahentem,
Iactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruorem,
Ore eiectantem mixtosque in sanguine dentes,
Ducunt ad naves ; galeamque ensemque vocati
Accipiunt ; palmam Entello taurumque relinquunt.

Hic victor, superans animis tauroque superbus :
Nate dea, vosque haec, inquit, cognoscite, Teucri,
Et mihi quae fuerint iuvenali in corpore vires,
Et qua servetis revocatum a morte Dareta.
Dixit, et adversi contra stetit ora iuvenci,
Qui donum adstabat pugnae, durosque reducta
Libravit dextra media inter cornua caestus,
Arduus, effractoque inlisit in ossa cerebro.
Sternitur exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos.
Ille super tales effundit pectore voces :
Hanc tibi, Eryx, meliorem animam pro morte Daretis
Persolvo ; hic victor caestus artemque repono.

Protinus Aeneas celeri certare sagitta
Invitat qui forte velint, et praemia dicit,
Ingentique manu malum de nave Seresti
Erigit, et volucrem traiecto in fune columbam,
Quo tendant ferrum, malo suspendit ab alto.
Convenere viri, deiectamque aerea sortem
Accepit galea ; et primus clamore secundo
Hyrtacidae ante omnes exit locus Hippocoontis ;
Quem modo navali Mnestheus certamine victor
Consequitur, viridi Mnestheus evinctus oliva.

Then Prince Aeneas would no further brook
The bitter madness of Entellus' rage;
But set an end to strife, and took away
Exhausted Dares, and with words consoled:
"Unhappy man! What madness seized thy soul?
Know'st thou not altered strength and Heaven estranged?
To the Gods yield!" He spake, and stayed the fight.
But Dares to the ships his faithful friends
Lead, dragging his weak knees, and to each side
Swaying his head, while from his mouth the blood
Pours mixed with teeth. They take the helm and sword,
But to Entellus leave the palm and bull.

Proud of the bull, and high of heart, then spake
The victor: "Goddess-born, and Trojans! Learn
What might was in me in my prime of youth,
From what a death you take your Dares saved!"
He spake, and by the bull, the victor's prize,
Confronting stood, and with his right hand swung,
And, rising to the blow, his gauntlet drove
Between the horns, and shattered bone and brain.
Dead, quivering, prone to earth the great ox fell.
Then over it he spake: "This better life,
Eryx, to thee I yield, in Dares' stead.
My gloves, mine art, here, victor, I resign!"

Who now were fain to match the flying shaft
Aeneas summons, and their meed proclaims;
And with his mighty hand Serestus' mast
Uprears, and from it hangs a fluttering dove,
By twining cords tied fast, the arrows' mark.
All muster; and a brazen helm receives
The lots cast in: and first leaps out ere all
Amidst applauding cries Hippocoon's name:
Whom follows Mnestheus, in the galleys' race
Triumphant, Mnestheus still with olive crowned;

Tertius Eurytion, tuus, o clarissime, frater,
Pandare, qui quondam, iussus confundere foedus,
In medios telum torsisti primus Achivos.
Extremus galeaque ima subsedit Acestes,
Ausus et ipse manu iuvenum temptare laborem.

Tum validis flexos incurvant viribus arcus
Pro se quisque viri, et depromunt tela pharetris.
Primaque per caelum nervo stridente sagitta
Hyrtacidae iuvenis volucres diverberat auras;
Et venit, adversique infigitur arbore mali.
Intremuit malus, timuitque exterrita pennis
Ales, et ingenti sonuerunt omnia plausu.
Post acer Mnestheus adducto constitit arcu,
Alta petens, pariterque oculos telumque tetendit.
Ast ipsam miserandus avem contingere ferro
Non valuit; nodos et vincula linea rupit,
Quis innexa pedem malo pendebat ab alto;
Illa notos atque atra volans in nubila fugit.
Tum rapidus, iamdudum arcu contenta parato
Tela tenens, fratrem Eurytion in vota vocavit,
Iam vacuo laetam caelo speculatus, et alis
Plaudentem nigra figit sub nube columbam.
Decidit exanimis, vitamque reliquit in astris
Aetheriis, fixamque refert delapsa sagittam.
Amissa solus palma superabat Acestes;
Qui tamen aerias telum contendit in auras,
Ostentans artemque pater arcumque sonantem.
Hic oculis subitum obiicitur magnoque futurum
Augurio monstrum; docuit post exitus ingens,
Seraque terrifici cecinerunt omina vates.
Namque volans liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo,
Signavitque viam flammis, tenuesque recessit
Consumpta in ventos; caelo ceu saepe refixa
Transcurrunt crinemque volantia sidera ducunt.

Eurytion third, thy brother, Pandarus,
O famous! who, to break the truce erst bidden,
First hurled thy bolt upon the Achaean host!
Last in the helmet lay Acestes' name:
He too was bold to try the toils of youth.

Then each with all his strength the bended bow
Strings, and the weapons from his quiver draws:
And first Hippocoon's arrow through the sky
Sped from the shrilling cord, and cut the air,
And struck and in the wooden mast stood fixed.
The mast was shaken, and the affrighted bird
Fluttered, and widely rang the loud applause.
Then Mnestheus keen stood forth and drew the bow,
High-aiming, and with eye and shaft at one.
The bird, alas! his arrow failed to reach,
Which sundered yet the knots and hempen bonds
That tied her foot, and held her from the mast.
She to the winds and stormy clouds took flight.
Then swift Eurytion, who had kept his shaft
Long on the string, and prayed his brother's help,
Saw in the void rejoicing, and transfixed
Beneath a sable cloud the winging dove.
She fell, and in her body fixed the shaft
Brought back, but left her spirit with the stars.
Acestes only without prize remained;
Who yet his arrow launched on heavenly air,
And showed his aged skill and sounding bow.
Then glared a sudden portent, boding much
For future days, as one great issue taught,
When dread diviners read the sign at last.
For, flying in the clouds, the reed caught fire,
And marked its path with flame, and, burning out,
Passed to thin air; as when loose flying stars
Shoot in the sky, and trail their streaming locks.

Attonitis haesere animis, Superosque precati
Trinacrii Teucrique viri ; nec maxumus omen
Abnuit Aeneas ; sed laetum amplexus Acesten
Muneribus cumulat magnis, ac talia fatur :
Sume, pater ; nam te voluit rex magnus Olympi
Talibus auspiciis exsortem ducere honorem.
Ipsius Anchisae longaevi hoc munus habebis,
Cratera inpressum signis, quem Thracius olim
Anchisae genitori in magno munere Cisseus
Ferre sui dederat monumentum et pignus amoris.
Sic fatus cingit viridanti tempora lauro,
Et primum ante omnes victorem appellat Acesten.
Nec bonus Eurytion praelato invidit honori,
Quamvis solus avem caelo deiecit ab alto.
Proxumus ingreditur donis, qui vincula rupit,
Extremus, volucri qui fixit arundine malum.

At pater Aeneas, nondum certamine misso,
Custodem ad sese comitemque inpubis Iuli
Epytiden vocat, et fidam sic fatur ad aurem :
Vade age, et Ascanio, si iam puerile paratum
Agmen habet secum, cursusque instruxit equorum,
Ducat avo turmas, et sese ostendat in armis,
Dic, ait. Ipse omnem longo decedere circo
Infusum populum, et campos iubet esse patentes.

Incedunt pueri, pariterque ante ora parentum
Frenatis lucent in equis, quos omnis euntes
Trinacriae mirata fremit Troiaeque iuventus.
Omnibus in morem tonsa coma pressa corona ;
Cornea bina ferunt praefixa hastilia ferro ;
Pars leves umero pharetras : it pectore summo
Flexilis obtorti per collum circulus auri.
Tres equitum numero turmae, ternique vagantur
Ductores ; pueri bis seni quemque secuti

Spellbound in wonder to the Heavenly Gods
Trinacrians pray and Trojans ; and the Prince
Scorns not that omen, but embracing loads
With gifts the happy veteran, and bespeaks :
"Take these, O Father ! for Olympus' King
Wills by these signs that thou this added prize
Shouldst draw, this gift of old Anchises' self,
A bowl embossed with figures, which of yore
For guerdon rich Cisseus the Thracian gave
My sire, a pledge and memory of his love."
He spoke ; and with green laurel wreathed his brow ;
And named Acestes victor before all.
Nor did Eurytion grudge the prize preferred,
Though he alone had brought the bird to earth.
Next, he who brake the fetters wins reward ;
Last, who with flying reed the mast transfixed.

But Prince Aeneas, ere that match was o'er,
Called to his side Iulus' guardian friend,
Epytides, and told his trusted ear :
"Go, tell Ascanius, if his troop of boys
Be ready now, and all his horse drawn up,
To lead the squadron in his grandsire's praise,
And show his arms." Then all the invading throng
He bids withdraw, and the long course leave free.

Forth come the lads, and ranked before their sires
Shine on curbed steeds ; and, as they pass, the hosts
Of Troy and Sicily admiring shout.
Trim garlands bind their hair : two cornel spears,
Pointed with steel, they wield, or quivers bright
Across their shoulders ; and the bended gold
Entwines the throat, and falls upon the breast.
Three troops of horse are there ; and captains three
Ride to and fro, and twelve boys follow each,

Agmine partito fulgent paribusque magistris.
Una acies iuvenum, ducit quam parvus ovantem
Nomen avi referens Priamus, tua clara, Polite,
Progenies, auctura Italos ; quem Thracius albis
Portat equus bicolor maculis, vestigia primi
Alba pedis frontemque ostentans arduus albam.
Alter Atys, genus unde Atii duxere Latini,
Parvus Atys, pueroque puer dilectus Iulo.
Extremus, formaque ante omnes pulcher, Iulus
Sidonio est invectus equo, quem candida Dido
Esse sui dederat monumentum et pignus amoris.
Cetera Trinacriis pubes senioris Acestae
Fertur equis.

Excipiunt plausu pavidos, gaudentque tuentes
Dardanidae, veterumque adgnoscunt ora parentum.
Postquam omnem laeti consessum oculosque suorum
Lustravere in equis, signum clamore paratis
Epytides longe dedit insonuitque flagello.
Olli discurrere pares, atque agmina terni
Diductis solvere choris, rursusque vocati
Convertere vias infestaque tela tulere.
Inde alios ineunt cursus aliosque recursus
Adversi spatiis, alternosque orbibus orbes
Inpediunt, pugnaeque cient simulacra sub armis ;
Et nunc terga fuga nudant, nunc spicula vertunt
Infensi, facta pariter nunc pace feruntur.
Ut quondam Creta fertur Labyrinthus in alta
Parietibus textum caecis iter, ancipitemque
Mille viis habuisse dolum, qua signa sequendi
Falleret indeprensus et inremeabilis error ;
Haud alio Teucrum nati vestigia cursu
Inpediunt, texuntque fugas et proelia ludo,
Delphinum similes, qui per maria umida nando
Carpathium Libycumque secant luduntque per undas.

Like masters ruling each bright several band.
The first triumphal line young Priam leads,
Bearing his grandsire's name, thy glorious seed,
Polites, who shall breed Italian men.
A Thracian horse rides he, with pasterns white,
Piebald, and tossing high a snowwhite front.
Then Atys, whence the Latin Atii sprang,
Young Atys, young Iulus' boyish love.
Last, fair above them all, Iulus rides
A Tyrian steed, which radiant Dido gave
To bear the pledge and memory of her love.
The rest on horses of Trinacria ride,
Acestes' chargers.

Joyful the Dardans gaze, their tremors greet
With cheers, and recognise their fathers' looks.
When gaily they had ranged on horseback round
Before all eyes, Epytides from far
Gave the awaited sign, and cracked his whip.
They gallop off, and into equal files
Breaking each band, diverge ; and then, recalled,
Wheel round, and bear their lances at the charge,
Now they advance, and now in full retreat
Contrary move, alternate orb in orb
Entangling, as they wage a phantom war ;
Now bare their backs in flight, now turn the spear
Fronting the foe, now ride at peace together.
As once the storied Labyrinth in Crete
Screened in its sightless walls a baffling road,
A thousand paths, where every clue was lost
In undiscovered maze without return ;
In such a track the sons of Troy their steps
Entangling weave their game of flight and fray ;
Like dolphins, that in wet Carpathian seas
Or cutting Libyan waves disport and swim.

Hunc morem cursus atque haec certamina primus
Ascanius, Longam muris cum cingeret Albam,
Rettulit et priscos docuit celebrare Latinos,
Quo puer ipse modo, secum quo Troia pubes;
Albani docuere suos; hinc maxuma porro
Accepit Roma, et patrium servavit honorem;
Troiaque nunc pueri, Troianum dicitur agmen.

Hac celebrata tenus sancto certamina patri.
Hic primum Fortuna fidem mutata novavit.
Dum variis tumulo referunt sollemnia ludis,
Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno
Iliacam ad classem, ventosque adspirat eunti,
Multa movens, necdum antiquum saturata dolorem.
Illa, viam celerans per mille coloribus arcum,
Nulli visa cito decurrit tramite virgo.
Conspicit ingentem concursum, et litora lustrat,
Desertosque videt portus classemque relictam.
At procul in sola secretae Troades acta
Amissum Anchisen flebant, cunctaeque profundum
Pontum adspectabant flentes. Heu tot vada fessis
Et tantum superesse maris! vox omnibus una.
Urbem orant; taedet pelagi perferre laborem.
Ergo inter medias sese haud ignara nocendi
Coniicit, et faciemque deae vestemque reponit;
Fit Beroe, Tmarii coniunx longaeva Dorycli,
Cui genus et quondam nomen natique fuissent;
Ac sic Dardanidum mediam se matribus infert:
O miserae, quas non manus, inquit, Achaica bello
Traxerit ad letum patriae sub moenibus! o gens
Infelix, cui te exitio Fortuna reservat?
Septuma post Troiae exscidium iam vertitur aestas,
Cum freta, cum terras omnes, tot inhospita saxa
Sideraque emensae ferimur, dum per mare magnum
Italiam sequimur fugientem, et volvimur undis.

These sports, this mode of riding, when he built
Long Alba's walls, Ascanius first revived,
And taught the pristine Latins to observe,
As he had learned them and the youth of Troy.
The Albans taught their sons ; thence mighty Rome
Received them, and the ancestral use preserved.
" *Troy* " now the boys are named, " *The Trojan troop.*"

So sped the contests to that hallowed sire,
Till Fortune changed, and broke at last her faith.
While at his tomb they held those solemn Games,
Saturnian Juno to the Trojan ships
Sent Iris down, and breathed a speeding wind,
Much scheming, and her ancient pain unslaked.
She by the many-coloured Bow her way
Runs quickly down, a maiden seen of none,
Scans the vast crowd, and, as she tracks the coast,
Sees ports abandoned and forsaken ships.
But Ilian wives, far on the lone sea-bank,
Wept for Anchises ; and all weeping viewed
The unfathomed main. " Ah ! voyage-worn, what seas
Await us still ! "—on every lip one cry.
Tired of the toiling waves, they crave a Home.
So in their midst, in mischief not unschooled,
Lighting, she doffed her Heavenly mien and dress,
Transformed to Beroe, the age-struck wife
Of Doryclus, who once had race and name
And sons ; so came she to the Dardan dames.
" Oh hapless ye," she cries, " whom warring Greeks
Dragged not to death beneath your native walls !
Unhappy race ! what bane hath Fate in store ?
Now, since Troy fell, the seventh summer wanes,
Whilst we o'er seas and lands outwatch the stars
By crags unharboured, and through rolling waves
Chase those Italian shores which ever fly.

Hic Erycis fines fraterni, atque hospes Acestes :
Quis prohibet muros iacere et dare civibus urbem ?
O patria et rapti nequiquam ex hoste Penates,
Nullane iam Troiae dicentur moenia ? nusquam
Hectoreos amnes, Xanthum et Simoenta, videbo ?
Quin agite et mecum infaustas exurite puppes.
Nam mihi Cassandrae per somnum vatis imago
Ardentes dare visa faces : Hic quaerite Troiam ;
Hic domus est, inquit, vobis. Iam tempus agi res,
Nec tantis mora prodigiis. En quattuor arae
Neptuno ; deus ipse faces animumque ministrat.

Haec memorans prima infensum vi corripit ignem,
Sublataque procul dextra connixa coruscat,
Et iacit. Arrectae mentes stupefactaque corda
Iliadum. Hic una e multis, quae maxuma natu,
Pyrgo, tot Priami natorum regia nutrix :
Non Beroe vobis, non haec Rhoeteia, matres,
Est Dorycli coniunx ; divini signa decoris
Ardentesque notate oculos ; qui spiritus illi
Qui voltus, vocisque sonus, vel gressus eunti.
Ipsa egomet dudum Beroen digressa reliqui
Aegram, indignantem, tali quod sola careret
Munere, nec meritos Anchisae inferret honores.
Haec effata.
At matres primo ancipites, oculisque malignis
Ambiguae spectare rates miserum inter amorem
Praesentis terrae fatisque vocantia regna :
Cum dea se paribus per caelum sustulit alis
Ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum.
Tum vero attonitae monstris actaeque furore
Conclamant, rapiuntque focis penetralibus ignem ;
Pars spoliant aras, frondem ac virgulta facesque
Coniiciunt. Furit inmissis Volcanus habenis
Transtra per et remos et pictas abiete puppes.

'Tis Eryx' land ; Acestes is our host :
Who disallows us here to build our Home ?
O Fatherland ! O Housegods saved in vain !
Shall not a Troy be told of ? Shall I see
Simois no more and Xanthus, Hector's streams ?
Nay, up ! and burn with me the accursed ships !
For, while I slept, Cassandra's boding shape
Gave me these brands. 'Here seek your Troy,' said she,
'Here is your Home !' The hour is come : delay
Such portents brook not. Lo, yon altars four
To Neptune ! God himself lends heart and fire !"

So saying, she seized first the baleful flame,
And raised her hand, and swung it blazing round,
And threw. Amazement seized the women's hearts,
And one, their eldest, Pyrgo, royal Nurse
To Priam's many sons : "Not Beroe,
I tell you, dames," she said, "no Trojan wife
Of Doryclus is this. The Heavenly grace
Mark, and the beaming eye, her presence note,
Her looks, her tones, the movings of her feet !
Nay, I myself left Beroe but now
Sick, fretting that she only missed our rites,
Nor paid due worship to Anchises' shade."
Such words said she.
But first they glared upon the ships in doubt ;
Halting between sore passion for the land
Already theirs, and Fate's imperial call.
But, when the Goddess rose on level wings,
And, flying Heavenward, clave the Bow's great arch,
Then, awed by portents, and by fury driven,
From inner hearths they seize the flame, or rob
The altars, clamorous, hurling leaf and bough
And torch. The Fire-God with unbridled rage
Leaps over thwarts and oars and painted stems.

Nuntius Anchisae ad tumulum cuneosque theatri
Incensas perfert naves Eumelus, et ipsi
Respiciunt atram in nimbo volitare favillam.
Primus et Ascanius, cursus ut laetus equestres
Ducebat, sic acer equo turbata petivit
Castra, nec exanimes possunt retinere magistri.

Quis furor iste novus ? quo nunc, quo tenditis, inquit,
Heu miserae cives ? non hostem inimicaque castra
Argivom, vestras spes uritis. En, ego vester
Ascanius ! galeam ante pedes proiecit inanem,
Qua ludo indutus belli simulacra ciebat.
Adcelerat simul Aeneas, simul agmina Teucrum.
Ast illae diversa metu per litora passim
Diffugiunt, silvasque et sicubi concava furtim
Saxa petunt ; piget incepti lucisque, suosque
Mutatae adgnoscunt, excussaque pectore Iuno est.
Sed non idcirco flammae atque incendia vires
Indomitas posuere ; udo sub robore vivit
Stuppa vomens tardum fumum, lentusque carinas
Est vapor et toto descendit corpore pestis,
Nec vires heroum infusaque flumina prosunt.
Tum pius Aeneas umeris abscindere vestem,
Auxilioque vocare deos, et tendere palmas :

Iuppiter omnipotens, si nondum exosus ad unum
Troianos, si quid pietas antiqua labores
Respicit humanos, da flammam evadere classi
Nunc, Pater, et tenues Teucrum res eripe leto.
Vel tu, quod superest, infesto fulmine morti,
Si mereor, demitte, tuaque hic obrue dextra.

Vix haec ediderat, cum effusis imbribus atra
Tempestas sine more furit, tonitruque tremescunt
Ardua terrarum et campi ; ruit aethere toto

Turbidus imber aqua densisque nigerrimus austris ;
Implenturque super puppes ; semiusta madescunt
Robora ; restinctus donec vapor omnis, et omnes,
Quattuor amissis, servatae a peste carinae.

At pater Aeneas, casu concussus acerbo
Nunc huc ingentes, nunc illuc pectore curas
Mutabat versans, Siculisne resideret arvis,
Oblitus fatorum, Italasne capesseret oras.
Tum senior Nautes, unum Tritonia Pallas
Quem docuit multaque insignem reddidit arte ;
Haec responsa dabat, vel quae portenderet ira
Magna deum, vel quae fatorum posceret ordo ;
Isque his Aenean solatus vocibus infit :
Nate dea, quo fata trahunt retrahuntque, sequamur ;
Quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.
Est tibi Dardanius divinae stirpis Acestes :
Hunc cape consiliis socium et coniunge volentem ;
Huic trade, amissis superant qui navibus, et quos
Pertaesum magni incepti rerumque tuarum est ;
Longaevosque senes ac fessas aequore matres,
Et quidquid tecum invalidum metuensque pericli est,
Delige, et his habeant terris sine moenia fessi ;
Urbem appellabunt permisso nomine Acestam.

Talibus incensus dictis senioris amici,
Tum vero in curas animo diducitur omnes :
Et Nox atra polum bigis subvecta tenebat.
Visa dehinc caelo facies delapsa parentis
Anchisae subito tales effundere voces :
Nate, mihi vita quondam, dum vita manebat,
Care magis, nate, Iliacis exercite fatis,
Imperio Iovis huc venio, qui classibus ignem
Depulit, et caelo tandem miseratus ab alto est.
Consiliis pare, quae nunc pulcherrima Nautes

With driving South winds dark, from all the sky,
And filled the ships, and soaked the half-burnt wood,
Till every flame was quenched, and all the ships,
Save four that perished, from the bane were saved.

But Prince Aeneas, by that sad mischance
Sore stricken, rolls the burden of his thoughts
This way and that. There should he make his Home,
Heedless of Fate, or grasp Italian shores?
Whereon old Nautes, he whom more than all
Pallas had taught, and given wondrous skill,
And how to answer what the Gods' stern wrath
Threatens, and what the course of Fate demands,
He thus consoling to Aeneas spake:
"Follow we, Goddess-born, Fate's ebb and flow.
Whate'er befall, we conquer when we bear.
Dardan Acestes is of Heavenly birth!
Him take a ready co-mate in thy plans;
To him give all whose ships are lost, and all
Who of thy mighty purpose faint and tire;
The aged men, the mothers worn with sea,
Whate'er is weak, whate'er is timorous
Search out, and here let those faint-hearted dwell.
Acesta they shall call their city's name."

So spake his ancient friend, and cheered his heart
Racked yet with care, while darkling o'er the sky
Night drove her steeds. Then sudden on his sight
Falling from heaven the semblance of his sire
Anchises came, and uttered thus his voice:
"Son, dearer far than life, while life was mine!
Son, tried by Ilium's doom! I hither come
By Jove's command, who from thy ships hath driven
These flames, and pitied thee from Heaven at last.
Obey the counsel aged Nautes gives

Dat senior; lectos iuvenes, fortissima corda,
Defer in Italiam; gens dura atque aspera cultu
Debellanda tibi Latio est. Ditis tamen ante
Infernas accede domos, et Averna per alta
Congressus pete, nate, meos. Non me impia namque
Tartara habent tristesve umbrae, sed amoena piorum
Concilia Elysiumque colo. Huc casta Sibylla
Nigrarum multo pecudum te sanguine ducet.
Tum genus omne tuum, et quae dentur moenia, disces.
Iamque vale; torquet medios Nox umida cursus,
Et me saevus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis.

Dixerat, et tenues fugit, ceu fumus, in auras.
Aeneas, Quo deinde ruis? quo proripis? inquit,
Quem fugis? aut quis te nostris conplexibus arcet?
Haec memorans cinerem et sopitos suscitat ignes,
Pergameumque Larem et canae penetralia Vestae
Farre pio et plena supplex veneratur acerra.

Extemplo socios primumque arcessit Acesten,
Et Iovis imperium et cari praecepta parentis
Edocet, et quae nunc animo sententia constet.
Haud mora consiliis, nec iussa recusat Acestes.
Transcribunt urbi matres, populumque volentem
Deponunt, animos nil magnae laudis egentes.
Ipsi transtra novant, flammisque ambesa reponunt
Robora navigiis, aptant remosque rudentesque,
Exigui numero, sed bello vivida virtus.

Interea Aeneas urbem designat aratro.
Sortiturque domos; hoc Ilium et haec loca Troiam
Esse iubet. Gaudet regno Troianus Acestes,
Indicitque forum et patribus dat iura vocatis.
Tum vicina astris Erycino in vertice sedes
Fundatur Veneri Idaliae, tumuloque sacerdos
Ac lucus late sacer additur Anchiseo.

Most seemly. Bear thy chosen bravest hearts
To Italy. A people rude and rough
There wait thy quelling. But the infernal halls
Of Dis first enter, and, Avernus passed,
Meet me, my son! Me no sad shades enfold,
Nor Tartarus; but converse of the pure,
Elysian bliss is mine. There shall the Maid,
The Sibyl, lead thee with black victims' blood.
There shalt thou learn thy promised race and home.
Farewell! The night rolls midway; and I feel
The savage panting of the steeds of Morn!"

He ceased; and fled like smoke into thin air.
"O whither, whither now?" Aeneas cried,
"Whom dost thou fly? Who keeps thee from our arms?"
So saying, he aroused the sleeping fire,
And with blest meal and incense paid the vow
To Trojan Lares, and white Vesta's shrine.

Forthwith he calls his friends, Acestes first,
Jove's mandate teaches, and the precepts given
By his dear father, and his own firm will.
Nor halt his plans, nor doth the King refuse.
The mothers are enrolled, and those who will
Debarked, poor souls who nought of glory crave.
The rest their thwarts renew, replace the wood
Eaten by flames, fix oars and cordage fresh;
Few by the count, but hearts of living fire.

Meanwhile Aeneas with a plough marks out
The town, allotting homes: makes here a Troy,
An Ilium here. Acestes reigned content,
Stablished a court, and gave a Senate laws;
And near the stars upreared, on Eryx' crest,
A Fane for Venus, and to Anchises' tomb
A Priest assigned, and widely hallowed grove.

Iamque dies epulata novem gens omnis, et aris
Factus honos : placidi straverunt aequora venti,
Creber et adspirans rursus vocat Auster in altum.
Exoritur procurva ingens per litora fletus ;
Conplexi inter se noctemque diemque morantur.
Ipsae iam matres, ipsi, quibus aspera quondam
Visa maris facies et non tolerabile nomen,
Ire volunt, omnemque fugae perferre laborem.
Quos bonus Aeneas dictis solatur amicis,
Et consanguineo lacrimans commendat Acestae.
Tres Eryci vitulos et Tempestatibus agnam
Caedere deinde iubet, solvique ex ordine funem.
Ipse, caput tonsae foliis evinctus olivae,
Stans procul in prora pateram tenet, extaque salsos
Porricit in fluctus ac vina liquentia fundit.
Prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntes.
Certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora verrunt.

At Venus interea Neptunum exercita curis
Adloquitur, talesque effundit pectore questus :
Iunonis gravis ira nec exsaturabile pectus
Cogunt me, Neptune, preces descendere in omnes ;
Quam nec longa dies, pietas nec mitigat ulla,
Nec Iovis imperio fatisque infracta quiescit.
Non media de gente Phrygum exedisse nefandis
Urbem odiis satis est, nec poenam traxe per omnem :
Reliquias Troiae, cineres atque ossa peremptae
Insequitur. Causas tanti sciat illa furoris.
Ipse mihi nuper Libycis tu testis in undis
Quam molem subito excierit : maria omnia caelo
Miscuit, Aeoliis nequiquam freta procellis,
In regnis hoc ausa tuis.
Per scelus ecce etiam Troianis matribus actis
Exussit foede puppes, et classe subegit
Amissa socios ignotae linquere terrae.

Nine days had all men feasted, and each shrine
Honoured, and quiet winds had calmed the main.
Again the South blew up and called to sea.
Then on the hollow shores lament was loud;
And fond embraces stayed the night and day.
The mothers and the men who lately shrank
From sight of sea, and shuddered at its name,
Now fain would go and bear their travail out;
Whom good Aeneas soothes with words benign,
And to their King and kinsman trusts with tears.
Three calves to Eryx, to the Storms a lamb
He bids them slay, and cast the cable loose;
Then, wreathed with leaves of olive, on the prow
Standing afar, he holds the cup, and sheds
Entrails upon the flood, and flowing wine.
A wind that follows wafts them, and they dip
Stoutly their rival oars, and sweep the sea.

But Venus in the meanwhile, racked with care,
Addressing Neptune, thus her trouble breathed:
"Juno's great wrath, O Neptune! Juno's heart
Insatiate, make me stoop to every prayer.
Nor time nor goodness cure her; not Jove's Will,
Nor Fate, have stilled her rage. 'Tis not enough
From Phrygia's heart with hate to have devoured
Troy town, and dragged her through all pain and woe.
Troy's remnant still, her very bones and ash,
She hunts; I pray she knows what makes her wrath!
Thyself art witness what a coil she stirred
On Libyan waters, mingling sea and sky,
In vain reliance on Aeolian storms.
This in thy realm she dared.
And lo! to crime the Trojan dames she hath driven,
Burning his vessels, and, his ships all lost,
Forced him to leave his friends on alien shores.

Quod superest, oro, liceat dare tuta per undas
Vela tibi, liceat Laurentem attingere Thybrim,
Si concessa peto, si dant ea moenia Parcae.

Tum Saturnius haec domitor maris edidit alti :
Fas omne est, Cytherea, meis te fidere regnis,
Unde genus ducis. Merui quoque ; saepe furores
Compressi et rabiem tantam caelique marisque.
Nec minor in terris, Xanthum Simoentaque testor,
Aeneae mihi cura tui. Cum Troia Achilles
Exanimata sequens inpingeret agmina muris,
Millia multa daret leto, gemerentque repleti
Amnes, nec reperire viam atque evolvere posset
In mare se Xanthus, Pelidae tunc ego forti
Congressum Aenean nec dis nec viribus aequis
Nube cava rapui, cuperem cum vertere ab imo
Structa meis manibus periurae moenia Troiae.
Nunc quoque mens eadem perstat mihi ; pelle timorem.
Tutus, quos optas, portus accedet Averni.
Unus erit tantum, amissum quem gurgite quaeres ;
Unum pro multis dabitur caput.

His ubi laeta deae permulsit pectora dictis,
Iungit equos auro Genitor, spumantiaque addit
Frena feris, manibusque omnes effundit habenas.
Caeruleo per summa levis volat aequora curru ;
Subsidunt undae, tumidumque sub axe tonanti
Sternitur aequor aquis, fugiunt vasto aethere nimbi.
Tum variae comitum facies, inmania cete,
Et senior Glauci chorus, Inousque Palaemon,
Tritonesque citi, Phorcique exercitus omnis ;
Laeva tenent Thetis, et Melite, Panopeaque virgo,
Nesaee, Spioque, Thaliaque, Cymodoceque.

Hic patris Aeneae suspensam blanda vicissim

Let what remains, I pray, in safety sail
Thy waves : O ! let them reach the Tiber's stream,
If Fate permit, if there she grant their Home ?"

To whom the Lord of Ocean, Saturn's son :
" Venus, 'tis very right to trust my realm,
Whence thou art sprung. And I deserve it ; oft
I quelled such ravings of the sky and sea.
Nor less on land, Xanthus and Simois know,
I cared for thine Aeneas. When Troy's ranks
Achilles on their ramparts breathless hurled,
And dealt a thousand deaths ; when every stream
Roared choking, nor could Xanthus find his way,
And roll to sea, then from Pelides bold
When Gods nor strength were matched in hollow mist
I rapt Aeneas, though I longed to raze
Those walls of perjured Troy mine hands had wrought.
Now too that purpose holds ; dispel thy fear.
Safe, as thou wilt, Avernus he shall gain :
One only shalt thou look for, lost in sea ;
One life for many shall be paid."

He with such words the Goddess' heart made glad :
Then yoked his steeds with gold, the foamy bits
Fixed, and the reins let slacken in his grasp,
While in his sea-blue car he skimmed the main.
The waves sink down ; beneath his thundering wheels
Rough seas are smoothed ; aloft the storm-clouds fly.
Strange shapes are in his train ; unwieldy whales,
Old Glaucon's choir, Palaemon, Ino's child,
Swift Tritons, Phorcus' host, and on his left,
Nesaee, Spio, Panopea fair,
Thalia and Thetys and Cymodoce.

With peace and joy Aeneas' anxious heart

Gaudia pertemptant mentem ; iubet ocius omnes
Attolli malos, intendi bracchia velis.
Una omnes fecere pedem, pariterque sinistros,
Nunc dextros, solvere sinus ; una ardua torquent
Cornua detorquentque ; ferunt sua flamina classem.
Princeps ante omnes densum Palinurus agebat
Agmen ; ad hunc alii cursum contendere iussi.

Iamque fere mediam caeli Nox umida metam
Contigerat ; placida laxabant membra quiete
Sub remis fusi per dura sedilia nautae :
Cum levis aetheriis delapsus Somnus ab astris
Aera dimovit tenebrosum et dispulit umbras,
Te, Palinure, petens, tibi somnia tristia portans
Insonti ; puppique deus consedit in alta,
Phorbanti similis, funditque has ore loquelas :

Iaside Palinure, ferunt ipsa aequora classem ;
Aequatae spirant aurae ; datur hora quieti.
Pone caput, fessosque oculos furare labori.
Ipse ego paulisper pro te tua munera inibo.
Cui vix attollens Palinurus lumina fatur :
Mene salis placidi voltum fluctusque quietos
Ignorare iubes ? mene huic confidere monstro ?
Aenean credam quid enim fallacibus auris
Et caeli totiens deceptus fraude sereni ?

Talia dicta dabat, clavumque affixus et haerens
Nusquam amittebat, oculosque sub astra tenebat.
Ecce deus ramum Lethaeo rore madentem
Vique soporatum Stygia super utraque quassat
Tempora, cunctantique natantia lumina solvit.
Vix primos inopina quies laxaverat artus :
Et superincumbens cum puppis parte revolsa
Cumque gubernaclo liquidas proiecit in undas

Again is thrilled. He bids them raise the masts;
And spread the arms with sail. Together all
They set the sheet; together left and right
They slacken sails; together twist and turn
The soaring horns. Fair breezes blow the ship.
But Palinurus first the close array
Leads, and by him the rest obedient steer.

Now dewy Night to the mid goal of heaven
Was drawing near. On benches by their oars,
With limbs unbent, the laboured crews lay still;
When Slumber, lightly parting the dun air,
Slid from the starry sky, and came to thee,
O Palinurus! bringing thee sad dreams,
Guiltless! and on the high-built stern the God
In Phorbas' semblance sate, while thus he spake:

"Pilot! the sea itself bears on the ship.
Fair blows the wind: the hour to rest is given.
Lie down, and steal thy wearied eyes from toil.
I, in thy stead, will ply thy task awhile."
With eyes scarce raised, the pilot answered him.
"And am not I to know the sleek sea's face?
Am I to trust this monster, and shall I
Confide Aeneas to the fickle winds,
I, by the false fair heavens so often duped?"

So saying, to the helm he clung, nor lost
His hold, but kept his eyes upon the stars.
When lo! the God shook o'er his brows a branch
Sleepy with Stygian drench, and wet with dews
Of Lethe, and declined the lingering lids.
Scarce had the stealing peace unbent his limbs,
When Slumber stooped, and him to weltering seas
Flung headlong down, with helm and half the stern

Praecipitem ac socios nequiquam saepe vocantem ;
Ipse volans tenues se sustulit ales ad auras.

Currit iter tutum non setius aequore classis,
Promissisque patris Neptuni interrita fertur.
Iamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat,
Difficiles quondam multorumque ossibus albos,
Tum rauca adsiduo longe sale saxa sonabant :
Cum pater amisso fluitantem errare magistro
Sensit, et ipse ratem nocturnis rexit in undis,
Multa gemens, casuque animum concussus amici :
O nimium caelo et pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignota, Palinure, iacebis harena.

Shattered, oft calling on his mates in vain.
Then to the viewless winds he winged his way.

Not less the ships speed safely, undismayed
In Neptune's promise o'er the watery track ;
Until they neared the Sirens' cliffs, of yore
Perilous, and white with many a sailor's bones.
Still the hoarse sea was moaning round the rocks.
Then, when he saw his ship, with helmsman lost,
Drifting, Aeneas, in the midnight seas,
Steered her himself, and mourned his friend's mischance:
" Dupe of fair skies and sea, thy corpse shall lie
Bare, Palinurus, on an alien shore ! "

BOOK VI

HIC fatur lacrimans, classique inmittit habenas,
Et tandem Euboicis Cumarum adlabitur oris.
Obvertunt pelago proras ; tum dente tenaci
Ancora fundabat naves, et litora curvae
Praetexunt puppes. Iuvenum manus emicat ardens
Litus in Hesperium ; quaerit pars semina flammae
Abstrusa in venis silicis, pars densa ferarum
Tecta rapit silvas, inventaque flumina monstrat.

At pius Aeneas arces, quibus altus Apollo
Praesidet, horrendaeque procul secreta Sibyllae,
Antrum inmane, petit, magnam cui mentem animumque
Delius inspirat vates aperitque futura.
Iam subeunt Triviae lucos atque aurea tecta.

Daedalus, ut fama est, fugiens Minoia regna,
Praepetibus pennis ausus se credere caelo,
Insuetum per iter gelidas enavit ad Arctos,
Chalcidicaque levis tandem super adstitit arce.
Redditus his primum terris, tibi, Phoebe, sacravit
Remigium alarum, posuitque inmania templa.
In foribus letum Androgeo ; tum pendere poenas
Cecropidae iussi—miserum !—septena quot annis
Corpora natorum ; stat ductis sortibus urna.
Contra elata mari respondet Gnosia tellus :
Hic crudelis amor tauri, suppostaque furto
Pasiphae, mixtumque genus prolesque biformis
Minotaurus inest, Veneris monumenta nefandae ;
Hic labor ille domus et inextricabilis error ;
Magnum reginae sed enim miseratus amorem
Daedalus, ipse dolos tecti ambagesque resolvit,
Caeca regens filo vestigia. Tu quoque magnam
Partem opere in tanto, sineret dolor, Icare, haberes.
Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro ;
Bis patriae cecidere manus.

WEEPING he spake, and gave his fleet the rein ;
And touched at last Euboean Cumae's shore.
Seaward they turn the prows ; the anchor's tooth
Holds fast each galley ; and the beach is fringed
With curving sterns. A band of hope-flushed men
Leap on Hesperia's soil ; and part from flint
Strike hidden seeds of fire ; part scour the woods,
The wild beasts' home, and point to streams new-found.

But towards the hill which high Apollo rules
Aeneas hastens, where the Sibyl's cave
Lies vast and lone, on whom the Delian breathes
An ampler soul, unfolding things to come.
The Trivian Grove they reach, the House of Gold.

'Tis famed that Daedalus, from Minos' realm,
Trusting the air with wings, to the cold North
Fled, swimming far his unaccustomed way :
Till, lightly dropping on Chalcidian cliffs,
To thee, O Phoebus ! safe on land, he vowed
His oary pens, and built thy mighty fane.
Androgeus' death he graved upon the doors,
And Cecrops' sons atoning year by year
With seven young lives ; the urn, the lots new-drawn
And opposite Crete standing out of sea ;
Pasiphae's passion, to the cruel bull
Joined by deceit, the mingled birth that told
Of monstrous love, the twiform Minotaur,
The House of toil, the maze which none might flee,
Till Daedalus, in pity for the love
Of the King's daughter, broke the snare himself,
Guiding blind steps by thread. Thou too hadst shone
Icarus ! in that great work, had grief allowed ;
Twice he essayed to grave thy fate in gold ;
Twice fell the father's hands.

Quin protinus omnia
Perlegerent oculis, ni iam praemissus Achates
Adforet atque una Phoebi Triviaeque sacerdos,
Deiphobe Glauci, fatur quae talia regi:

Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit;
Nunc grege de intacto septem mactare iuvencos
Praestiterit, totidem lectas de more bidentes.
Talibus adfata Aenean—nec sacra morantur
Iussa viri—Teucros vocat alta in templa sacerdos.

Excisum Euboicae latus ingens rupis in antrum,
Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum;
Unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllae.
Ventum erat ad limen, cum virgo, Poscere fata
Tempus, ait; deus, ecce, deus! Cui talia fanti
Ante fores subito non voltus, non color unus,
Non comptae mansere comae; sed pectus anhelum
Et rabie fera corda tument; maiorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans, adflata est numine quando
Iam propiore dei. Cessas in vota precesque,
Tros, ait, Aenea? cessas? neque enim ante dehiscent
Attonitae magna ora domus. Et talia fata
Conticuit. Gelidus Teucris per dura cucurrit
Ossa tremor, funditque preces rex pectore ab imo:
Phoebe, graves Troiae semper miserate labores,
Dardana qui Paridis direxti tela manusque
Corpus in Aeacidae, magnas obeuntia terras
Tot maria intravi duce te penitusque repostas
Massylum gentes praetentaque Syrtibus arva,
Iam tandem Italiae fugientes prendimus oras;
Hac Troiana tenus fuerit Fortuna secuta.
Vos quoque Pergameae iam fas est parcere genti,
Dique deaeque omnes, quibus obstitit Ilium et ingens

And all the tale
Their eyes had read, but now Achates came,
Returning, with the Priestess of the Grove,
Deiphobe, who thus the Prince bespake :

"This hour asks no such shows : 'twere better now
Out of a herd ne'er yoked to sacrifice
Seven oxen, and as many chosen ewes."
She ended ; and, her sacred charge performed,
Within the high-built temple bade them pass.

A hundred avenues, a hundred doors
Lead to the cavern, hewn in Cumae's cliff,
Whence, hundred-voiced, the Sibyl's answers ring.
The threshold reached, " Now," cried the Maid, " 'tis time
To ask thy fate ! The God ! ah me ! the God ! "
And suddenly her face, her colour changed,
Her locks disordered fell, her bosom gasped,
Her wild heart swelled, her stature grew, her voice
Seemed more than human, as the God, drawn near,
Breathed influence :
" And spar'st thou vow and prayer,
Aeneas, spar'st thou ? These alone will breach
The mighty portals of this spell-bound hall ! "
She ended. Horror through the Trojans' bones
Ran cold, and from his heart Aeneas prayed :
" Phoebus, still pitiful to Troy's long woe !
Who to Achilles' heel didst guide the shaft
And hand of Paris ; who hast led me on
To seas that wash great countries, to remote
Massylian tribes, beyond the Syrtes' sand !
Those fleeting shores of Italy at length
We grasp : no further may Troy's fate pursue !
Ye too, O Gods and Goddesses, whom Troy
And all her glory vexed, you now may spare

Gloria Dardaniae. Tuque, o sanctissima vates,
Praescia venturi, da, non indebita posco
Regna meis fatis, Latio considere Teucros
Errantesque deos agitataque numina Troiae.
Tum Phoebo et Triviae solido de marmore templum
Instituam, festosque dies de nomine Phoebi.
Te quoque magna manent regnis penetralia nostris.
Hic ego namque tuas sortes arcanaque fata,
Dicta meae genti, ponam, lectosque sacrabo,
Alma, viros. Foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis ;
Ipsa canas oro. Finem dedit ore loquendi.

At, Phoebi nondum patiens, inmanis in antro
Bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit
Excussisse deum ; tanto magis ille fatigat
Os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingitque premendo.
Ostia iamque domus patuere ingentia centum
Sponte sua, vatisque ferunt responsa per auras :

O tandem magnis pelagi defuncte periclis !
Sed terrae graviora manent. In regna Lavini
Dardanidae venient ; mitte hanc de pectore curam ;
Sed non et venisse volent. Bella, horrida bella,
Et Thybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.
Non Simois tibi, nec Xanthus, nec Dorica castra
Defuerint ; alius Latio iam partus Achilles,
Natus et ipse dea ; nec Teucris addita Iuno
Usquam aberit ; cum tu supplex in rebus egenis
Quas gentes Italum aut quas non oraveris urbes !
Causa mali tanti coniunx iterum hospita Teucris
Externique iterum thalami.
Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito
Quam tua te Fortuna sinet. Via prima salutis,
Quod minime reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe.

The Dardan race. And thou, most holy Seer,
Foreknowing things to come !—I ask no crown
Unpledged by Fate—O grant in Latium yet
Troy's sons may rest, and all her wayworn Gods !
To Phoebus then and Trivia will I build
A marble fane, and name his holy days.
Thee also in our realm great shrines await,
Where I will place thy mystic words of doom
Told to my race, O Holy ! and ordain
Thy chosen Priests. But trust them not to leaves,
To fly disordered on the frolic winds,
Chant them thyself ! " He ceased, and spake no more.

But in her cave, impatient of the God,
The frenzied Seer would shake him from her breast.
So much the more he tires her rabid mouth,
Tames her fierce heart, and moulds her with his hand,
Till all the hundred doors with one accord
Fly open, and her answers thrill the air.

" O scaped at last from perils of the sea !
Yet worse remain on shore ! Lavinium's land
Dardans shall reach—put from thy soul this care—
But they shall rue the day. Wars, awful wars,
I see, and Tiber foaming streams of blood !
Xanthus nor Simois nor Doric camp
Shall fail thee. There another Goddess-born
Achilles waits : there Juno shall not leave
The Trojans' track, while in thy need what tribes,
What towns of Italy shalt thou not sue !
A foreign love once more Troy's bane shall be,
Once more an alien bride !
But yield not thou ! Meet care with bolder step
Than Fate concedes ! The path of Hope shall rise,
Where least thou dreamest, in a Grecian town ! "

Talibus ex adyto dictis Cymaea Sibylla
Horrendas canit ambages antroque remugit,
Obscuris vera involvens: ea frena furenti
Concutit, et stimulos sub pectore vertit Apollo.
Ut primum cessit furor et rabida ora quierunt,
Incipit Aeneas heros: Non ulla laborum,
O virgo, nova mi facies inopinave surgit;
Omnia praecepi atque animo mecum ante peregi.
Unum oro: quando hic inferni ianua regis
Dicitur et tenebrosa palus Acheronte refuso,
Ire ad conspectum cari genitoris et ora
Contingat; doceas iter et sacra ostia pandas.
Illum ego per flammas et mille sequentia tela
Eripui his umeris, medioque ex hoste recepi;
Ille meum comitatus iter maria omnia mecum
Atque omnes pelagique minas caelique ferebat,
Invalidus, vires ultra sortemque senectae.
Quin, ut te supplex peterem et tua limina adirem,
Idem orans mandata dabat. Gnatique patrisque,
Alma, precor, miserere: potes namque omnia, nec te
Nequiquam lucis Hecate praefecit Avernis.
Si potuit Manes arcessere coniugis Orpheus,
Threicia fretus cithara fidibusque canoris,
Si fratrem Pollux alterna morte redemit,
Itque reditque viam totiens—quid Thesea magnum,
Quid memorem Alciden? et mi genus ab Iove summo.

Talibus orabat dictis, arasque tenebat,
Cum sic orsa loqui vates: Sate sanguine divom,
Tros Anchisiade, facilis descensus Averno;
Noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci, quos aequus amavit
Iuppiter, aut ardens evexit ad aethera virtus,
Dis geniti potuere. Tenent media omnia silvae,

Thus Cumae's Sibyl from her shrine declaims
Dread mysteries, and, moaning through the cave,
Wraps truth in darkness: so in her mad mouth
Apollo shakes the reins, and goads her breast.
When frenzy fell, and raving lips were still,
Aeneas spoke: "No face of grief, O Maid!
Springs strange on me or sudden: all I scanned,
And in my soul ere now have traversed all.
One boon I ask. Since here the Gates are famed
Of nether Dis, and Acheron's dull sluice,
O let me see the face of him I love,
My father! Teach the way! the gates unfold!
Him on these shoulders through the flames I bore
Through thousand bolts, and saved from swarming foes.
O'er all the seas he shared my path, and braved,
Though weak, each threat of Ocean and of Sky,
Beyond the strength and destiny of Age.
He too, entreating, bade me seek thy doors,
And sue thy grace. O pity son and sire!
All things thou canst, O Holy! Not in vain
O'er dark Avernus Hecat gave thee rule!
If Orpheus with his lyre's melodious strings
Might call his wife from Hell; if, to and fro
Passing so oft, Pollux, by death's exchange,
Redeems his brother—why of Theseus tell,
Or Hercules?—I too am Heavenly born!"

Such pleas he uttered, and the altar clasped.
When thus the Seer began: "O seed of Gods!
Easy, great Trojan! is the downward path.
All night and day Hell Gates stand open wide.
But to return, to reach the air of Heaven,
There is the task and toil! A few had power,
Whom Jove hath loved, or manly zeal upraised
Heavenward, the sons of God. Woods lie between,

Cocytusque sinu labens circumvenit atro.
Quod si tantus amor menti, si tanta cupido est,
Bis Stygios innare lacus, bis nigra videre
Tartara, et insano iuvat indulgere labori,
Accipe, quae peragenda prius. Latet arbore opaca
Aureus et foliis et lento vimine ramus,
Iunoni infernae dictus sacer; hunc tegit omnis
Lucus et obscuris claudunt convallibus umbrae.
Sed non ante datur telluris operta subire,
Auricomos quam qui decerpserit arbore fetus.
Hoc sibi pulchra suum ferri Proserpina munus
Instituit. Primo avolso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.
Ergo alte vestiga oculis, et rite repertum
Carpe manu; namque ipse volens facilisque sequetur,
Si te fata vocant; aliter non viribus ullis
Vincere, nec duro poteris convellere ferro.
Praeterea iacet exanimum tibi corpus amici—
Heu nescis—totamque incestat funere classem,
Dum consulta petis nostroque in limine pendes.
Sedibus hunc refer ante suis et conde sepulchro.
Duc nigras pecudes; ea prima piacula sunto.
Sic demum lucos Stygis et regna invia vivis
Aspicies. Dixit, pressoque obmutuit ore.

Aeneas maesto defixus lumina voltu
Ingreditur, linquens antrum, caecosque volutat
Eventus animo secum. Cui fidus Achates
It comes, et paribus curis vestigia figit.
Multa inter sese vario sermone serebant,
Quem socium exanimem vates, quod corpus humandum
Diceret: atque illi Misenum in litore sicco,
Ut venere, vident indigna morte peremptum,
Misenum Aeoliden, quo non praestantior alter

And winding black Cocytus flows all round.
Yet if so strong thy passion and thy will
Twice over Styx to swim, twice to behold
Dark Tartarus, on such mad errand bent,
Hear what must first be done.
A bough there is,
Golden in leaf and stem, and consecrate
To Stygian Juno. On a shadowy tree
It lurks, deep-folded in the sunless dells.
But none may tread the secret ways of Earth,
Ere from that tree he tear the golden tress.
This for her tribute Proserpine ordains.
When one is plucked, another doth not lack,
Golden, and burgeoning with leaves of gold.
Search throughly then ; and, when thine eyes have found,
Pull off the branch, for freely will it come
If Fate be calling thee ; else all thy strength
Will fail to pluck it, or to shear with steel.
Moreover the dead body of thy friend
Lies—ah, thou know'st not !—tainting all the fleet,
While thou for counsel laggest at our door.
Him first entomb, and carry to his rest ;
And lead black ewes, thy first peace-offerings ;
So shalt thou visit Styx, and walk the road
None walk alive." She ceased, and locked her lips.

Aeneas then, with downcast visage sad,
Wends from the cavern, pondering in his heart
The hidden things of Fate. Nor troubled less
The leal Achates paces at his side.
And many a word they wove, surmising each
Of what dead friend she spake, what body lay
For burial, when on coming they beheld
Misenus on the beach, unduly slain,
Misenus, son of Aeolus, most skilled

Aere ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.
Hectoris hic magni fuerat comes, Hectora circum
Et lituo pugnas insignis obibat et hasta.
Postquam illum vita victor spoliavit Achilles,
Dardanio Aeneae sese fortissimus heros
Addiderat socium, non inferiora secutus.
Sed tum, forte cava dum personat aequora concha,
Demens, et cantu vocat in certamina divos,
Aemulus exceptum Triton, si credere dignum est,
Inter saxa virum spumosa inmerserat unda.
Ergo omnes magno circum clamore fremebant,
Praecipue pius Aeneas. Tum iussa Sibyllae,
Haud mora, festinant flentes, aramque sepulchri
Congerere arboribus caeloque educere certant.
Itur in antiquam silvam, stabula alta ferarum,
Procumbunt piceae, sonat icta securibus ilex,
Fraxineaeque trabes cuneis et fissile robur
Scinditur, advolvunt ingentes montibus ornos.

Nec non Aeneas opera inter talia primus
Hortatur socios, paribusque accingitur armis.
Atque haec ipse suo tristi cum corde volutat,
Adspectans silvam inmensam, et sic voce precatur:
Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
Ostendat nemore in tanto! quando omnia vere
Heu nimium de te vates, Misene, locuta est.
Vix ea fatus erat, geminae cum forte columbae
Ipsa sub ora viri caelo venere volantes,
Et viridi sedere solo. Tum maxumus heros
Maternas adgnoscit aves, laetusque precatur:
Este duces, o, si qua via est, cursumque per auras
Dirigite in lucos, ubi pinguem dives opacat
Ramus humum. Tuque, o, dubiis ne defice rebus,
Diva parens. Sic effatus vestigia pressit,
Observans, quae signa ferant, quo tendere pergant.

To wake the war-flame with his sounding brass;
Great Hector's comrade, who by Hector's side
Won glory both with bugle and with spear.
Him when Achilles slew, no lesser lord
The dauntless hero followed, to the train
Of great Aeneas joined: who, blowing late,
Madman! across the seas his hollow shell,
Challenged the Gods with music, and was seized
By jealous Triton, if the tale be true,
And in the rocks and foaming waters drowned.
So all around him mourn with loud lament,
And most Aeneas. Then with tears they ply
The Sibyl's charge, and heavenward pile with trees
The altar of his Tomb. Primaeval woods,
The wild beasts' lairs, are entered; the pine falls;
The smitten ilex rings; the ashen beams
Are cleft with wedges and the splintered oak,
And lofty rowans from the hills are rolled.

Amid such work, Aeneas cheers them on,
Foremost, and wielding weapons like their own.
But with his own sad heart he communes thus,
Scanning the boundless wood, and prays aloud:
"O to discover here in this green world
That Golden Bough! for all was true, too true,
Misenus, which the Sibyl spake of thee!"
He scarce had said, when from the sky two doves
Before his very eyes came flying down,
And on the green turf lit. His mother's birds
The mighty hero knew, and prayed in joy:
"O be my guides, if any way there be,
Fly straight to dingles where that sumptuous bough
Imbrowns the lawn! O fail me not in need,
My Goddess Mother!" Thus he spake, and paused,
Noting what signs they bore, and whither sped.

Pascentes illae tantum prodire volando,
Quantum acie possent oculi servare sequentum.
Inde ubi venere ad fauces graveolentis Averni,
Tollunt se celeres, liquidumque per aera lapsae
Sedibus optatis geminae super arbore sidunt,
Discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit.
Quale solet silvis brumali frigore viscum
Fronde virere nova, quod non sua seminat arbos,
Et croceo fetu teretes circumdare truncos:
Talis erat species auri frondentis opaca
Ilice, sic leni crepitabat brattea vento.
Corripit Aeneas extemplo avidusque refringit
Cunctantem, et vatis portat sub tecta Sibyllae.

Nec minus interea Misenum in litore Teucri
Flebant, et cineri ingrato suprema ferebant.
Principio pinguem taedis et robore secto
Ingentem struxere pyram, cui frondibus atris
Intexunt latera, et ferales ante cupressos
Constituunt, decorantque super fulgentibus armis.
Pars calidos latices et aena undantia flammis
Expediunt, corpusque lavant frigentis et unguunt.
Fit gemitus. Tum membra toro defleta reponunt,
Purpureasque super vestes, velamina nota,
Coniiciunt. Pars ingenti subiere feretro,
Triste ministerium, et subiectam more parentum
Aversi tenuere facem. Congesta cremantur
Turea dona, dapes, fuso crateres olivo.
Postquam conlapsi cineres et flamma quievit,
Reliquias vino et bibulam lavere favillam,
Ossaque lecta cado texit Corynaeus aeno.
Idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda,
Spargens rore levi et ramo felicis olivae,
Lustravitque viros, dixitque novissima verba.
At pius Aeneas ingenti mole sepulchrum

They feed and fly as far as following eyes
Can keep them still in ken; but when they come
To foul Avernus' jaws, rise swiftly up,
Skim through the liquid air, and side by side
Alight upon a tree, that wished-for goal,
Through whose dun branches shoots a gleam of gold.
As, sown on some strange tree, in winter woods
The mistletoe with alien leafage blooms,
With yellow fruit enfolding the smooth stem:
So on that shadowy oak the leafy gold
Glimmered, and tinkled in the rustling air.
Forthwith Aeneas grasped the clinging bough,
And plucked, and bare it toward the Sibyl's cell.

Meanwhile the Trojans on the beach still wept
Misenus, honouring the thankless dead.
And first with firs and oaken logs they piled
His mighty pyre, and wove about its sides
Dark boughs, and set before it cypresses,
The trees of death, and on it shining arms.
And some heat water, leaping to the flame,
In braziers, and annoint the cold man's corpse,
Moaning, and lay him on the bed, and there
Spread his gay raiment, the familiar dress.
Some, with sad ministry, the heavy bier
Raised, with averted heads, as custom bade,
Holding the torch below. Then blazed the pile,
Incense, and meats, and bowls of flowing oil.
But when the fire slept, and the ashes fell,
With wine they soaked the thirsty embers left,
And Corynaeus in an urn of brass
Hid the gleaned bones, and sprinkled thrice around
Pure water with a prospering olive's bough,
And cleansed the men, and spake the last farewell.
But good Aeneas made a high-built tomb,

Inponit, suaque arma viro remumque tubamque,
Monte sub aerio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, aeternumque tenet per saecula nomen.

His actis propere exsequitur praecepta Sibyllae.
Spelunca alta fuit vastoque inmanis hiatu,
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris,
Quam super haud ullae poterant inpune volantes
Tendere iter pennis: talis sese halitus atris
Faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat:
Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Avernum.
Quattuor hic primum nigrantes terga iuvencos
Constituit frontique invergit vina sacerdos,
Et summas carpens media inter cornua saetas
Ignibus inponit sacris, libamina prima,
Voce vocans Hecaten, Caeloque Ereboque potentem.
Supponunt alii cultros, tepidumque cruorem
Succipiunt pateris. Ipse atri velleris agnam
Aeneas matri Eumenidum magnaeque sorori
Ense ferit, sterilemque tibi, Proserpina, vaccam.
Tum Stygio regi nocturnas inchoat aras,
Et solida inponit taurorum viscera flammis,
Pingue super oleum fundens ardentibus extis.
Ecce autem, primi sub lumina solis et ortus
Sub pedibus mugire solum, et iuga coepta moveri
Silvarum, visaeque canes ululare per umbram,
Adventante dea. Procul o, procul este, profani,
Conclamat vates, totoque absistite luco;
Tuque invade viam, vaginaque eripe ferrum;
Nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo.
Tantum effata, furens antro se inmisit aperto;
Ille ducem haud timidis vadentem passibus aequat.

Di, quibus imperium est animarum, Umbraeque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late,

And laid thereon his trumpet and his oar,
Under a skyey hill which bears his name,
Misenus, and preserves it ever green.

This done, he hastens on the Sibyl's charge.
A pebbled cave there was, with yawning mouth,
Safe screened by forests and a sombre mere,
O'er whose great chasm no flying thing unharmed
Might wing its way, such breath from those black jaws
Issued and streamed to heaven ; and hence the Greeks
Avernus named it, or *The Birdless Place.*
Here first the Priestess four black bullocks set,
And on their brows poured wine, between their horns
Cropping the topmost bristles, which she laid,
The first burnt-offerings, on the sacred fire,
Invoking Hecat, Queen in Heaven and Hell.
Others draw knives beneath, and the warm blood
Receive in bowls. Aeneas with his sword
To Night, and Night's great Sister, a black lamb
Slays, and to Proserpine a barren cow,
Dark altars raises to the Stygian King,
And, laying on the flame great bulls entire,
Pours on their burning flesh rich streams of oil.
And lo! toward sunrise and the prime of light,
Earth underfoot fell moaning, and the woods
Were stirred, and dogs seemed howling through the dark,
As the Divine One came. "Far hence, Unclean!
O hence," the Priestess cries. "Leave all the grove!
And thou, march on, and draw the steel. Now needs,
Aeneas, all thy prowess, all thy strength!"
She spake, and passed in frenzy to the cave.
He not with timid steps beside her paced.

O Gods that rule the Dead! O silent Shades!
Chaos and Phlegethon, dumb fields of Night!

Sit mihi fas audita loqui ; sit numine vestro
Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.

Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram,
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna :
Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in silvis, ubi caelum condidit umbra
Iuppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.

Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae ;
Pallentesque habitant Morbi, tristisque Senectus,
Et Metus, et malesuada Fames, ac turpis Egestas,
Terribiles visu formae, Letumque, Labosque ;
Tum consanguineus Leti Sopor, et mala mentis
Gaudia, mortiferumque adverso in limine Bellum,
Ferreique Eumenidum thalami, et Discordia demens,
Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.

In medio ramos annosaque bracchia pandit
Ulmus opaca, ingens, quam sedem Somnia volgo
Vana tenere, ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus haerent.
Multaque praeterea variarum monstra ferarum
Centauri in foribus stabulant Scyllaeque biformes
Et centumgeminus Briareus ac belua Lernae,
Horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimaera,
Gorgones Harpyiaeque et forma tricorporis umbrae.

Corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum
Aeneas, strictamque aciem venientibus offert,
Et, ni docta comes tenues sine corpore vitas
Admoneat volitare cava sub imagine formae,
Inruat, et frustra ferro diverberet umbras.

Hinc via, Tartarei quae fert Acherontis ad undas.

Let what I heard be told ; O grant me grace
Things deep in Earth to unbare and gulfed in gloom !

Darkling they fared, in desolate dim night,
Through ghostly homes and shadowy realms of Dis ;
Like men in forests, when the inconstant moon
Throws peevish rays, and God has darkened heaven,
And sombre Night despoiled the hues of Earth.

Before the Porchway, in Hell's very throat,
Lay Grief, and pale Diseases, and Remorse,
And sad old Age, and Want, that counsels ill,
Fear, and gaunt Famine—dreadful shapes to see !—
And Death, and Pain, and Death's twin-brother Sleep,
And sinful Lusts of Soul. And full in face
Right in the gateway lay the Slaughterer, War,
The Furies' iron cells, and Discord wild
With blood-stained fillets round her snaky hair.

And in their midst an immemorial Elm
Spreads shadowing arms, where idle Dreams are lodged,
That cling beneath each leaf. And many forms
Of monstrous Beasts are there : within the gate
There stable Centaurs, Scyllas double-shaped,
Briareus, the hundred-fold, and Lerna's Worm,
Dire-hissing, and Chimaera, armed with flame,
Gorgons, and Harpies, and the tri-form Ghost.

In sudden dread, Aeneas seized his blade,
And turned its naked edge to bar their way ;
And had his Guide not warned him all were frail
And flitting Ghosts, the semblances of life,
His sword had leapt and cleft the shades in vain.

Hence leads a road to Acheron, whose wild

Turbidus hic caeno vastaque voragine gurges
Aestuat atque omnem Cocyto eructat harenam.
Portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina servat
Terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento
Canities inculta iacet, stant lumina flamma,
Sordidus ex umeris nodo dependet amictus.
Ipse ratem conto subigit velisque ministrat
Et ferruginea subvectat corpora cumba,
Iam senior, sed cruda deo viridisque senectus.
Huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat,
Matres atque viri, defunctaque corpora vita
Magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puellae,
Impositique rogis iuvenes ante ora parentum:
Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo
Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multae glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
Trans pontum fugat et terris immittit apricis.
Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum
Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore.
Navita sed tristis nunc hos nunc accipit illos,
Ast alios longe submotos arcet harena.

Aeneas miratus enim motusque tumultu
Dic, ait, o virgo, quid volt concursus ad amnem?
Quidve petunt animae? vel quo discrimine ripas
Hae linquunt, illae remis vada livida verrunt?
Olli sic breviter fata est longaeva sacerdos:
Anchisa generate, deum certissima proles,
Cocyti stagna alta vides Stygiamque paludem,
Di cuius iurare timent et fallere numen.
Haec omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est,
Portitor ille Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti.
Nec ripas datur horrendas et rauca fluenta
Transportare prius, quam sedibus ossa quierunt.

And whirling torrent spews its slimy sand
On slow Cocytus ; and as ferryman
Guarding the stream in awful squalor grim
Stands Charon ; on whose chin the hoarness lies
Untrimmed and thick ; his eyes are staring flame.
Foul from the shoulder hangs his knotted garb.
Himself he poles the boat, and tends the sail,
And bears the bodies in his dusky barge,
Ageing, but hearty with a God's green age.
All crowding to those banks the Phantoms streamed ;
Mothers and Men, and bodies done with life
Of great-souled Heroes ; boys, and maids unwed,
And sons on biers before their parents' eyes :
As many as leaves at Autumn's earliest cold
Falling to earth, or birds that landward flock,
O'er ocean routed, when the frozen year
Sends them to sunny lands. They stand, and plead
First to be ferried o'er, with hands outspread,
Craving for that far bank ; but in his boat
The surly mariner takes these or those,
And keeps the rest far driven from the shore.

Aeneas at that throng astonied stood.
"Tell me, O Maid !" he cried, "what means this press ?
What seek the souls ? and why may some sweep o'er
The livid stream, while some the banks must quit ?"
To whom the Ancient Priestess brief replied :
"Anchises' son, true seed of Heaven ! thou seest
Cocytus' stagnant deep, the pools of Styx,
By which Gods swear, and fear to break their vow.
All this poor crowd thou seest due burial lack :
Yon ferryman is Charon : those who cross
Were buried : none that bellowing awful stream
Pass, till their bones are laid in quiet rest.

Centum errant annos volitantque haec litora circum ;
Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt.

Constitit Anchisa satus et vestigia pressit,
Multa putans, sortemque animi miseratus iniquam.
Cernit ibi maestos et mortis honore carentes
Leucaspim et Lyciae ductorem classis Oronten,
Quos simul a Troia ventosa per aequora vectos
Obruit Auster, aqua involvens navemque virosque.

Ecce gubernator sese Palinurus agebat,
Qui Libyco nuper cursu, dum sidera servat,
Exciderat puppi mediis effusus in undis.
Hunc ubi vix multa maestum cognovit in umbra,
Sic prior adloquitur : Quis te, Palinure, deorum
Eripuit nobis, medioque sub aequore mersit ?
Dic age. Namque mihi, fallax haud ante repertus,
Hoc uno responso animum delusit Apollo,
Qui fore te ponto incolumem, finesque canebat
Venturum Ausonios. En haec promissa fides est ?
Ille autem : Neque te Phoebi cortina fefellit,
Dux Anchisiade, nec me deus aequore mersit.
Namque gubernaclum multa vi forte revolsum,
Cui datus haerebam custos cursusque regebam,
Praecipitans traxi mecum. Maria aspera iuro
Non ullum pro me tantum cepisse timorem,
Quam tua ne, spoliata armis, excussa magistro,
Deficeret tantis navis surgentibus undis.
Tres Notus hibernas immensa per aequora noctes
Vexit me violentus aqua ; vix lumine quarto
Prospexi Italiam summa sublimis ab unda.
Paulatim adnabam terrae ; iam tuta tenebam,
Ni gens crudelis madida cum veste gravatum
Prensantemque uncis manibus capita aspera montis
Ferro invasisset, praedamque ignara putasset.

A hundred years they flutter round this shore,
Till, chosen at last, the wished-for pools they gain."

Aeneas paused, and in his pensive soul
Pitied their cruel lot. Leucaspis there,
Robbed of death's dues, he saw, and him who led
The Lycian barks, Orontes, both in woe ;
Whom o'er the windy waters bound from Troy,
One storm had wrecked, engulfing ships and men.

And lo ! the pilot Palinurus there !
Who, while he watched the stars by Libya's coast,
Late from the stern fell prone, and sank in sea.
Him woeful scarce amid the dusk he knew,
Then thus accosted : " O, what God from us
Hath torn thee and sunk beneath the shoreless sea ?
O tell me ! for Apollo, ne'er before
Found false, herein hath prophesied amiss.
Saved from the deep, he said that thou shouldst reach
Ausonian shores. Keeps he that promise thus ? "
But he : " Apollo's tripod rang not false,
Anchises' son ! for me no God hath drowned.
While clinging to my helm I ruled our course,
By chance I fell, and strongly wrenched it off,
And with me dragged. By the rude sea I swear,
Not for myself such fear as for thy ship
Seized me, lest she, with helm and pilot lost,
Might fail and founder in the leaping seas.
Me the wild South o'er leagues of ocean tossed
Three winter nights : scarce, as the fourth day dawned,
From the waves' crest I sighted Italy.
Slowly to land I swam ; and now were safe,
But, heavy with dank weeds, when as I clutched
The splintered cliff, some savage men with steel
Assailed me thus, a prize to their dull wit.

Nunc me fluctus habet, versantque in litore venti.
Quod te per caeli iucundum lumen et auras,
Per genitorem oro, per spes surgentis Iuli,
Eripe me his, invicte, malis: aut tu mihi terram
Iniice, namque potes, portusque require Velinos;
Aut tu, si qua via est, si quam tibi diva creatrix
Ostendit—neque enim, credo, sine numine divom
Flumina tanta paras Stygiamque innare paludem—
Da dextram misero, et tecum me tolle per undas,
Sedibus ut saltem placidis in morte quiescam.

Talia fatus erat, coepit cum talia vates:
Unde haec, o Palinure, tibi tam dira cupido?
Tu Stygias inhumatus aquas amnemque severum
Eumenidum aspicies, ripamve iniussus adibis?
Desine fata deum flecti sperare precando.
Sed cape dicta memor, duri solacia casus.
Nam tua finitimi, longe lateque per urbes
Prodigiis acti caelestibus, ossa piabunt,
Et statuent tumulum, et tumulo sollemnia mittent,
Aeternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.
His dictis curae emotae, pulsusque parumper
Corde dolor tristi; gaudet cognomine terra.

Ergo iter inceptum peragunt fluvioque propinquant.
Navita quos iam inde ut Stygia prospexit ab unda
Per tacitum nemus ire pedemque advertere ripae,
Sic prior adgreditur dictis, atque increpat ultro:
Quisquis es, armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis,
Fare age, quid venias, iam istinc, et comprime gressum.
Umbrarum hic locus est, Somni Noctisque soporae;
Corpora viva nefas Stygia vectare carina.
Nec vero Alciden me sum laetatus euntem
Accepisse lacu, nec Thesea Pirithoumque,
Dis quamquam geniti atque invicti viribus essent.

Now billows roll me, and winds cast ashore.
But O, by heaven's sweet air ! O, by thy Sire,
And by Iulus' rising hope, I pray,
Save me, Unconquered ! Throw, for throw thou canst,
Earth on my corpse, and Velia's port regain !
Or if some way thy Heavenly Mother show—
For not, methinks, these streams and Stygian pools
Without Gods' aid thou'lt swim—O give thy hand
To me unhappy ! take me o'er the waves !
That I may rest at least when I am dead."

He ended ; and the Priestess thus began :
" Whence, Palinurus, is that wild desire ?
Shalt thou, unburied, see the Stygian flood,
The Furies' stream, or reach the bank unbid ?
Hope not by prayer to bend the doom of God !
Yet heed my words, to heal thy sorry plight,
For cities near and far to lay thy ghost
Portents from Heaven shall urge, and they shall raise
A Tomb, and pay the Tomb a yearly vow.
There Palinurus' name shall last for aye."
Such words awhile drove sorrow from his heart,
And cheered him with the land that bears his name.

So, wending on their way, they near the stream.
Then from the Stygian wave the boatman saw
Them pacing thither through the silent wood,
And thus accosted : " Whosoe'er thou art,
Our stream in arms approaching, halt ! and there
Say why thou comest to this land of Shades,
Of Sleep and slumbering Night. My Stygian boat
May not convey the living. 'Twas no joy,
In sooth, I won, Alcides o'er the lake,
Nor Theseus bearing and Pirithous,
Though born of Gods, and great victorious men !

Tartareum ille manu custodem in vincla petivit,
Ipsius a solio regis, traxitque trementem ;
Hi dominam Ditis thalamo deducere adorti.

Quae contra breviter fata est Amphrysia vates :
Nullae hic insidiae tales ; absiste moveri ;
Nec vim tela ferunt ; licet ingens ianitor antro
Aeternum latrans exsangues terreat umbras,
Casta licet patrui servet Proserpina limen.
Troius Aeneas, pietate insignis et armis,
Ad genitorem imas Erebi descendit ad umbras.
Si te nulla movet tantae pietatis imago,
At ramum hunc—aperit ramum, qui veste latebat—
Adgnoscas. Tumida ex ira tum corda residunt.
Nec plura his. Ille admirans venerabile donum
Fatalis virgae, longo post tempore visum,
Caeruleam advertit puppim, ripaeque propinquat.
Inde alias animas, quae per iuga longa sedebant,
Deturbat, laxatque foros ; simul accipit alveo
Ingentem Aenean. Gemuit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem.
Tandem trans fluvium incolumes vatemque virumque
Informi limo glaucaque exponit in ulva.

Cerberus haec ingens latratu regna trifauci
Personat, adverso recubans inmanis in antro.
Cui vates, horrere videns iam colla colubris,
Melle soporatam et medicatis frugibus offam
Obiicit. Ille fame rabida tria guttura pandens
Corripit obiectam, atque inmania terga resolvit
Fusus humi, totoque ingens extenditur antro.
Occupat Aeneas aditum custode sepulto,
Evaditque celer ripam inremeabilis undae.

He sought the Guard of Tartarus to bind,
And drew him trembling from the throne of Dis :
They from his bower our Mistress strove to steal ! "

Whom thus the Amphrysian Priestess answered brief :
" But no such guile is ours. Be calm : our arms
No onslaught bear. Let that great gaoler bark
For ever in his den, to scare the ghosts !
Let Proserpine keep, chaste, her Uncle's home !
Trojan Aeneas, great in worth and war,
His father seeks, descending to the Shades.
If thee no image of such love can move,
Yet know this Bough ! " And, hidden in her robe,
She showed the Bough. Then all his anger fell,
Nor spake he more, but that dread gift admired,
The mystic Branch, for many a year unseen.
He turns his dusky barge, and nears the shore ;
And, thrusting from the thwarts all other souls,
He makes the gangways clear, and takes aboard
Large-limbed Aeneas, with whose weight the boat
Groans leaking, and admits the streaming fen.
At last he lands them both, in sea-green weed
And hideous slime, unharmed, across the stream.

Here, with his three-mouthed bark, great Cerberus
Roars, lying huge within his counter den.
To whom the Maid, when on his neck she saw
The bridling worms, a drowsing honey cake
Threw down. He, wild with hunger, opened large
His triple throat, and caught it ; then to earth
Sank his vast back, and sprawled o'er all the den.
The ward asleep, Aeneas gained the approach,
And left in haste the irremeable stream.

Continuo auditae voces vagitus et ingens
Infantumque animae flentes in limine primo,
Quos dulcis vitae exsortes et ab ubere raptos
Abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.
Hos iuxta falso damnati crimine mortis.
Nec vero hae sine sorte datae, sine iudice, sedes:
Quaesitor Minos urnam movet; ille silentum
Conciliumque vocat vitasque et crimina discit.
Proxuma deinde tenent maesti loca, qui sibi letum
Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi
Proiecere animas. Quam vellent aethere in alto
Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!
Fas obstat, tristique palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, et noviens Styx interfusa coercet.

Nec procul hinc partem fusi monstrantur in omnem
Lugentes campi; sic illos nomine dicunt.
Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit,
Secreti celant calles et myrtea circum
Silva tegit; curae non ipsa in morte relinquunt.
His Phaedram Procrimque locis, maestamque Eriphylen,
Crudelis nati monstrantem volnera, cernit,
Euadnenque et Pasiphaen; his Laodamia
It comes, et iuvenis quondam, nunc femina, Caeneus,
Rursus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.
Inter quas Phoenissa recens a volnere Dido
Errabat silva in magna; quam Troius heros
Ut primum iuxta stetit adgnovitque per umbras
Obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense
Aut videt, aut vidisse putat per nubila Lunam,
Demisit lacrimas, dulcique adfatus amore est:

Infelix Dido, verus mihi nuntius ergo
Venerat exstinctam, ferroque extrema secutam?
Funeris heu tibi causa fui? Per sidera iuro,

Then on their ears a sound of wailing rose,
Where babies' souls were crying in the gate,
Life's joyless outcasts, whom the dismal day
Plucked from the breast unripe, and gulfed in gloom.
Near these are they on false accusal slain ;—
Here, too, the Lots are drawn, the Verdict given.
Minos presiding shakes the urn, and cites
The silent Court, and learns each lifetime's plea.—
And next are those sad souls who to themselves
Dealt death unguilty, and threw away their lives
Hating the light. Ah ! now how fain were they
In open day to suffer want and toil !
But Fate withstands, and that unlovely pool,
And Styx enfolds them, flowing nine times round.

And not far hence lie, spreading near and far,
The Fields of Mourning, for such name they bear,
Where in blind alleys lost and myrtle bowers
They shun the light, whom Love's unpitying wound
Wasted ; in death itself their pain remains.
Phaedra is there, and Procris ; there he sees,
Sad Eriphyle, with her mad son's scars ;
Evadne, and Pasiphae ; and with these
Laodamia, and who once was man,
Caeneus, to woman's form again restored.
And there was Dido, roaming a great wood,
Fresh from her wound ; whom when the Trojan Prince
Knew standing near, dim-seen in dusk, as when
At the month's prime, one sees, or thinks he sees,
The rising misty moon, then, dropping tears,
With loving blandishment he thus began :

" Unhappy Dido ! Ah ! 'twas truly told
That thou wert dead, and sought the end with steel !
Was I the cause ? O, by the stars I swear,

Per superos et si qua fides tellure sub ima est,
Invitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi.
Sed me iussa deum, quae nunc has ire per umbras,
Per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundam,
Imperiis egere suis ; nec credere quivi
Hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem.
Siste gradum, teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostro.
Quem fugis ? extremum fato, quod te adloquor, hoc est.

Talibus Aeneas ardentem et torva tuentem
Lenibat dictis animum, lacrimasque ciebat.
Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat,
Nec magis incepto voltum sermone movetur,
Quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes.
Tandem corripuit sese, atque inimica refugit
In nemus umbriferum, coniunx ubi pristinus illi
Respondet curis aequatque Sychaeus amorem.
Nec minus Aeneas, casu concussus iniquo,
Prosequitur lacrimis longe, et miseratur euntem.

Inde datum molitur iter. Iamque arva tenebant
Ultima, quae bello clari secreta frequentant.
Hic illi occurrit Tydeus, hic inclutus armis
Parthenopaeus et Adrasti pallentis imago ;
Hic multum fleti ad superos belloque caduci
Dardanidae, quos ille omnes longo ordine cernens
Ingemuit, Glaucumque Medontaque Thersilochumque,
Tres Antenoridas, Cererique sacrum Polyphoeten,
Idaeumque, etiam currus, etiam arma tenentem.
Circumstant animae dextra laevaque frequentes.
Nec vidisse semel satis est ; iuvat usque morari,
Et conferre gradum, et veniendi discere causas.
At Danaum proceres Agamemnoniaeque phalanges
Ut videre virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu ; pars vertere terga,

By Heaven, and all the sanctities of Hell !
Unwillingly, O Queen, I left thy shores !
But God's own word, which through this shadowy place
Now drives me, and these festering fields of Night,
Imperious thrust me forth ; nor could I deem
My going thence would bring thee so much woe.
Stay ! Turn not from my gaze ! O, who is this
Thou shunnest ? 'Tis my last permitted word ! "

He with such speech and many a tear essayed
To soothe her fiery spirit, glowering wrath.
Fixed on the ground she kept her eyes averse.
No more her visage by his speech was moved
Than if she stood all flint or Parian stone.
At last in scorn she fled, and refuge found
In that green umbrage, where her former lord
Shared all her pain, and gave her love for love.
But still Aeneas, stricken by her woes,
Pursued her far with pity and with tears.

Thence toiling on their path, they gain at last
The outer fields, where mighty warriors dwell.
There met him Tydeus ; there, renowned in arms,
Parthenopaeus, pale Adrastus' shade ;
And Dardans slain in war, long wept above,
Stood in one long array. With sighs he marked
Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus,
Antenor's sons, and Polyphoetes, vowed
To Ceres, and Idaeus, holding still
His car, his arms. Full close they hedge him round.
One look contents them not ; they pace beside,
Lingering in joy, and learning why he came.
But Danaan lords, and Agamemnon's host,
When through the gloom they saw him flash in arms,
Trembled with terror ; and some turned to fly,

Ceu quondam petiere rates ; pars tollere vocem
Exiguam : inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.

Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto
Deiphobum vidit, lacerum crudeliter ora,
Ora manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis
Auribus, et truncas inhonesto volnere nares.
Vix adeo adgnovit pavitantem et dira tegentem
Supplicia, et notis compellat vocibus ultro :

Deiphobe armipotens, genus alto a sanguine Teucri,
Quis tam crudeles optavit sumere poenas ?
Cui tantum de te licuit ? Mihi fama suprema
Nocte tulit fessum vasta te caede Pelasgum
Procubuisse super confusae stragis acervum.
Tunc egomet tumulum Rhoeteo litore inanem
Constitui, et magna Manes ter voce vocavi.
Nomen et arma locum servant ; te, amice, nequivi
Conspicere et patria decedens ponere terra.

Ad quae Priamides : Nihil o tibi amice relictum ;
Omnia Deiphobo solvisti et funeris umbris.
Sed me fata mea et scelus exitiale Lacaenae
His mersere malis ; illa haec monumenta reliquit.
Namque ut supremam falsa inter gaudia noctem
Egerimus, nosti ; et nimium meminisse necesse est.
Cum fatalis equus saltu super ardua venit
Pergama et armatum peditem gravis attulit alvo,
Illa, chorum simulans, euantes orgia circum
Ducebat Phrygias ; flammam media ipsa tenebat
Ingentem, et summa Danaos ex arce vocabat.
Tum me, confectum curis somnoque gravatum,
Infelix habuit thalamus, pressitque iacentem
Dulcis et alta quies placidaeque simillima morti.
Egregia interea coniunx arma omnia tectis

As to the ships of old, some lifted up
Thin cries of war from throats that vainly gasped.

There Priam's son, with all his body shent,
Deiphobus he saw, his shattered face,
Face and both hands, and earless, mangled head,
And nostrils by a wound inglorious lopped.
Him, cowering to conceal those grisly scars,
He scarcely knew, then thus familiar spoke :

" O great in arms ! of Teucer's lofty line !
Who took such fell revenge ? Who wrought on thee
Such licence ? Rumour told me thou hadst sunk,
Spent with much carnage, on that final night,
Upon a heap of dead ; and I myself
On the Rhoetean shore an empty tomb
Raised, and thrice called upon thy ghost aloud.
Thy name and weapons keep the spot, but thee
I found not in thy native earth to lay ! "

Then he : " O friend, in nothing didst thou fail !
To him, and his dead shade, thou gavest all.
Doom, and the Spartan Woman's heinous crime
Plunged me in woe ; these memories she left !
For that last night we spent in false delight,
Thou mindest all too well. When o'er our walls
The fatal Horse leapt down, and in its womb
Bore fruit of mailclad men, she, in feigned dance,
With songs and orgies, led the Phrygian wives,
And from the Keep a mighty firebrand held,
And called the Greeks. I in my bower unblest
Lay, worn with care, and sunk in slumber deep ;
Deep sleep and sweet, Death's very image, weighed
My body down, while from our house my wife,
O peerless wife ! bore every weapon out,

Emovet, et fidum capiti subduxerat ensem :
Intra tecta vocat Menelaum, et limina pandit :
Scilicet id magnum sperans fore munus amanti,
Et famam exstingui veterum sic posse malorum.
Quid moror ? inrumpunt thalamo ; comes additur una
Hortator scelerum Aeolides. Di, talia Grais
Instaurate, pio si poenas ore reposco.
Sed te qui vivum casus, age, fare vicissim,
Attulerint. Pelagine venis erroribus actus,
An monitu divum ? an quae te Fortuna fatigat,
Ut tristes sine sole domos, loca turbida, adires ?

Hac vice sermonum roseis Aurora quadrigis
Iam medium aetherio cursu traiecerat axem :
Et fors omne datum traherent per talia tempus :
Sed comes admonuit breviterque adfata Sibylla est :
Nox ruit, Aenea ; nos flendo ducimus horas.
Hic locus est, partes ubi se via findit in ambas :
Dextera quae Ditis magni sub moenia tendit,
Hac iter Elysium nobis : at laeva malorum
Exercet poenas, et ad impia Tartara mittit.
Deiphobus contra : Ne saevi, magna sacerdos ;
Discedam, explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.
I decus, i, nostrum : melioribus utere fatis.
Tantum effatus, et in verbo vestigia torsit.

Respicit Aeneas subito, et sub rupe sinistra
Moenia lata videt, triplici circumdata muro,
Quae rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis,
Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia saxa.
Porta adversa, ingens, solidoque adamante columnae,
Vis ut nulla virum, non ipsi exscindere bello
Caelicolae valeant ; stat ferrea turris ad auras,
Tisiphoneque sedens, palla succincta cruenta,
Vestibulum exsomnis servat noctesque diesque.

Drew from beneath my head the trusty sword,
Called Menelaus, and the door flung wide,
With such a gift in store to win his love,
And quench the fame of her nefarious past!
Why linger? In they burst; and with them came
Crime's counsellor, Ulysses. Do as much,
Just Gods, to them, if pure these lips that pray!
But tell me in thy turn what brings thee here
Living. Dost come from roaming of the seas,
Or charged by God? What fortune drags thee thus
To lands perplext and sunless homes of woe?"

But while they talked, the Dawn in rosy car
Beyond mid-pole had made her heavenly way;
And thus the allotted time had all been spent,
Did not the guiding Sibyl warn him brief:
"Night speeds, O Prince! in tears we waste the day.
Here lies the place where twofold paths diverge.
One leads to Pluto's halls, by which we gain
Elysium; but the left to evil souls
Works woe, and brings them to the wrath of Hell."
To whom Deiphobus: "Dread Maid, forbear!
I go to fill the tale, and sink in gloom.
Pass on, our Pride! and happier prove thy fate!"
He said, and speaking bent away his steps.

Aeneas turned, and 'neath the leftward cliff
A fortress saw, girt wide by triple walls,
Round which fierce Phlegethon poured out a flood
Of torrent fire, and tumbled thundering stones.
A gate in front, huge doors of adamant,
No might of man, not all the embattled hosts
Of Heaven might shake; high soars its iron tower,
Where, wrapt in bloody pall, Tisiphone
The entrance guards, nor sleeps by night or day.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et saeva sonare
Verbera; tum stridor ferri, tractaeque catenae.

Constitit Aeneas, strepitumque exterritus haesit.
Quae scelerum facies? o virgo, effare; quibusve
Urgentur poenis? quis tantus plangor ad auras?
Tum vates sic orsa loqui: Dux inclute Teucrum,
Nulli fas casto sceleratum insistere limen;
Sed me cum lucis Hecate praefecit Avernis,
Ipsa deum poenas docuit, perque omnia duxit.
Gnosius haec Rhadamanthus habet, durissima regna,
Castigatque auditque dolos, subigitque fateri,
Quae quis apud superos, furto laetatus inani,
Distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.
Continuo sontes ultrix accincta flagello
Tisiphone quatit insultans, torvosque sinistra
Intentans angues vocat agmina saeva sororum.
Tum demum horrisono stridentes cardine sacrae
Panduntur portae. Cernis, custodia qualis
Vestibulo sedeat? facies quae limina servet?
Quinquaginta atris inmanis hiatibus Hydra
Saevior intus habet sedem. Tum Tartarus ipse
Bis patet in praeceps tantum tenditque sub umbras,
Quantus ad aetherium caeli suspectus Olympum.
Hic genus antiquum Terrae, Titania pubes,
Fulmine deiecti fundo volvuntur in imo.
Hic et Aloidas geminos inmania vidi
Corpora, qui manibus magnum rescindere caelum
Adgressi, superisque Iovem detrudere regnis.
Vidi et crudeles dantem Salmonea poenas,
Dum flammas Iovis et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
Quattuor hic invectus equis et lampada quassans
Per Graium populos mediaeque per Elidis urbem
Ibat ovans, divomque sibi poscebat honorem,
Demens! qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen

And wailing rose therefrom, and cruel sounds,
Thongs, and the clank of iron, and dragging chains.

He stopped, and o'er that noise in terror hung.
"What shapes of guilt, O Maid! what penal scourge,
What loud lament is this assailing heaven?"
Thus spake the Sibyl: "Glorious Prince of Troy!
None pure in heart may tread these courts of sin;
But Hecat, when she throned me Queen of Hell,
Taught me God's punishments, and showed me all.
Here Rhadamanthus reigns with iron sway,
And chastens fraud, and hears and makes confess
Their poor fond secrets who on earth put off
Till death's late hour their unrepented sin.
Then, leaping on them with avenging lash,
The scourging Fury in the left hand shakes
Her grisly worms, and calls her sisters grim.
At last, on hideous hinges grating harsh,
The Infernal Doors fly open. Mark who sits
To watch the gate! what Shape the threshold guards!
Yet more abhorred within the Hydra lurks,
With fifty gaping throats. Then Hell itself
Yawns sheer, and twice as far through darkness drops
As sight can travel to the Olympian height.
Here, in the nethermost Abyss, hurled down
By lightnings, roll the eldest born of Earth,
The Titans. Here the giant twins I saw,
Aloeus' sons, whose hands essayed to thrust
Jove from his throne, and rend the vast of Heaven.
Salmoneus too I saw in throes atone,
Who mimicked Jove's own thunders and his fire.
Drawn by four steeds through the Greek Elis town
Exultingly he rode, with brandished torch,
Claiming the honours of a God. O Fool!
Who thought with brass and trampling hoofs to match

Aere et cornipedum pulsu simularet equorum.
At pater omnipotens densa inter nubila telum
Contorsit, non ille faces nec fumea taedis
Lumina, praecipitemque inmani turbine adegit.
Nec non et Tityon, Terrae omniparentis alumnum,
Cernere erat, per tota novem cui iugera corpus
Porrigitur, rostroque inmanis voltur obunco
Immortale iecur tondens fecundaque poenis
Viscera rimaturque epulis habitatque sub alto
Pectore, nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis.
Quid memorem Lapithas, Ixiona Pirithoumque?
Quos super atra silex iam iam lapsura cadentique
Imminet adsimilis; lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora paratae
Regifico luxu; Furiarum maxuma iuxta
Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas,
Exsurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.
Hic, quibus invisi fratres, dum vita manebat,
Pulsatusve parens, et fraus innexa clienti,
Aut qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis,
Nec partem posuere suis, quae maxuma turba est,
Quique ob adulterium caesi, quique arma secuti
Impia, nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras,
Inclusi poenam exspectant. Ne quaere doceri,
Quam poenam, aut quae forma viros fortunave mersit.
Saxum ingens volvunt alii, radiisque rotarum
Districti pendent; sedet, aeternumque sedebit,
Infelix Theseus; Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes
Admonet et magna testatur voce per umbras:
Discite iustitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.
Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem
Inposuit; fixit leges pretio atque refixit;
Hic thalamum invasit natae vetitosque hymenaeos;
Ausi omnes inmane nefas, ausoque potiti.
Non, mihi si linguae centum sint oraque centum,

The storm-cloud and the inimitable bolt !
But him the Almighty Father, through dense air
Launching his shaft,—no smoking torch of pine,—
Hurled headlong in the raging whirlwind's blast.
There Tityos, nursling of great Mother Earth,
Lay stretching nine full roods, and with her beak
A monstrous vulture pecks for evermore
His liver, and his anguish-breeding heart.
She banquets shrewdly, in his bosom lodged,
And gives no respite to the new-born flesh.
Why name Ixion and Pirithous
Or Lapithae ? o'er whom the impending rock
Seems slipping, slipping still. Before them gleam
Gold genial couches, and the feast is spread
With regal pomp: fast by the Furies' Queen
Crouches and guards the tables from their touch,
Rising with torch uplift and thundering tones.
Here they who hated brothers, or in life
A parent struck, or wronged a client's trust,
Or brooded over wealth in solitude
And shared it not,—there is the largest crowd,—
Those for adultery slain, and those who drew
The sword of treason, or their lords betrayed,
All wait their doom immured. Seek not to know
What doom, what shape of suffering falls on them.
Some roll a ponderous stone, or hang outstretched
On whirling wheels. There sits, and aye shall sit,
Unhappy Theseus : Phlegyas, most in woe,
Gives warning wide, and testifies through gloom :
'Learn to be just ! Be warned, and fear the Gods !'
One to a tyrant lord his country sold,
Made laws for gold, and for a bribe unmade ;
One forced a daughter's unpermitted bed.
All dared great guilt, and reaped their daring's fruit.
Had I a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths,

Ferrea vox, omnes scelerum conprendere formas,
Omnia poenarum percurrere nomina possim.

Haec ubi dicta dedit Phoebi longaeva sacerdos:
Sed iam age, carpe viam et susceptum perfice munus;
Adceleremus, ait; Cyclopum educta caminis
Moenia conspicio atque adverso fornice portas,
Haec ubi nos praecepta iubent deponere dona.
Dixerat, et pariter gressi per opaca viarum
Corripiunt spatium medium, foribusque propinquant.
Occupat Aeneas aditum, corpusque recenti
Spargit aqua, ramumque adverso in limine figit.

His demum exactis, perfecto munere divae,
Devenere locos laetos et amoena virecta
Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.
Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit
Purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.
Pars in gramineis exercent membra palaestris,
Contendunt ludo et fulva luctantur harena;
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina dicunt.
Nec non Threicius longa cum veste sacerdos
Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
Iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno.
Hic genus antiquum Teucri, pulcherrima proles,
Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis,
Ilusque Assaracusque et Troiae Dardanus auctor.
Arma procul currusque virum miratur inanes.
Stant terra defixae hastae, passimque soluti
Per campum pascuntur equi. Quae gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.
Conspicit, ecce, alios dextra laevaque per herbam
Vescentes laetumque choro Paeana canentes
Inter odoratum lauri nemus, unde superne

A voice of iron, I could not compass all
Their crimes, nor tell their penalties by name."

So spake Apollo's Priestess, old and hoar.
"On, now," she adds, "perform the unfinished task!
On let us haste! Cyclopian walls I see;
And lo! in front yon archway, where 'tis charged
To lay our gift." She ceased, and side by side
Threading the darkness they o'erleap the gap,
And reach the gate. Aeneas, hastening in,
His body sprinkles with fresh lustral dews,
And on the fronting threshold lays the Bough.

When thus at last the Goddess' gift was paid,
They came within a region green and fair,
Fortunate fields and groves, the homes of bliss.
An ampler ether decks those meads with light:
Another sun is theirs, and other stars.
There on the sward some vie in sportive bouts,
Or wrestle on the sand. Others their feet
Beat in the dance with songs. And there, long-robed,
The blessed Thracian to the measure sounds
His seven sweet notes; and now his fingers strike
The music out, and now his ivory quill.
And there is Teucer's old and stately race,
Great-hearted heroes, born in happier years,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus,
Troy's Founder. At their arms and shadowy cars
He marvels; fast in earth their lances stand,
Their steeds are pasturing free: their living joy
In car and weapons, all the love that fed
Their glossy steeds, still follow them below.
Others to right and left on grassy turf
Feasting he saw, and quiring Paeans glad,
Mid odorous laurels, whence Eridanus

Plurimus Eridani per silvam volvitur amnis.
Hic manus ob patriam pugnando volnera passi,
Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
Quique pii vates et Phoebo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
Omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta.

Quos circumfusos sic est adfata Sibylla,
Musaeum ante omnes; medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque umeris exstantem suspicit altis:
Dicite, felices animae, tuque, optume vates,
Quae regio Anchisen, quis habet locus? illius ergo
Venimus et magnos Erebi tranavimus amnes.
Atque huic responsum paucis ita reddidit heros:
Nulli certa domus; lucis habitamus opacis,
Riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis
Incolimus. Sed vos, si fert ita corde voluntas,
Hoc superate iugum; et facili iam tramite sistam.
Dixit, et ante tulit gressum, camposque nitentes
Desuper ostentat; dehinc summa cacumina linquunt.

At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
Inclusas animas superumque ad lumen ituras
Lustrabat studio recolens, omnemque suorum
Forte recensebat numerum carosque nepotes,
Fataque fortunasque virum moresque manusque.
Isque ubi tendentem adversum per gramina vidit
Aenean, alacris palmas utrasque tetendit,
Effusaeque genis lacrimae, et vox excidit ore:

Venisti tandem, tuaque exspectata parenti
Vicit iter durum pietas? datur ora tueri,
Nate, tua, et notas audire et reddere voces?
Sic equidem ducebam animo rebarque futurum,

Rolls up to Earth, full-brimmed, his woodland wave.
And there are those who for their country bled,
Priests who were pure in earth, and gentle Bards
Whose words were worthy of Apollo's choir,
Inventors rare whose arts have polished life,
And who by serving made their memory dear:
All these are crowned with bands of snowy white.

Them thus reposed the Sibyl then bespeaks,
Musaeus first, for him they most regard
Towering amidst their throng with shoulders tall:
"Say, happy Souls! and thou, O Bard most blest!
Where dwells Anchises, for whose sake we came,
And crossed the infernal streams?" Whom thus in brief
The Hero answered: "Here no settled home
Hath any; but by river banks we dwell,
In meadows fresh with rills and shady groves.
But climb yon height, if thus your hearts incline,
And I will lead you by an easy path."
And, walking first, he shows them spread below
The glittering plains, and they descend the hill.

There lay Anchises, in a far green vale,
And musing scanned the imprisoned souls that soon
Would rise to daylight, and the cherished line
Of all his offspring numbered, and reviewed
Their fates, their lives, their prowess, and their worth.
But when advancing o'er the sward he saw
Aeneas, eagerly both hands he stretched,
And raining down his tears, the silence broke:

"Art thou then come? and hath the love I hoped
Subdued the hard way? O may I see thy face,
And hear thee, Son, and answer, as of old?
Yet in my thoughts I deemed that this would be,

Tempora dinumerans, nec me mea cura fefellit.
Quas ego te terras et quanta per aequora vectum
Accipio ! quantis iactatum, nate, periclis !
Quam metui, ne quid Libyae tibi regna nocerent !

Ille autem : Tua me, genitor, tua tristis imago,
Saepius occurrens, haec limina tendere adegit ;
Stant sale Tyrrheno classes. Da iungere dextram,
Da, genitor, teque amplexu ne subtrahe nostro.
Sic memorans largo fletu simul ora rigabat.
Ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum,
Ter frustra conprensa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

Interea videt Aeneas in valle reducta
Seclusum nemus et virgulta sonantia silvis,
Lethaeumque, domos placidas qui praenatat, amnem.
Hunc circum innumerae gentes populique volabant ;
Ac velut in pratis ubi apes aestate serena
Floribus insidunt variis, et candida circum
Lilia funduntur ; strepit omnis murmure campus.

Horrescit visu subito, causasque requirit
Inscius Aeneas, quae sint ea flumina porro,
Quive viri tanto conplerint agmine ripas.
Tum pater Anchises : Animae, quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur, Lethaei ad fluminis undam
Securos latices et longa oblivia potant.
Has equidem memorare tibi atque ostendere coram,
Iampridem hanc prolem cupio enumerare meorum,
Quo magis Italia mecum laetere reperta.

O pater, anne aliquas ad caelum hinc ire putandum est
Sublimes animas, iterumque ad tarda reverti
Corpora ? quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido ?

Counting the days, nor was my longing vain.
What lands, what wastes of water, O my Son,
Hast thou not traversed ! by what perils tossed !
Ah ! how I feared lest Libya worked thee woe ! "

Then he : " O Father, 'twas thy phantom sad
That came to me so oft and hither urged !
My vessels ride the Tyrrhene Sea. O give
Thine hand, O Father, go not from these arms ! "
He spoke, while streaming tears bedewed his face.
Thrice round his neck he tried to throw his arms ;
Thrice fled the vision from his empty grasp,
As light as wind, and like a flying dream.

Meanwhile within a far ravine he saw
A glen of rustling foliage, and the stream
Of Lethe flowing before homes of peace.
And round it tribes and peoples numberless
Were hovering, as bees in the bright summer
Light on the damasked flowers, and stream around
White lilies, and the murmurous meadow hums.

Thrilled by that sudden sight, Aeneas asks
In wonder, what that distant river is,
And what great host is crowding all its marge.
Anchises then : " The Soul to which Fate owes
Another flesh, from yonder Lethe drinks
A lulling draught and long forgetfulness.
These have I wished to show thee many a day,
And count my children's children, to increase
Thy joy with mine, when Italy is found."

" O Father ! May we think that any Souls
Pass upwards, and return to irksome flesh ?
What is this strange sad longing for the light ? "

Dicam equidem, nec te suspensum, nate, tenebo ;
Suscipit Anchises, atque ordine singula pandit.

Principio caelum ac terras camposque liquentes
Lucentemque globum Lunae Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.
Inde hominum pecudumque genus vitaeque volantum
Et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus.
Igneus est ollis vigor et caelestis origo
Seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant
Terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra.
Hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque auras
Dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco.
Quin et supremo cum lumine vita reliquit,
Non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus omnes
Corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est
Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
Ergo exercentur poenis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt : aliae panduntur inanes
Suspensae ad ventos ; aliis sub gurgite vasto
Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni ;
Quisque suos patimur Manes ; exinde per amplum
Mittimur Elysium, et pauci laeta arva tenemus ;
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
Aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.
Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
Lethaeum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno,
Scilicet inmemores supera ut convexa revisant
Rursus et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.

Dixerat Anchises, natumque unaque Sibyllam

"Son, I will hold thee in suspense no more."
And thus his Sire unfolds the gradual tale.

"Know first that Heaven and Earth and flowing Sea,
The Moon's far-shining orb, and Titan's stars
An inner Soul sustains; a Spirit infused
Moves in the mass, and sways the mighty frame.
Thence men are born, and beasts, and flying fowl,
And shapes that swim the deep: their seeds of life
Have fiery vigour, and celestial source,
Save for the fleshly taint, the numbing weight
Of earthy limbs, and bodies made to die.
Hence spring their fears, their love, and pain, and joy;
And, pent in gloom, the light they never see
From that blind dungeon. Nay, when life's last ray
Departs, not yet all evil, not all taint
Of carnal disappears; so long ingrained
Needs must that inward growth be wondrous deep.
Therefore they suffer chastisement, and purge
Past sins by penance. Some are stretched and hung
In the void winds, or under monstrous seas
Their guilt is washed away, or burnt by fire.
Each his own Doom we bear, (ere sent to dwell,
A happy remnant, in Elysian meads,)
Till Time fulfils the cycle, and takes out
That inbred flaw, and unpolluted leaves
The etherial sense and Heaven's authentic fire.
Rolled through a thousand years, God summons all
Yon Souls to Lethe, that remembering nought
The vault of Heaven they may behold once more
Resuming wistfully the mortal flesh."

He ceased, and drew through all that humming throng

Conventus trahit in medios turbamque sonantem,
Et tumulum capit, unde omnes longo ordine posset
Adversos legere, et venientum discere voltus.

Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quae deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
Inlustres animas nostrumque in nomen ituras,
Expediam dictis, et te tua fata docebo.

Ille, vides, pura iuvenis qui nititur hasta,
Proxuma sorte tenet lucis loca, primus ad auras
Aetherias Italo commixtus sanguine surget,
Silvius, Albanum nomen, tua postuma proles,
Quem tibi longaevo serum Lavinia coniunx
Educet silvis regem regumque parentem,
Unde genus Longa nostrum dominabitur Alba.
Proxumus ille Procas, Troianae gloria gentis,
Et Capys, et Numitor, et qui te nomine reddet
Silvius Aeneas, pariter pietate vel armis
Egregius, si umquam regnandam acceperit Albam.
Qui iuvenes! quantas ostentant, aspice, vires,
Atque umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu!
Hi tibi Nomentum et Gabios urbemque Fidenam,
Hi Collatinas inponent montibus arces,
Pometios Castrumque Inui Bolamque Coramque.
Haec tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terrae.
Quin et avo comitem sese Mavortius addet
Romulus, Assaraci quem sanguinis Ilia mater
Educet. Viden', ut geminae stant vertice cristae,
Et pater ipse suo superum iam signat honore?
En, huius, nate, auspiciis illa incluta Roma
Imperium terris, animos aequabit Olympo,
Septemque una sibi muro circumdabit arces,
Felix prole virum: qualis Berecyntia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,

Aeneas and his Guide, and chose a mound,
Whence he might scan the vast confronting ranks,
And recognise their faces as they came.

"Now will I tell what glories shall pursue
The long Italian line of Dardan blood,
Illustrious souls, in distant years to bear
Our name! and teach what Fate hath stored for Thee!

"Look, yonder, leaning on his maiden spear,
Nearest the light, is he who first shall rise,
Blent with Italian blood, to living day,
Silvius, the Alban name, thy youngest son,
Whom in green woods Lavinia late shall bear
To thee grown old, a King and Sire of Kings.
Through him our House o'er Alba shall bear sway.
Procas is next, our pride, and Numitor,
Capys, and he who shall renew thy name,
Silvius Aeneas, great in worth, as great
In prowess, should he gain the Alban throne.
What men are they! O what puissant fronts!
Behold the civic oak that shades their brows!
Nomentum they shall found, Fidenae's town,
Gabii, Pometii, and Collatia's fort,
Bola, and Cora and the Inuan Camp.
These shall be names which now are nameless land!
And there, beside his grandsire, Ilia's son,
Sprung from Troy's royal blood, the seed of Mars,
Lo, Romulus! O see the double plume,
His father's badge that marks him for the skies!
Beneath his auspices great Rome shall fill
Earth with her power, and with her glory Heaven,
Blest in her hero brood, and seated sole
On seven walled hills, even as through Phrygian towns
The towered Berecynthian rides her car,

Laeta deum partu, centum conplexa nepotes,
Omnes caelicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.
Huc geminas nunc flecte acies, hanc aspice gentem
Romanosque tuos. Hic Caesar et omnis Iuli
Progenies, magnum caeli ventura sub axem.
Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis,
Augustus Caesar, Divi genus, aurea condet
Saecula qui rursus Latio regnata per arva
Saturno quondam; super et Garamantas et Indos
Proferet imperium; iacet extra sidera tellus,
Extra anni solisque vias, ubi caelifer Atlas
Axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.
Huius in adventum iam nunc et Caspia regna
Responsis horrent divom et Maeotia tellus,
Et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nili.
Nec vero Alcides tantum telluris obivit,
Fixerit aeripedem cervam licet, aut Erymanthi
Pacarit nemora, et Lernam tremefecerit arcu;
Nec, qui pampineis victor iuga flectit habenis,
Liber, agens celso Nysae de vertice tigres.
Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis,
Aut metus Ausonia prohibet consistere terra?

Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivae
Sacra ferens? Nosco crines incanaque menta
Regis Romani, primam qui legibus urbem
Fundabit, Curibus parvis et paupere terra
Missus in imperium magnum. Cui deinde subibit,
Otia qui rumpet patriae residesque movebit
Tullus in arma viros et iam desueta triumphis
Agmina. Quem iuxta sequitur iactantior Ancus,
Nunc quoque iam nimium gaudens popularibus auris.
Vis et Tarquinios reges, animamque superbam
Ultoris Bruti, fascesque videre receptos?
Consulis imperium hic primus saevasque secures

Clasping a hundred sons, all denizens
Of Heaven, all tenants of the lofty skies!
Bend hither now thy sight. Behold thy sons!
Thy race of Romans! Caesar lo! and all
Iulus' seed, heirs of the heavenly day.
This, this is he so long thou hear'st foretold
Divine Augustus Caesar, who once more
Shall build, where Saturn reigned in Latian fields,
The Golden Age! O'er Garamant and Ind
His sway shall spread, beyond the stars, beyond
The range of Year and Sun, where on his back
Great Atlas turns the star-yspangled sky.
Ere his approach e'en now at Heaven's decree
The Caspian shudders, and Maeotia shrinks,
And Nile's seven mouths with terror are perplexed.
Yea, so much earth Alcides never passed
To pierce the brass-hoofed stag, or quell with shafts
Lerna, or silence Erymanthian brakes;
Nor conquering Liber, when with vine-clad reins
He drives his tigers from high Nyrsa's top.—
And doubt we still to give our prowess room?
Or shrink we in fear from that Ausonian land?—

"But who is this, that, crowned with olive, bears
The sacrifice? I know the hoary beard,
The Roman King, who first shall bind the State
By laws, from little Cures' needy soil
Sent forth to Empire. After whom shall come,
Ignoble peace to rend, and wake to war
The flagging State, to triumphs long disused,
Tullus. And next the braggart Ancus comes,
Even now too doting on the People's breath.
Wilt see the Tarquins? the avenging pride
Of Brutus, and the lictors' rods resumed?
He first the Consul's awful axe shall take,

Accipiet, natosque pater nova bella moventes,
Ad poenam pulchra pro libertate vocabit,
Infelix ! Utcumque ferent ea facta minores,
Vincet amor patriae laudumque inmensa cupido.
Quin Decios Drusosque procul saevumque securi
Aspice Torquatum et referentem signa Camillum.
Illae autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animae nunc et dum nocte premuntur,
Heu quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitae
Attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebunt !
Aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monoeci
Descendens, gener adversis instructus Eois.
Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis adsuescite bella,
Neu patriae validas in viscera vertite vires ;
Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
Proiice tela manu, sanguis meus !—
Ille triumphata Capitolia ad alta Corintho
Victor aget currum, caesis insignis Achivis.
Eruet ille Argos Agamemnoniasque Mycenas,
Ipsumque Aeaciden, genus armipotentis Achilli,
Ultus avos Troiae, templa et temerata Minervae.
Quis te, magne Cato, tacitum, aut te, Cosse, relinquat !
Quis Gracchi genus, aut geminos, duo fulmina belli,
Scipiadas, cladem Libyae, parvoque potentem
Fabricium, vel te sulco, Serrane, serentem ?
Quo fessum rapitis, Fabii ? tu Maxumus ille es,
Unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore voltus,
Orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
Describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent :
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento ;
Hae tibi erunt artes ; pacisque inponere morem,
Parcere subiectis, et debellare superbos.

And, when his sons provoke impetuous strife,
Doom them to death in Freedom's glorious name.
O Man of Grief! Howe'er thy tale be told,
Large honour there shall glow and patriot love!
Decii and Drusi see! Torquatus' axe!
Camillus see, who bears the banners home!
But those who shine like-armed, souls now at peace
In Death's dark durance, when they reach the light,
What wars between them, O what fields of blood
Will they awake! Across the barrier Alps
One from Monoecus' stronghold shall descend
To front his son-in-law's embattled East!
My sons, O cleave not to a strife like this!
Save Rome's own bosom from the swords of Rome!
Thou first, O seed of Heaven, thou first forgive!
Blood of my veins, cast down thine arms!——
Lo! who from Corinth to the high Capitol
Shall drive in triumph, flown with Grecian blood,
And yonder who shall lay Mycenae low,
Achilles' very seed, and vengeance take
For Trojan sires, and Pallas' outraged fane.
Thee, Cossus, thee, great Cato, who could pass?
The Gracchi, or the Scipios, Afric's bale,
Twin thunderbolts of war, Fabricius, strong
In penury, or Serranus on his glebe?
Spare my spent breath, ye Fabii! Great indeed
Thou by whose sole delay the State is saved!

"Some with more grace may mould the breathing brass,
And draw from stone, I trow, the living form,
Plead causes better, map the heavenly paths,
And tell the rising stars. Roman! be thine
To sway the world with Empire! These shall be
Thine arts, to govern with the rule of Peace,
To spare the weak, and subjugate the proud!"

Sic pater Anchises, atque haec mirantibus addit :
Aspice, ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis
Ingreditur, victorque viros supereminet omnes !
Hic rem Romanam, magno turbante tumultu,
Sistet, eques sternet Poenos Gallumque rebellem,
Tertiaque arma patri suspendet capta Quirino.

Atque hic Aeneas ; una namque ire videbat
Egregium forma iuvenem et fulgentibus armis,
Sed frons laeta parum, et deiecto lumina voltu :
Quis, pater, ille, virum qui sic comitatur euntem ?
Filius, anne aliquis magna de stirpe nepotum ?
Qui strepitus circa comitum ! quantum instar in ipso !
Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.

Tum pater Anchises, lacrimis ingressus obortis :
O nate, ingentem luctum ne quaere tuorum.
Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent. Nimium vobis Romana propago
Visa potens, Superi, propria haec si dona fuissent.
Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget gemitus ! vel quae, Tiberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum praeterlabere recentem !
Nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente Latinos
In tantum spe tollet avos, nec Romula quondam
Ullo se tantum tellus iactabit alumno.
Heu pietas, heu prisca fides, invictaque bello
Dextera ! non illi se quisquam inpune tulisset
Obvius armato, seu cum pedes iret in hostem,
Seu spumantis equi foderet calcaribus armos.
Heu, miserande puer ! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis,
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
His saltem adcumulem donis, et fungar inani

He ceased, and, while they marvelled, added more :
" See how Marcellus, bright with splendid spoils,
In march triumphal above all men towers !
Rome, shaken by the invader, he shall stay,
Ride down the Poeni and the rebel Gaul,
And to Quirinus the third spoils hang up ! "

And here Aeneas, seeing by his side
A graceful form, in shining armour clad,
But sad his brow, and downcast were his eyes :
" O Father ! who is he, beside him thus ?
His son, or one of his illustrious stock ?
How the crowd hums about ! How great he stands !
Yet round his head Night hovers dark and sad ! "

Anchises then with rising tears began :
" Son, ask not of thy people's mighty grief !
Him Fate shall show to Earth, but not permit
Longer to live. Too great your Roman brood
Had seemed, O Gods ! had this gift been their own !
What moan of men shall fill the Field of Mars
By the great city ! What a funeral train
Shall Tiber see, and wash the new-made grave !
No boy of Ilian birth so high shall raise
His fathers' hopes ; no Roman earth shall boast
So dear a nursling. O for love and faith !
O for the hand invincible in war !
Him none confronting in the shock of arms
Had met unscathed, or if he charged afoot,
Or if he spurred the horse's foaming flanks.
Ah, boy, the pity ! Could'st thou sunder Fate,
Thou wert Marcellus ! Give me purple flowers,
Handfuls of lilies : let me strew at least
O'er his dear Shade these unavailing dues ! "

Munere. Sic tota passim regione vagantur
Aeris in campis latis, atque omnia lustrant.
Quae postquam Anchises natum per singula duxit,
Incenditque animum famae venientis amore,
Exin bella viro memorat quae deinde gerenda,
Laurentesque docet populos urbemque Latini,
Et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem.

Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus Umbris;
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia Manes.
His ibi tum natum Anchises unaque Sibyllam
Prosequitur dictis, portaque emittit eburna:
Ille viam secat ad naves sociosque revisit;
Tum se ad Caietae recto fert litore portum.
Ancora de prora iacitur; stant litore puppes.

Thus o'er those misty fields they wandered wide,
Surveying all: and through each several scene
Anchises led his son, and with the love
Of coming glory made his spirit burn:
Then told of wars thereafter to be waged,
Laurentum's peoples, and Latinus' town,
And how to shun the toil, and how to bear.

Two are the Gates of Sleep, one fabled horn,
Through which true visions pass; the other shines
Polished, of ivory white, but false the dreams
To heaven sent upward from the shades of Hell.
With such discourse, the Sibyl and his Son
Anchises through the ivory Gate dismissed.
He with all haste regaining ships and men,
Steers straight by coastline for Caieta's port,
Casts anchor from the prow, and grounds the stern.

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